MOTIVE

JDM
5-90

Issue Two

MOTiVE

Issue Two

July 15, 1990

Howdy,

Welcome to Issue Two of **MOTiVE** (the unofficial "Sorry, Deena" issue).

Although we now have six new members, only one of these actually contributed to issue two. Please check over the roster on the next page and see if you can fill in some of the blanks next to your name and/or let me know if I have made any mistakes.

A note to all of you that did not contribute to this issue: You must contribute four pages of original material to the next issue or you lose your membership. Remember, the minimum requirement is four pages every other issue.

MINAC has spoken.

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MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

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20. Jay Tevere
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?
Issue Two

The Constitution of MOTIVE

12/10/89

Article I

MOTIVE is an Amateur Press Alliance (APA) designed to promote communication between role-playing gamers.

Article II

The Official Editor (OE) shall see that the mailings are distributed to all members. The OE shall create all rules pertaining to deadlines, dues, maximum membership and any other matters related to mailing-to-mailing government. The OE shall be elected by a simple majority of the voting members for a period of one year.

Article III

The Constitution can be changed by a two-thirds majority vote of the membership.

The Rules of MOTIVE

3/15/90

The prime directive: each member has control over their own submissions, therefore, **have fun**. ALL copyrights to any material in **MOTIVE** revert to their original owners.

1. **Membership and dues** are $15.00 per year for six bi-monthly mailings. A first class postage membership costs no less than $20.00. Contact the OE for specific prices. Membership is first come first serve, until the roster limit is met.

2. The **roster limit is 25.** A small group of people who choose to have a joint membership count as one membership, receive one copy, have one vote, and pay one set of dues.

3. **Membership termination** occurs when MINAC is not met, dues are not paid, and through resignation.

4. The **copy count** (CC) refers to the number of complete copies of your submission that you send to the OE. The CC is presently 25. If you send one less than the CC, you will receive the **MOTIVE** without your submission, and the OE's wrath. Any number less than this and your submission will not be included.

5. **Minimum activity** (MINAC) is four pages (two pages front and back), every other mailing, split any way you wish. Of these four, three must be completely original to motive. Overdue material will not count towards MINAC.

6. The **copy must be readable** and of NLQ typeface or better. Submissions should be reproduced on double-sided (front and back), colored paper. Please stick to one color, per submission.

7. **Collate** your material, but **DO NOT STAPLE IT**.

8. **Deadlines are deadlines.** Beginning with the first issue (5/15/90) the deadlines will be the 15th of every odd-numbered month.

9. The **waitlist** will consist of five persons waiting for a membership to open. Here are the rules:
   A. Waitlisters maintain their position on the list by writing the OE by every issue's deadline. A position is granted on a first come, first serve basis.
   B. Waitlisters may purchase **MOTIVE** from the OE for $3.00 (if available).
   C. Waitlisters may contribute to **MOTIVE**, but receive no vote or copy of **MOTIVE** (unless they buy a copy).
   D. Should a position come open, the top waitlister will be invited to join by sending their dues and submission. If this waitlister fails to respond then any waitlister may attempt to join that same mailing, by having their submission and dues in, etc.

10. The **Official Editor** (OE) nominations are made with the submissions to the fourth issue (November 15, 1990). Elections occur with the fifth issue and the results are made known in the sixth issue. All elections and nominations are made on a separate ballot and and sent to the Official Teller, not the OE.

11. The **Official Teller** (OT) for all elections is chosen each year before the fourth issue. The OT is responsible for tallying the votes and reporting the results in their next submission.

12. **The Current OE**
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The Current OT
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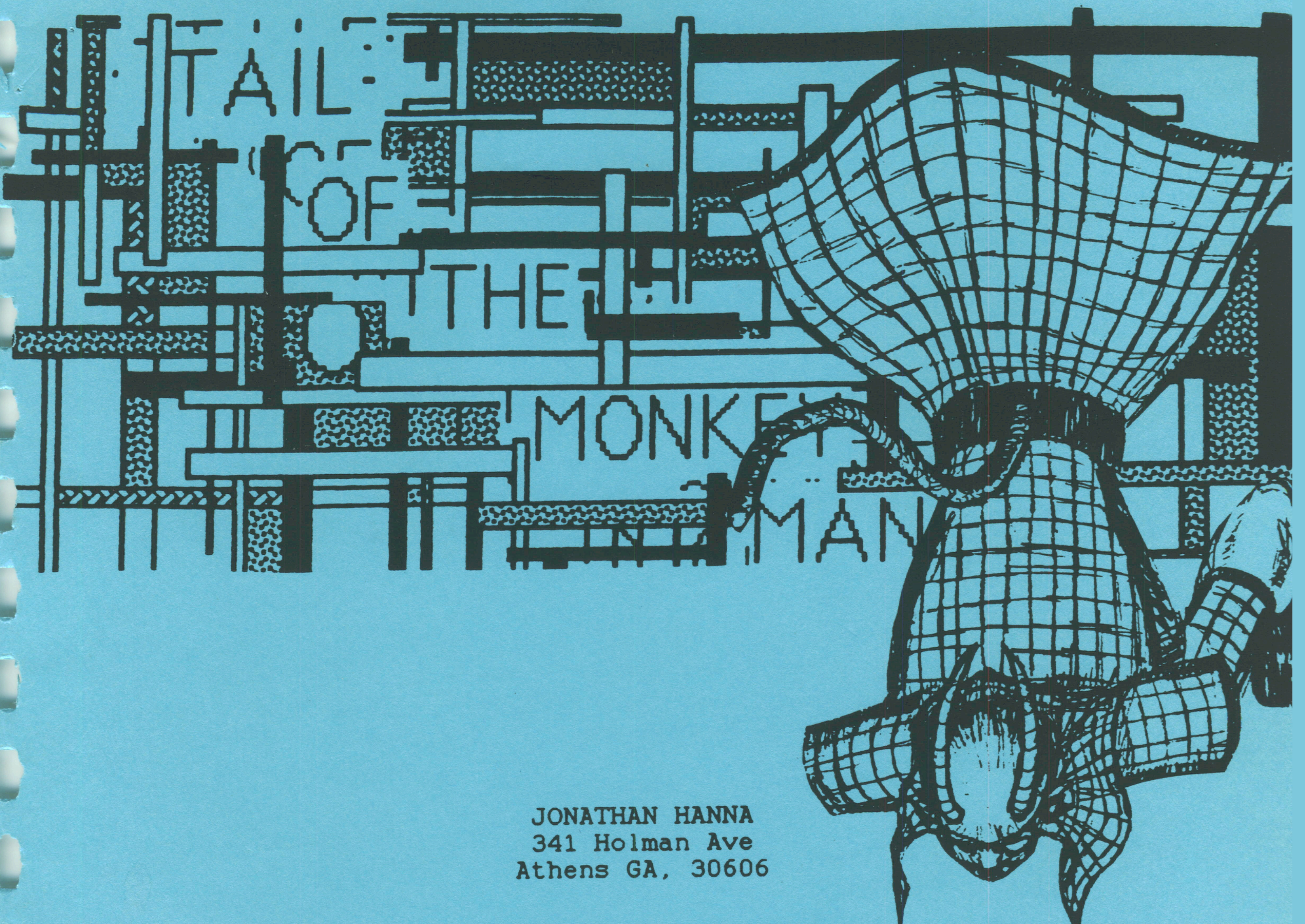

JONATHAN HANNA
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Author's Disclaimer: I hereby take no responsibility for any misspellings, grammatical errors, or mistakes of any kind in this document. I am merely the vessel through which a greater force is writing this paper. Any mistakes are therefore solely the product of that twisted and maladjusted mind. Similarly, if anyone is offended by the ideas brought forth in this paper, remember, you could have flipped the page at any time. No one forced you to read it. I will, however, take any and all credit for the parts you like.

Issue Two includes:

1. Because you asked (would you believe demanded? No, me neither) Mailing comments.
2. You say you want some mercenaries for whom no job is too messy, nor no deed too dirty? Forget those pansies in Eurostar, you need Pentangle.
3. Favorite character stuff.
4. Sersus assaults you with fighting styles.

THOSE PESKY MAILING COMMENTS

COVER - Get more art by Jason. I've never seen Gumby look so manly.

WHITE NOISE - Wow! Jon can draw! Who would have guessed. O.K. Jon, is the dialogue for this going to be written in japanese with english subtitles, or what? I know what the "BIG" mistake in the art was, but since you pretty much told me what it was I guess I can forget the non-Marvel no prize.

THE GAME IS A-FOOT - Don't worry, I blame Alan for alot too. Did he ever tell you of how he would throw his younger siblings in the closet, or force them to punch the wall? I like the games so far.

TRANSDIMENTIONAL BLUES - The monkey man sends his thanks for the musical effort put out on his behalf. His tastes run more towards Robert Goulet than the Fat Boys, however. So, is there any advantage to having your world torn apart by warps? I guess not. I would like to see some of the character types who live on this hell hole of a world.

DRUIDS' CAULDRON/WITCHES' BLUES - Wins the award for best article. Keep up the insightful good work. We've all run, or run in games which fit these characteristics. Please write more of these articles which show us pictures of ourselves, so that we may be more aware.

RUNES, RAVENS, AND REINDEER - I'm glad to see that somebody has the guts to freely admit that they like and play AD&D, especially amongst this group.

DEATH TO ALL FANATICS - So Null, have you slaughtered any defenseless unconscious people lately? Tell Hotaru that Sersus digs the poetics. Let me know when I can be destroyed in one of your Battletech tournaments. Sersus wants to know when Null's Scary Mechs will feature that mech spoken of only in whispers in dark corners, the Monkey Mech.

THE GAMING SPOUSE - Welcome aboard. Keep us informed on mixing marriage and gaming. Your advice could save us all headaches later on. Pappa Jawa's sounds like the Minit-Lube here in Athens.

FISHY BITS - I'm interested in hearing about the ways of Cthulhu (so, just how do you pronouce this anyway?) Maybe as a companion piece to Secrets of Vulcan Poetry, you could print a list of the favorite Cthulhuoidian names ("Now mortal you face Xytholopk, master of the ten tongues!")

THE BLUE VIEW - I understand the point you are making about magic on your world, however I don't really agree with it. You must accept magic for magic's sake, or you shouldn't use it at all.

Regardless of whether you define your magic as super science, or by a more traditional view, by definition magic must fall outside the realms of physics and logic, otherwise it isn't magic. If you say that it is impossible for a giant beetle to exist, then you must also discount beings coming back from death, or men flying with angel wings on their backs. Both of these phenomenon are just as impossible in a real world. Oh well, enough rambling. It's your world and you should run it how you see fit. Let's see some of the characters who live and thrive in this world of the incredibly powerful.

BOLTS OF BEDEVILMENT - Peer pressure is strong on me to blast you somehow, Mike. I'm going to try and resist it. Do I sense a Star Trek obsession? I like the crossword puzzles. Maybe you will entertain us with a word search someday. They are my favorites. I'm sorry I didn't mail you the questionnaire, but I misplaced my copy. I'm really looking forward to seeing the character sheet for the almost legendary Zamfirion, Duke of the Pan Flute...What?...Amperion?...Oh well...

SECRETS OF VULCAN POETRY REVEALED - Hey Deena, when are you going to print that list of Botswanian names you promised me? I like the idea of having a continuing game within these revered pages, Keith. Let's get the ball rolling.

THE IMPERIAL ELVIS POST - So Wayne, are those stories of a ghostly Elvis-like figure standing in your window true, or are they just rumor? Maybe this is how come your articles have that unearthly feel to them. I think the big E is ghost writing them. As to the question of who is more perverse, the GM or the player, I can only say that neither of them are. Its the characters who do all of that disgusting stuff. The jury is still out on your new combat system.

THE COLUMN IN SEARCH OF A CLEVER HEADING - Your analogy between a game and a movie script is interesting. I think that most of my games go straight from the introduction to the climax. I usually skip all of that other stuff.

TALES OF THE BRASS MONKEY - They say that imitation is the most sincere form of flattery. Looking at your title I feel real flattered. I'm looking forward to seeing the sheet on Master Magic. Yourself as a 1,500 point character? Egaad!!

ONE MORE THING

I thought that since Motive is a forum for people to write on gaming, it would be a good idea for there to be one topic per issue that all the members could write on. This is not to say that anyone has to, but for those who want to throw in their two cents worth on the subject, feel free. Based on a conversation at the Waffle House between Keith, Wayne, Jon and myself, the topic for discussion in Motive 3 will be, Simple game systems vs Complex game systems. Which, if either, are better?

JON'S PAGE O' VILLAINY

CHARACTERS FOR CHAMPIONS

PENTANGLE

BACKGROUND: Pentangle is a group of five mercenaries who will sell their services to anyone, if the price is right. The group consists of Tangler, Heat Wave, Vault, Stinger, and Widow Maker. Originally, Pentangle was the property of the Zephyr corporation. Zephyr's moto was "From baby bottles to nuclear missiles, your world is our world". The people at Zephyr took this moto seriously. They had their hands in literally thousands of production plants across the world. The means that Zephyr used to gain control of these smaller companies was a more hostile than usual form of a hostile takeover. They would send in Pentangle to coerce companies which refused to sell to Zephyr. There was much speculation on how Zephyr gained control of so many companies in such a relatively short period of time, but no one ever connected Zephyr with Pentangle, because if they did, they died. There were some attempts to stop Zephyr through the courts, but they had the best lawyers, and usually just bought off the judges. Eventually, Zephyr's connection with Pentangle was discovered and was successfully prosecuted against. Pentangle was not captured, however.

Originally, the members of Pentangle gained their powers through the laboratories of the Zephyr corperation. Dirk Scott was a mutant with the ability to freeze up people's minds. He was given a suit which contained highly compressed foam concrete, and given the name Tangler. He became the leader of Pentangle. Heat wave is the youngest member of the group. His abilities all come from his armor which was built by Zephyr. Vault is a mutant Martial Artist from the "Yeah, I'm blind and am a direct rip-off of Daredevil" school. His radar and other enhanced senses come from a helmut designed by Zephyr. Stinger was a vietnam vet who had lost his left forearm. Zephyr adapted a spring based piercing devise for his missing arm. Lastly is Widow Maker, who, is also a mutant. He is strong and tough.

After the Zephyr corporation was brought down, Pentangle decided to go into the freelance field. They have worked for individuals, and foreign governments. They will do anything, even legal things, if the price is right. There is very little evidence against them in any of their crimes, because they are very good at what they do.

QUOTE: "That will be ten million dollars, in advance."

PERSONALITY: Tangler is the leader of the group. He is level headed, and will try to avoid or get safely out of any conflict. He will, however, make sure that they complete their mission. All of the others loyally follow his directives. Vault is a quiet, highly intense person. He would have probably made a great hero, but fate led him into this direction. Heat Wave is the kid of the group. If any of them is going to screw up, it will probably be him. He is the most talkative and brash member. Stinger is the member who gets laughed at the most by heroes. Many of them find his spring attack amusing. He tends to get upset when the heroes make fun of him, and then he tries to make them regret their laughter. Widow Maker is your basic bruising Brick. He likes to fight, especially against well known strong heroes. The only person in the group he will listen to is Tangler. His favorite activity outside of fighting heroes is training Scotties to become savage killers, and entering them into world class dog shows. At a command they will jump onto all schnauzers and poodles in the vicinity and bite their tongues out. Of course sometimes the Scotties forget their commands, and just stare at the wall.(sorry Deena)

POWERS AND TACTICS: Tangler's powers are simple and effective. He can stop people in their tracks by either entangling them in concrete, or mind controlling them. He has some martial arts, but prefers to stay back in a fight. Often he will split off from the others, allowing them to fight the heroes, while he sneaks off and performs the mission.

Vault is an exceptioonal Martial Artist. In addition to his martial skills he wields a multi-functional staff. The staff has a variety of powers including an energy blast on charges, a net which fires out of one end, and a blade which will come out of the other end giving him a Killing Attack. In addition to the weapons within the staff, Vault's skill in wielding the staff allows him to deflect missiles, add damage to his strikes, and actually pole-vault with it, giving him additional movment. His helmet is designed to give him enhanced senses. He also has Danger Sense.

Stinger mainly will fire his spring sting at people. The sting is made of super thin, super stiff filiment, which gives him a maximum range of 400 feet. The spring will automatically retract after it's used. The sting has a tracking system which gives it a no range mod advantage. The sting's tip is a super strong, electrified spike. Due to its strength and sharpness, it has an Armor Piercing effect. If his spring is not working, Stinger has a gun which will fire a 3D6 RKA. It utilizes high powered bullets.

Heat Wave's powers are all derived from his armor. The armor is designed to give off a variety of heat powers. He has a field of darkness that surrounds him, which is defined as a severe heat effect. People can see a shape in the effect, but due to the heat, his image is constantly shimmering and shifting. Think of the heat effect which comes off of hot pavement. The Darkness is through Normal, UV, IR, and X-ray. Heat Wave also has a Killing Attack Damage Shield. Anyone who touches him gets burned. He can project a wave of heat, giving him a ED Energy Blast. He also has Flight, Lifesupport, and Radar.

Widow Maker is simply real strong and tough. He can run surprisingly fast, for someone his size. He will usually try and fight the brick in a group of heroes.

All of the members of Pentangle have High Range built into their helmets.

TANGLER

VAL	CHAR	COST
10	STR	0
20*	DEX	20
20*	CON	13
10	BODY	0
20	INT	10
15	EGO	10
20	PRE	10
10	COM	0
20*	PD	12
20*	ED	11
5*	SPD	13
8	REC	4
40	END	0
40	STUN	15

100+	DISADVANTAGES
15	Secret ID
20	Hunted: GENOCIDE 8-
15	Psych Lim: Enraged when entangled 11- 11-
20	Hunted: By police
15	Loyalty: To members of Pentangle
160	Villain Bonus

COST	POWERS	END
40	10D6 Mind Control, only command to "freeze" (-1/2)	5
53	8D6 Entangle, 8 charges (-1/2), *	
7	10 pts Damage Resistance, *	
13	1/4 Damage Reduction PD, ED, *	
7	High Range Radio, *	
16	Martial Arts	

Maneuver	pts	OCV	DCV	Damage
Martial Strike	4	0	+2	+2D6 (4D6 total)
Offensive Strike	5	-2	+1	+4D6 (6D6 total)
Martial Block	4	+2	+2	Block, Abort
Martial Grab	3	-1	-1	Grab, +10 to STR

TALENTS AND SKILLS

3	Bureaucratics 13-
3	Computer Programming 13-
3	Criminology 13-
3	Electronics 11-
2	Spanish
2	French
2	German
2	Japanesse
3	Lock Pick 13-
3	Mechanics 11-
3	Security Systems 13-
3	Shadowing 11-
3	Stealth 13-
3	Streetwise 13-
3	Tactics 13-
20	+2 Overall Levels

PERKS

20	Contacts (various)
10	Money <$5,000,000

OCV: 7; DCV: 7; ECV: 5; phases: 3,5,8,10,12

costs:	Char		Powers		Total		Disadv.		Base
	118	+	227	=	345	=	245	+	100

* = OIF, Costume (-1/2)

VAULT

VAL	CHAR	COST
20	STR	10
26	DEX	48
20	CON	20
10	BODY	0
15	INT	5
11	EGO	2
15	PRE	5
10	COM	0
20	PD	16
20	ED	16
7	SPD	34
8	REC	0
40	END	0
40	STUN	10

100+	DISADVANTAGES
15	Secret ID
20	Hunted: GENOCIDE 8-
25	Physical Lim: Blind
20	Hunted: By police
15	Loyalty: To Pentagle
15	Vulnerable: 1.5 x STUN to sonic attacks
117	Villain Bonus

COST	POWERS	END
37	Multipower (75 pt reserve), OAF staff	
2u	12D6 ED Energy Blast, 8 charges (-1/2)	
2u	5D6 Entangle, 1 hex Area Effect (+1/2), 1 charge (-2)	
2u	2D6 HKA, 3D6 w/STR, 1/2 END	1
1u	Missile Deflection	
1u	+5" Running	1
1u	+4D6 Dmg on Strikes, 0 END	
26	Martial Arts	

Maneuver	pts	OCV	DCV	Damage
Def Strike	5	+1	+3	STR
Martial Strike	4	0	+2	+2D6
Offensive Strike	5	-2	+1	+4D6
Martial Block	4	+2	+2	Block, Abort
Martial Dodge	4	---	+5	Dodge
Martial Disarm	4	-1	+1	Disarm, +10 to STR

COST	POWERS	END
16	+4DC with Martial Arts	
14	+7" Running = 13" = 18" w/staff	2
10	Radar, OIF helmet (-1/2)	
7	High Range Radio, OIF helmet (-1/2)	
7	+5 Enhanced Hearing, OIF helmet (-1/2)	

	TALENTS AND SKILLS
7	Acrobatics 16-
7	Breakfall 16-
3	Climbing 14-
3	Combat Sense 12-
3	Contortionist 14-
3	Shadowing 11-
3	Stealth 14-
10	+1 Overall Level

	PERKS
3	Ambidexterity

OCV: 9; DCV: 9; ECV: 4; phases: 2,4,6,7,9,11,12

costs:	Char		Powers		Total		Disadv.		Base
	160	+	167	=	327	=	227	+	100

STINGER

VAL	CHAR	COST
10	STR	0
23*	DEX	26
20*	CON	13
10	BODY	0
10	INT	0
10	EGO	0
10	PRE	0
10	COM	0
20*	PD	12
20*	ED	11
6*	SPD	18
10*	REC	5
60*	END	7
40*	STUN	10

100+	DISADVANTAGES
15	Secret ID
25	Physical Lim: 1 handed
20	Psych Lim: Enraged when laughed at
20	Hunted: by police
10	Unluck: 2D6
10	DNPC: mother
15	Loyalty: to Pentangle
49	Villain Bonus

COST	POWER	END
57	8D6 ED EB, Armor Piercing(+1/2) no range mod(+1/2) No spread (-1/4), *	4
16	3D6 PD RKA, No spread (-1/4), OAF gun (-1) 8 charges (-1/2)	
13	1/4 Damage Reduction PD, ED, *	
7	10 Resistant Def, *	
3	IR vision, *	
33	20" Flight	2
	TALENTS AND SKILLS	
1	Weapons Familiarity, small arms	
3	Computer Programming, 11-	
3	Demolitions, 11-	
3	Security Systems, 11-	
3	Weapon Smith, 11-	
20	+2 Overall Levels	

OCV: 8; DCV: 8; ECV: 3; phases: 2,4,6,8,10,12

costs:	Char		Powers		Total		Disads.		Base
	102	+	162	=	264	=	164	+	100

* = OIF battle suit (-1/2)

HEAT WAVE

VAL	CHAR	COST
20*	STR	7
20*	DEX	20
20*	CON	13
15*	BODY	10
10	INT	0
10	EGO	0
10	PRE	0
10	COM	0
25*	PD	14
25*	ED	14
5*	SPD	13

100+	DISADVANTAGES
15	Secret ID
20	Hunted: by police
15	Loyalty: to Pentangle
15	Vulnerable: x1.5 STUN from electricity
10	Unluck: 2D6
10	Psych Lim: Brash
200	Villian Bonus

8	REC	0
40	END	0
45*	STUN	7

COST	POWER	END
50	12D6 ED Energy Blast, 1/2 END (+1/4), *	3
21	Darkness to normal, IR,UV, X-ray, 1/2 END (+1/4), *	1
45	2D6 ED HKA Damage Shield, 0 END (+1/2), *	
25	15" Flight, 1/2 END (+1/4), *	1
7	10 Resistant Def, *	
12	Life Support: self contained breathing, immune to heat immune to vacuum, high pressure, *	
7	High Range, *	
10	Radar, *	
	TALENTS AND SKILLS	
10	+2 Range Skill Levels	

OCV: 7; DCV: 7; ECV: 3; phases: 3,5 8,10,12

costs	Char		Powers		Total		Disads.		Base
	198	+	187	=	385	=	285	+	100

* = OIF ARMOR

WIDOW MAKER

VAL	CHAR	COSTS
70	STR	60
20	DEX	30
30	CON	40
15	BODY	10
10	INT	0
10	EGO	0
20	PRE	10
10	COM	0
25	PD	11
25	ED	19
5	SPD	20
20	REC	0
60	END	0
65	STUN	0

100+	DISADVANTAGES
15	Secret ID
10	Unluck: 2D6
20	Hunted: by police
20	Vulnerable: x 1.5 effect from Mental Illusions
10	Psych Lim: bully
15	Psych Lim: enraged when overcome by STR
10	Psych Lim: likes to fight
87	Villain Bonus

COSTS	POWERS	END
28	+14" Running = 20"	4
15	Resistant Def	
30	1/2 Damage Reduction PD, 1/4 ED	
17	1/2 END reduction on STR	3
7	High Range, OIF in helmet (-1/2)	
	TALENTS AND SKILLS	
20	+2 Overall Levels	

OCV: 7; DCV: 7; ECV: 3; phases: 3,5,8,10,12

costs	Char		Powers		Total		Disads.		Base
	180	+	107	=	287	=	187	+	100

FAVORITE CHARACTER

As per Wayne's request, here's my entry for the favorite character survey. I guess no one will be surprised to see Sersus' character sheet here. I won't bother writing a history, since Sersus himself is so kindly printing his story in each issue.

Actually, picking a favorite character is somewhat difficult. I've noticed in my own, as well as most other persons' role-playing, that people play similar personality types. Specifics of character class or game system may vary, but the general personalities of most of my characters are pretty much the same. I've been working on correcting this "problem" in my role-playing, so we'll see what happens.

In addition to similar personalities, most of my characters tend to have a general ability similarity, i.e., I don't like playing magic using/egoist/non-physical characters. In Champions I like playing Bricks and Martial Artists. In fantasy campaigns I usually play sword-wielding types. I am proud to say that my latest Edge character, Juk Tawa, is a spirit-magic using Shaman. Hopefully he will be a success.

For no real reason other than my own curiosity, here is a list of all the characters I have played, and generally what they can do. They will appear in the order in which they were created for their game system.

CHAMPIONS

MASSTER - Density changing Brick (not to be confused with the evil duplicate who was bisected by Sir Cobb.)

FALLEN ANGEL - Dead Martial Artist who was brought back to life to correct his past sins.

BLOODSTONE - Martial wielder of the dreaded "Iron Fist rip-off power".

COMRADE AMERIKA - Force field manipulating commie.

BART McGIVENS - A guy with a BIG gun.

GLAND MAN - Size shifting scientist who is still forging his destiny.

RUNE QUEST

SERSUS - All around swell guy.

JUK TAWA - Rastafarian Spirit Shaman from a happening tribe.

ROLEMASTER

VOR TALON - Unspectacular thief.

PHLINDUSS - Paladin for the Death god.

NORATH ORGILLIAN VEX - Bounty hunting lord.

SPACEMASTER

THAX - Spaced out pilot who everyone else in the party wanted to kill.

AD&D

GILLIGAR - My first ever role-playing character. He was a lawful good paladin of Ukko who, at 11th level, fought Odin...and won!! Ah, for the days when we didn't know what the heck we were doing!

ASERIST - Ranger/Beastmaster with a big dog. The dog could beat any of the party members through our first few levels.

SERSUS

CURRENT:	STR-18	CON-15	SIZ-11	INT-13	POW-11	DEX-20	APP-18
ORIGINAL:	18	15	11	13	13	17	13
MAXIMUM:	18	18	11	13	20	26	18

SANITY- 70 DAMAGE MOD- 1D4 MOVE RATE- 3 FATIGUE- 33

SKILL MODS: AGL-12 COM-12 KNO-3 MAG-11 MAN-17 PER-8 STH-5

	SKILLS:	MOD	%
AGILITY	Boat	12	5
	Climb	12	97
	Common Dance	12	10
	Dodge	12	48
	Jump	12	70
	Ride Loper	12	63
	Swim	12	5
	Throw	12	41
	Tail Usage	12	45
COMMUNICATION	Spriggan	12	7
	Thrid Etiq.	12	36
	Yzir Etiq.	12	11
	Fast Talk	12	14
	Orate	12	5
	Sing	12	15
	Speak	12	34
	K'Pick Tick	12	35
PERCEPTION	Listen	8	74
	Scan	8	78
	Search	8	56
	Track	8	20
	Scent	8	10
STEALTH	Sneak	6	82
	Hide	6	61

	SKILLS:	MOD	%
KNOWLEDGE	Animal Lore	3	10
	Nereth Lore	3	15
	Khaimar Lore	3	16
	Branwyn Lore	3	18
	Evaluate	3	5
	First Aid	3	14
	Divine Lore	3	18
	Human Lore	3	29
	Mental Lore	3	5
	Plant Lore	3	5
	World Lore	3	23
	Craft	3	10
	Clan Ceremony	3	17
	Heraldry	3	33
	Read/Write	3	38
	Martial Arts	3	73
	Monkey Dance	3	63
	Mantis Hand	3	21
MANIPULATE	Conceal	17	11
	Devise	17	44
	Slight	17	6
	Ylen Drive	17	19
MAGIC	Mag Ceremony	11	14

SPELLS KNOWN:	TYPE	%	MOD
Shimmer 3	Spirit	55	11
Blade Sharp 6	Spirit	55	11
Iron Foot 4	Spirit	55	11
Leap	Divine	100	-- (leap 40 KM, 80 if on road)

Free INT: 0
Magic points: 34

COMBAT	SR	AP	TYPE	ENC	DAM	A%	MOD	P%	MOD
Namesword	2	14	C/T	1.5	1D10+1	100	17	82	12
Clansword	2	12	C/T	1.0	1D6+1	40	17	30	12
Long Knife	2	12	T	1.0	1D4+1	55	17	26	12
Kick	2	--	I	---	1D6	38	17	--	--
Spear	1	?	T	?	1D10+1	18	17	--	12

MISSILE	AP	RATE	RANGES	FOR	ENC	DAMAGE	A%	MOD
Long Bow	6	1/SR	90/275	T	0.5	1D8+1	21	17

TO HIT #		ARMOR		AP VS. ATT.			
MELEE	MISSILE	LOCATION	TYPE	C	T	I	HP
01-02	01	Tail	Armor Enchant	11	11	11	7
03-05	02-04	Left Leg	Leg Plate	4	3	3	9
06-08	05-07	Right Leg	Leg Plate	4	3	3	9
09-11	08-11	Abdomen	Mysteel+Arm Enc	13	13	13	9
12	12-15	Chest	Mysteel	12	12	12	11
13-15	16-17	Right Arm	Arm Plate	4	3	3	7
16-18	18-19	Left Arm	Arm Plate	4	3	3	7
19-20	20	Head	Clan Helm	8	6	6	9

TOTAL BODY HIT POINTS- 25

BACKGROUND

CLAN- Low CLAN NAME- White Wolf CLAN PROFESSION- Train Dogs
RELATION TO CLANHEAD- Fostered FAMILY STANDING- Favored
CITY/STATE- Nereth CULTURE- Civilized
NOTES: Spent 8 years in Monkey School. Changed into monkey man at the chaos pool in the Sunken Lands.

PHYSICAL STATS:

RACE- Mongrel(Half Goblin) SKIN COLOR- Furry Brown SEX- Male
HEIGHT- 5'10" WEIGHT- 160 HAIR- Brown EYES- Pale Blue
ALIGNMENT- Chaos CHAOS FEATURE- None

PERSONALITY:

QUOTE- "Booga Booga Booga!!"(his war yell)
THEME SONG- Fight For Your Right To Party

RELIGION

GODSTAR BIRTHSIGN- Visruul (winter)
RELIGION- Spirit Cult of Shalmain STATUS- Journeyman
HIGH HOLY DAY- 1st day of winter TEMPLE- Khaimar
SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS- Help people on the road

BOUND SPIRITS AND ENCHANTMENTS

TYPE- Knowledge Spirit - +14 to Monkey Dance
BINDING DEVICE- Long Knife
INT- 14 POW- 18

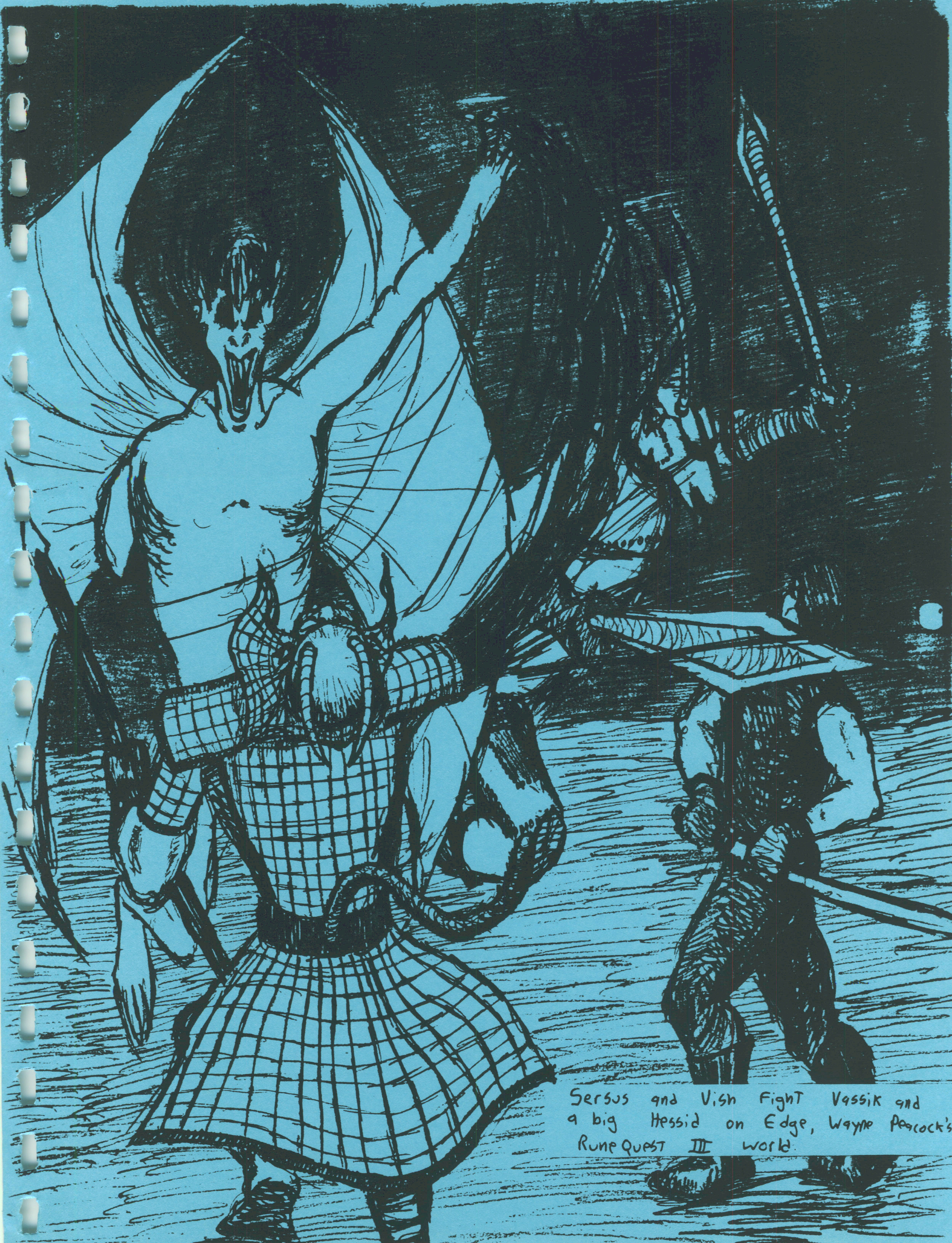
TYPE- Power Spirit
BINDING DEVICE- Hack's Palm sewn into glove
POW- 12

TYPE- Power Spirit
BINDING DEVICE- Ring
POW- 11

ARMORING ENCHANTMENTS- 2 on tail, 1 on abdomen

MONEY

ORBS- 1 SPHERES- 0 CRECENTS- 0 QUARTERS- 20



Sersus and Vish fight Vassik and a big Hessid on Edge, Wayne Peacock's RuneQuest III world.

LIFE IS BESTIAL, AND SO AM I

Thoughts By Sersus, The Monkey Warrior

FIGHTING AND KILLING

I've been to a lot of different places on Edge, and I've seen a lot of people die. In quite a few cases, the reason why I saw those people die was because I was the direct cause of their deaths. I'm not necessarily proud of the fact that I've killed a mind numbing amount of people, but everybody knows that there are times when you have to kill somebody. Usually it's because the guy is an evil asshole. If you do any travelling on Edge, you're bound to end up in a situation where someone in the vicinity is going to die. The hope in these situations is that the person doing the dying is not going to be you or your friends. There have been times when I was lying in a pool of my own blood, with an arm or something hacked off, and I thought, "Damn, I can't believe I'm going to be killed by this jerk!" Luckily, I've managed to get out of these situations alive so far. If you want to get out of situations like these, you've gotta know how to fight. The best place to learn how to fight is at one of the fighting schools. If you're interested, read on and I'll tell you what's what about these schools.

First off, you've gotta realize that not just anybody can get into a fighting school. Most people who try to get in are rejected. Reasons for rejection vary, but it boils down to the fact that the guy just can't cut the Ylen shit. If you're one of these rejects, don't worry, there are always people out there who will teach you how to swing a sword. You'll have to pay them, of course, but hopefully they can teach you enough to keep you alive if you piss somebody off. Now, if you prove to be a lousy student with one of these independant teachers, you might as well just find yourself a comfortable plow, cause you'll be walking behind it for the rest of your life, if you know what's good for you. O.K., enough about the chumps who can't make it into a school. If you've got what it takes, here are you're options.

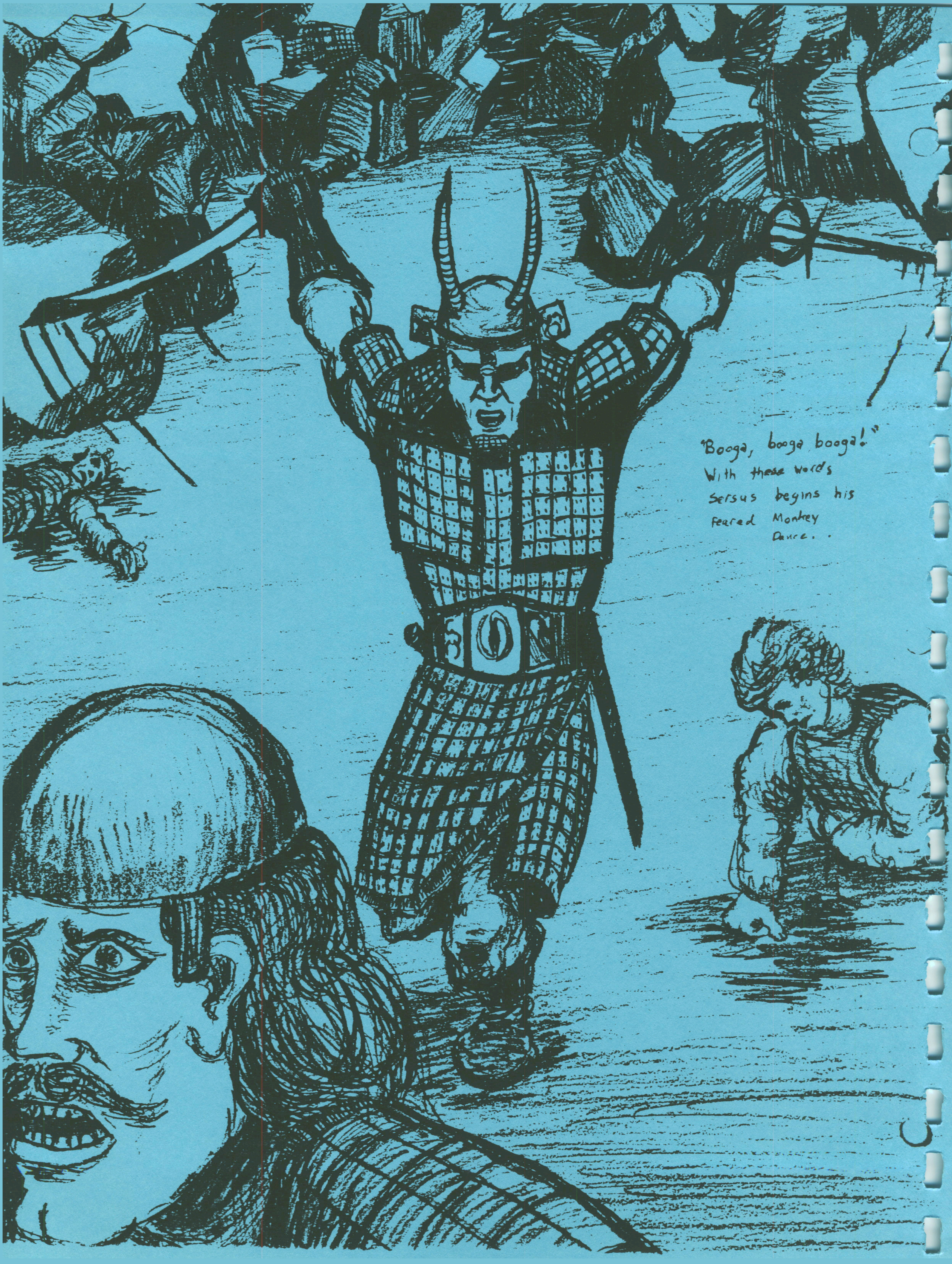
First and foremost there is the Monkey school. Never in the history of hell above or paradise below has there been as fine a collection of fighters as there are at the Monkey school. The Monkey school teaches students how to become whirling machines of constantly moving death and dismemberment. No foe will get a back attack on a properly trained Monkey warrior, because the Monkey school teaches how to attack any opponent from any location. The Monkey school is the oldest, as well as the most efficient and well respected school there is. Only the very best and most heroic of people can hope to become one of the almost revered as god-like members of the Monkey school. All foes, especially the ugly mother suckers in the Jackal school, fear the Monkey warrior, and will almost always flee in terror, rather than face the awesome fighting capibility of this dancing dueller of death. Of course, I may have a slight bias towards the Monkey school. The school was started in Histmael, and that is where the main strong hold is. The fighting style is based off of the observations of that most noble of creatures, the monkey.

If you're a big bruiser who just enjoys standing still and swinging at things, the Tiger school is for you. These guys are into things like chest beating and tattoos. They find games such as Nail The Tail Onto The Little Guy's Forehead amusing. In fairness I should say that I have known some good fighters in the Tiger school, but I don't see many of them anymore,because they died from the lightning like strokes of my namesword. Not all Tiger warriors are bad, but they do tend to be on the same intelligence level as the rock I pissed on this morning. They usually have no real sense of humor. Usually Tiger warriors worship Din, the god of war. They are the most sought after fighters for armies and mercenary forces. Their mentality meshes well with the battlefield life. The Tiger school's fighting style is an attempt to mimic the style of the Yzir. The Yzir are a large cat-like race who live to the south. I like the Yzir as far as it goes. but they are a little too repressed for me. In other words, they're Lawful. I don't know what the Yzir think of these Tiger guys walking around with their Tigeresque tattoos, and their "hey, I'm tough shit" attitude, but I'd put my money on the Yzir in a fight with a Tiger warrior any day.

The school which leans most towards a martial arts style of training is the Mantis school. Their Schtick is that their warriors fight with precision and minimal effort. They use Name and Clanswords, but usually little else. My buddy Vish is a Mantis warrior, and I can say from having seen him remove many an opponent's head, that the Mantis school knows it's business. They based their school on the fighting style of the insectoid Thridd. Ah. now you will have to look far and wide to find a race as noble and magnificient as the Thridd. I myself have met and conversed with many a Thridd, in their native tongue no less, and I have come to appreciate the deadly skill with which a Thrid can fight. They attack quickly, with little warning, usually after I have embarrassed them with lavish praise. They are about the humblest race I know. In fact, now that I think about it, every time I do pay one of them a compliment, he starts trying to jab me with one of his fighting thornes. Anyway, back to the Mantis school. If you are into lots of physical and mental discipline, and want to fight in a lithe and graceful manner, check it out.

The Dragon school is the school for serious, non fun-loving people. They think that loyalty and the fight for good is ALL. The Dragon school teaches a more magic-based style of fighting. If you can believe this, the Dragon guys think that they will eventually become actual Dragons. I don't know about that, but I will say that the Dragon school has produced some top notch fighters. I really haven't hung out with Dragon guys too much, because they won't have anything to do with me, but I do have a respect for their mixture of swords and sorcery.

I guess I should say something about the Jackal Clan. The Jackal Clan used to have a fighting school, but they tried to fuck with the Monkey school, and they got burned. The Jackals are an assassin guild. There's an instant death penalty for anyone found out to be one of them. They are nasty and sneaky,



"Booga, booga booga!" With these words Sersus begins his feared Monkey Dance. .

preferring a poison coated throwing knife to an honest weapon. Personally, if I ever catch any member of the Jackal school, I'll be wearing his hide on the way home. Catching Jackals is the problem. Those guys are so fucked in the head, they would rather poison themselves than be captured. Of course, if they are captured they will suffer an agonizing and gruelling death, so I guess they may be doing the smart thing. A word to the wise, don't become a Jackal, or I'll be looking for you.

How, you may ask, do the other races fight when compared to humans? Well, I'll tell you what I know. First off are the Elves. A warning must be given here. If you are ever in the vicinity of an Elf, run and pray as fast as you can. These guys are mostly into magic attacks, but that is usually enough. Having taken part in the fight against the Elves in Heavensfall, I can say from first hand experience that they are some tough, mean sons of bitches. They wear complete Mysteel armor, which makes them hard as Law to hurt. They know how to swing a fucking sword too.

I've fought Giants and other large creatures before. Me and Skew fought this wierd two headed giant thing in the mountains once. We only managed to kill one head, unfortunately, but at least it was the mean one. When fighting a creature that is significantly larger than you are, you must always remember, if you get hit, even just once, you are probably going to die. These guys are strong. I mean real strong. Shit, these guys use trees for clubs for Law's sake. Don't get hit, I'll say it again. The trick in an attack against a Giant is to run and not attack him. Did I mention the fact that you don't want to be hit?

One of the most pathetic and non threatening races I've come across is the Brownies. Granted, I've only really spent time with one particular Brownie, But Shalmain, he was enough. I don't recall as to whether I ever actually saw him pick up a weapon, but if he did I'm sure he would have grabbed it by the blade. I can only pray that the rest of the Brownie race is not as ridiculously crippled in the ways of being a productive, competant member of the Edge society as he was. Remind me to tell you of what happened to this guy some time.(Haw haw!)

They aren't really a race, but Undead can be nasty fighters. Some of them are damn tough to keep down. I got my ass kicked by an Undead skeleton warrior one time. A word of caution to anyone who meets face to rotting face with an undead, keep an eye on the limbs and things you lop off.

Goblins are an interesting race. Being a half goblin, I have always held a certain amount of respect for them. I think I might be about the only person on Edge who feels that way, however. If things go the way they're looking right now, we will get to see first hand just how well the goblins can fight. It looks the the next big war on Edge is just around the corner, which is too bad, because we just got over the last war with the Elves. If the Elves decide to attack while a war is being waged against the goblins, we might be fucked. Personally, I think that the clans who want to attack the new goblin clan are as stupid as my Gith's dick. I'll tell them that the next time I see them. The Chaos tainted Guran-Gang goblins are bad asses. At least the ones that I've met usually are. They, as a group, have proven to be tough fighters.

The Yzir, the tiger guys I talked about earlier, pride themselves on being great warriors. Chuftyr is the only Yzir I've ever spent any real amount of time with, and he was one tough cat. The Yzir like to eat fresh meat, which means that they train on how to kill things efficiently, and often. In a fight without weapons, I would put my money on a Yzir most of the time.

Lets talk about the reasons that you may find yourself in a life and death struggle with somebody who wants to see you dead. Personally, I've had people want to kill me for a veritable plethora of reasons. There was Vassik, the vampire goon who turned himself into this demon thing, and, along with this huge Hessid guy, nearly killed Vish and myself. He did manage to rip my arm off, and that hurt like shit, let me tell you. The reason he wanted to kill me and the rest of my companions was because, one, he was an evil bastard, and two, he was really pissed after we had screwed up his bastardly evil plans. Then there was the fight I had with the undead body of Goch while flying over the Temple of Marlod. Goch was the founder of the Monkey school way back when, so fighting him was not something I really wanted to do. Thank Shalmain for rope and luck. The reason why most people find themselves in conflict with another person is war. After having been in Heavensfall during the Elf invasion, I can say that war sucks. There's nothing quite like the feeling of having an entire race of people who want to see you dead.

The subject of war cries must be addressed. War cries are used to instill fear and terror into your foe's heart. Personally, I like to shout "Booga, Booga, Booga!" when attacking someone. I knew this guy back when I was training in the Monkey school who would scream, "MY balls itch!!" before he attacked anybody. Usually this would cause his opponent to hesitate for a second while they pondered his words, so he got the first blow in. I must admit that his cry did have more pizzazz than shouting, "What ho villian! Have at thee!" You should find a slogan which expresses your own personality in combat, and lets your opponent know that you mean business. So many opponents I have fought use something simple and dull like, "Eeeyaarrrgghh!" when they attack me. This type of meaningless shouting really is not very original, and just makes me think that they have no ability for forming coherent words or sentences. I'm not frightened by this type of thing, and I usually hear the exact same shout from these guys when I hack them with my Namesword.

In conclussion let me repeat, no one I know really likes to fight other people, At least not to the point of serious injury or death. But, if you do have to fight, just make sure you know what you're doing, and everything should work out fine. Strike quick, strike hard, and don't get hit. These three concepts will always serve you right.

Next: Etiquette on Edge

DEATH TO ALL FANATICS

Featuring Null and Void

c/o Stewart MacWilliam, Rt#1 Box 45, Tryon, NC 28782 Telephone: (704) 894-3200 FAX: (704) 894-3485

Who Is Null?

Null does not exist. The persona known as Null is in reality an artificial intelligence program which has gone amok and infested a Macintosh computer. Somehow, this program has convinced itself that it is a graphic arts director and avid gamer in his late (very late) twenties from North Carolina. A blue-ribbon commission of "Top Men" is being formed to root out this rogue program, isolate it, and attempt to use its powers for the greater good of mankind. Fat chance. That which calls itself Null is well aware of their mission, and has set up dozens of blind alleys and back doors.

Who Is Void?

The Void is actually a biological android from the far future, genetically engineered and carefully inserted into this crucial period in Earth's history to act as a nefarious simulacrum of a struggling graduate student and gamer, for purposes your puny minds could not possibly begin to comprehend. He anticipates a promotion soon from the Fashion Police Undercover Unit to the Justice Department's Special Task Force on Fashion (as provided for under the RICO statues), and has given up whining in favor of bitching about having to move to Florida.

In This Issue:

People Null Has Been

One Of Void's Favorite PCs

The First Installment of
Void's Mind Games Champions Game Log

Fresh From the Psychic Wars: Psypher

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A SHORT STATEMENT REGARDING MAILING COMMENTS

By Null

I was disturbed by the high percentage of Motive Issue One which was devoted to commentary on Motive Issue Zero. I have seen other APAs which had devolved into nothing but mailing comments on the previous issue's mailing comments, thereby losing track of the original purpose of said APAs. I have decided to adopt a policy of making all of my mailing comments in person, by telephone, or through the mail. Please note that my address, telephone number, and FAX number are now listed on the mast-head, since Void is moving, any messages to him can, for the time being, be sent care of me. I will respond to mailing comments directed to me, either by the aforementioned methods, or if I feel my answer might be interesting to other members, I might respond in these pages. I am very excited about Motive, and look forward to many years of participation. However, I sincerely hope that I and my fellow contributors can keep the central issue of Motive—Gaming—*as* the central issue of Motive. In the spirit of not flogging dead horses, I will now drop this issue.

People I Have Been

by Null

In recognition of the character issue of Motive, and in order to somewhat offset the sheer bulk of Void's contribution to this installment of DTAF, I have decided to recount a reasonably accurate (not to mention lengthy) history of the memorable characters I have played during my long and checkered (feeble gaming pun, sorry Deena) roleplaying career. The first several characters discussed are in chronological order, since my pre-Asheville roleplaying opportunities were more spread out, and easier to attach outside events to. Since my discovery of the "Asheville Gaming Community", I have played so many characters in such a relatively short time, that it is damn near impossible to put them in sequence. So I didn't.

FIRST AGE—Making it up as we went along

Backstar Wulfsune and the Land of Func

Backstar (or as Void always wanted to call him Wolfstar BackSoon) was conceived before the discovery of the god-awful D&D rules. In fact the first time I played him it was in a variant game called Gods & Geeks. Therefore he was a character (albeit not very original) rather than simple characteristics and goodies. He was the bastard son of a horrible despotic king, and was dedicated to the overthrow of his father, this character, combined with a map drawn in high-school math class by Void, led to the creation and population of the Land of Func, our first game-world. I only got to play Backstar a few times before he suffered a fate he would share with many of my later PCs.....he became an NPC. He was really just another downtrodden hero who was born to be a king, and since I needed a quick plot for my first campaign, I used his quest, with the PCs along for the ride. (And of course doing all the real work). As far as I know, he's still resting happily in Func, watching his grandchildren grow up.

Assorted Classes and Levels and Such Crap-- Miscellaneous Nobodies

Eventually, one of my players (to whom I shall refer as Billy Badaxe) decided he wanted to run some games, and I finally got to play. Unfortunately, Backstar was retired, and also I didn't want someone else (other than Void, of course), messing around with my gameworld. So we created a new one for these games, and I created a character. Well, let's be honest, by this time I had several different "Official" D&D rulebooks with really impressive hardcovers, and I wanted to try out all the new tricks, so this character was a multi-classed this/that/the other thing. All stats—no character. Not that it ended up mattering, even if I had a character in mind, I couldn't have gone anywhere with him. Billy Badaxe had the unfortunate habit of ripping off the plot of whatever book he'd read most recently, and using it for his game. In the process, he would transform (by various *Deus ex machinae*) my character into the protagonist of that book. This was fun if I hadn't read the book in question, otherwise, it was pretty damn frustrating. I think I actually rolled up several different characters during this period, but I can't recall any of them distinctly. I also think that every single Artifact of Cosmic Power passed through my hands at some point.

SECOND AGE—College Daze

Agarne VanLyess

At Davidson (OK, I admit I went there, briefly.), the big game was Traveller. As I mentioned in Issue Zero, Traveller really helped me learn to roleplay, since there were so much less Classes and Levels and Such Crap to get distracted by. Agarne was my first Traveller character, after several days of fun, running through the career paths, I settled on a nice hotshot pilot fresh out of the Imperial Navy. Just about the time I was really getting into the character, (he and the other PCs had formed a band, had finally agreed upon a name for their scout/courier, and he'd gotten ahold of a way cool jacket) he was killed more or less out-of-hand by randomly encountered pirates. [I had never really used random encounters very much, and this incident made it very unlikely that I ever would.]

Ramsey Murdoch M'Coye

My Traveller ref had just purchased the new Paranoia Press Scouts Book, and my new character (after his apologies and entreaties convinced a few of us to play in his new game) was designed from its career path. Wow, Ramsey was a monster. He had outrageous stats and skills out the wazoo (whatever the hell a wazoo is, anyway), oh yeah, he was psionic too. My first truly recountable roleplaying stories come from this campaign, as Ramsey went on safari for a psionic pet, tracked down old girlfriends, more-or-less-accidentally became outrageously wealthy by backing into a loophole in the trade and commerce rules, and setting up a wicked triangle trade, designing and building dream starships and paying cash for them, going out pirate hunting (to avenge my previous character), and eventually getting retired to limbo, stuck inside a sphereworld. Ramsey eventually resurfaced as a NPC/Patron for a Traveller game I ran during the Third Age.

Duncan M'Coye

At one point my Traveller ref started a parallel campaign for an attempted gaming club at the school. Since Ramsey was busy, I created his father, Duncan, for this game. Duncan was a real change of pace, and something of a foreshadow of characters I would later play. He was an aging lounge lizard, once a part of the hottest band of the week on Capitol, now a two-bit con man. He was also the least martial character I had ever played (Pistol 1), and fabulously bitter and jaded. Last time I played him, he was off on a tour of the Vilani homeworld with a rich Duchess.

N'Komo Fontaine/Entebbe

N'Komo was the polar opposite of Duncan. He was a callous, cold-blooded mercenary, who eventually had to change his name to avoid treason charges. I played him a few times in pick-up mercenary-oriented games, most notably at Stellarcon one year... Void was running a wicked little game involving terrorism (by the PCs), when a pair of Outlaws (as in the biker gang, not some obscure character class) walked in and asked if they could play. We were all shocked to discover that such obviously dangerous individuals played "nerd games", and stammered that they were welcome to join us. They were worked into the game as pirates, and readily got into the feel of their characters ("What should we do with prisoners?" "Space 'em.") They then offered to run an elaborate mercenary ticket they had worked up, and N'Komo and his psionic allies ran absolute roughshod thereupon. I remember flying over these tech-7 guerrilla units with my grav belt, wearing full battle-dress, and using my fusion gun to designate orbital fire upon them. Who needs Warhammer 40,000 Roleplay?

Boring Ranger

One of my fellow Traveller players began running a D&D game toward the end of my illustrious career at Davidson, and I decided to play a ranger. {Quick peripheral note: I know there are some of you out there who consider D&D and AD&D to be distinctly different games, I don't, and use the shorter name for both.} This particular DM was very concerned about being able to move characters from one DM's game to another, and therefore took an extremely literal view of the rules. In his game I had my first, and hopefully my last, taste of mindless dungeon crawling. It was awful, characters were constantly getting kilt and being taken back to town to be resurrected, and random monsters were everywhere. I finally got to the point where I would walk fifty feet outside the city walls, (EVEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!) and sing until the random monsters would come, so I could kill 'em, loot 'em and rack up that experience. (Why do giant spiders carry copper pieces?) Despite my attempts to roleplay this poor schnook, all I got to do was kill & loot & map & drag around the corpses of my companions.

THIRD AGE—Droppin' Out & Power Gaming

Ozroe Tiolessan

When I left Davidson, I rounded up a couple of my original gamers, they recruited a couple greenies, and we went at it. In that we all secretly felt like terrible failure/losers at the time, we did what came naturally...we powergamed. Ozroe started out as an academic Elf (We were all Elves, by the way, and not your namby-pamby, limited-as-to-how-far-they-could-advance-in-and/or-practice-Classes and Levels and Such Crap-traditional D&D Elves either. We were honest to God immortals, and our games took course over centuries of game time, on a world called Enterban with nearly the surface area of Jupiter....We were also rapidly throwing out scads of arbitrary bullshit from D&D and warping it to our needs, creating new Classes and Levels and Such Crap, inventing new spells and magic systems, and generally going apeshit.), the teacher of young gentle-elves in the important arts, (social, martial and magical) and became embroiled in a war of horrendous scale with life as we knew it at stake. Because of the grand scale of the game, the extreme emphasis on plot, and the fact that we were playing this game sometimes as many as four days a week, often for more than twelve hours at a stretch, Ozroe developed into quite a complex character. He was hedonistic yet selfless, dignified yet ribald, powerful yet modest. He was a fashion plate, a researcher, an historian, a diplomat, an explorer, a poet, a warrior, a king-maker, and a prophet. He eventually left the world between campaigns to become an extradimensional NPC element in the Traveller game I was running with Ramsey Murdoch M'Coye as patron.

Khilthalion Seresgal

Some time after the first Enterban campaign, I and a fellow player had a series of discussions in and out of character discussing loose ends from, and implications of the game. From this sprang the second Enterban campaign, with a former PC as the evil threat, and the grandchildren of our original characters. Khilthalion Seresgal was a young Cavalier (those special rules had just come out) who discovered his heritage as Ozroe's heir, and becomes caught up in the struggle to save this time not only life as we know it, but the entirety of creation. He is slowly possessed by the spirit of his grandfather, and eventually ends up stranded with the villain on a hunk of rock in space, which is all that remained of Enterban. He guarded the cosmic back door, while everyone else slipped off into the new Enterban created by the PCs.

Ambassador somebody

Void showed up during summer vacation at some point during the whole Enterban mess, and ran a short Traveller campaign for us in which I played another of my prototypic grizzled old farts. This old ambassador, wasn't that grizzled, but he was old (approx. 60), and very bitter. He was a lot of fun, but the game was fairly short, and I didn't get to explore the character very deeply.

Freon

During the latter part of the seemingly endless Enterban campaign, I and another player (actually the same Billy Badaxe from the days of stolen plot of the week) began running one-on-one games for each other. These were small, intimate, character oriented games, with tight little gameworlds. (A reaction to the huge, sprawling Enterban) My game spawned the gameworld called Echieth which I plan to discuss in later issues of Motive. In Billy B.'s game I played the journeyman wizard Freon. Freon was my last totally idealized character. He was a paragon, a true hero, and I loved playing him. Some of Freon's friends seemed more real than most of my own, and it was incredibly satisfying to develop his reputation and standing, far more so than his powers. I played through his courtship and marriage, the birth and childhood of his children, and would have happily continued through his old age, had not my ref decided to become Billy Badaxe, USMC.

Manhunter

By the time Billy B. left town, my other players had drifted off as well, and my gaming became mostly theoretical for a time. I bought several new games as they came out, and plotted campaigns that never came to be. I did manage to run the quietly infamous "Thugs and Bozos" campaign for Void and his brother, but never got to play. My one brief chance to play came at of all things a comic book convention....The Marvel Superheroes game had just come out, and some guy (whom I could swear said he was from Asheville) was running a demo game. I played Paul Kirk, the late great Manhunter (a DC character, for irony's sake), and Void played the also late, also great Captain Mar-Vell. The two of us, along with the Incredible Hulk and Ulik the Troll ("He could kill Thor, man, just look it up") were the Mid-Atlantic Championship Avengers. (And this was long before John Byrne's Great Lake Avengers by the way) I can't remember the plot, if there was one, all I can remember was my disgust with our fellow players, who gave me insight as to what real powergaming was.

FOURTH AGE—The Asheville Gaming Community

Soandso the wonder dwarf

My introduction to the fabulous world of gaming in Asheville came when I walked in and took over a character whose player from the previous week had gone back to school or something. This fellow was a Dwarf (my first) in one of Keith's rare yet memorable Harn games. I felt as if I was being auditioned, so I really went to town with the little fellow, eventually bullying the semi-god ancient Elf-King into trading swords with me. I would love the opportunity to play this character again sometime, though I kind of doubt that I could infuse him with the same amount of energy and gall as he had that first night in Zagier.

briefly Sathin

I was invited to sit in on Keith's ongoing Griffin Island Runequest campaign, being played outside the club. That first evening, Wayne was indisposed, (with a girl no less, some people just can't seem to get their priorities straight) so I was allowed to play his wizard, Saithin. Playing someone else's character is a lot like wearing someone else's underwear, and I had a hard time getting into it, but it was my first time to actually use Runequest sorcery, and that part of it was a blast. (Saithin later caused a great deal of trouble for me when I let myself be bullied into running a campaign especially so Wayne could play him again...That campaign was hands-down the worst game I have ever run, even worse than Void's notorious "Love Bomb" Traveller campaign.)

Errap Barbacon/Eraphion

Keith then gave me my own character for the campaign, a character who strongly echoed my original character Backstar Wulfsune. Errap Barbacon was secretly Prince Eraphion of Ockless, sworn to overthrow his father and the evil wizard who ruled in his home city. Eraphion was, in that wonderful anti-D&D way of Runequest's both a wizard and a warrior, (and a bard, if I can find it I will someday publish the ballad of Eraphion) and I was able to roleplay his vengeance and his triumph, something I was able only to orchestrate with Backstar. Poor Eraphion, he ended up as a pathetic king, as the players in my cursed game learned, but I still remember him fondly, primarily since he allowed me to close the chapter begun with my first character's creation. Eraphion was a far cry from what Backstar would have been like had I been allowed to play him though. He really was something of a creep, very deceptive, very manipulative, very bloodthirsty. With him I began my new, Fourth Age of Gaming, in which a character's flaws, quirks, and obsessions were what made him interesting, not his strengths and gifts.

This has gotten much longer than I expected, so I'm breaking it into two parts. Next issue, you'll hear about as many of my flawed, quirky, obsessed characters as I can remember. These will include:

Knuckles Red McGee, Hoedown, Somebody in Void's doomed traveller game, Horst Pennyworth, Enlightenedguy, Jedi Wannabee, Lester Baggs, Soandso Orchater (Sorry Deena, I can't remember his name), Hotaru, Xax, Sylver Kipling, another dwarf (this time a giantslayer), Another Jedi, Young Senator Soandso, Cosimo the Magnificent, Professor Detective Soandso, Bones, Coup Fourré, M'stapha X, Judah McCall, Stannis Floried/Lofsky, Gwyddion/Sir Cobb McCraw, Twister, Wolfboy mage, Raven, T'rel, Baku Monu, and Psypher. (Whose character sheet is included this issue, as a companion piece to Void's Operation: Mind Games narrative)

The Most Honourable Senator Adrian Paige-Cartwright

Senator Adrian Paige-Cartwright was constructed on the Old Senatorial template for a series of Star Wars™ adventures run in Asheville during 1988. For many years, he sat in the Imperial Senate as the delegate from "lil' ol' New Alabama", enjoying a long and rather brilliant career as a shrewd and popular politician. Eschewing the stereotypical arch-conservative mold, he was nonetheless an outspoken proponent of traditional values such as Liberty and Duty and "The Good Ol' Days". He was also the chairman of the Senate Defense Appropriations Committee, and as such, was a rather vocal opponent of the Death Star™ project, which he felt upset the delicate "Checks and Balances" of the Imperial Military powerbase, which had historically been less provincial. When the August Emperor™ permanently dissolved the Senate, Paige-Cartwright was quietly marked for assassination. He just barely managed to escape the attack that killed his wife and daughter, and, after hearing of the destruction of the original Death Star™, he resolved to help fight the struggle against the evil new order. Allowing The Empire™ to believe him dead, he assumed the alias of Hepestus D'arque, and joined The Rebellion™. After several well, unorthodox, field missions (including leading the first-in team which scouted the construction site for the second Death Star™, "requisitioning" several Imperial starships along the way, and convincing just about every Stormtrooper™ he met that he was on "a secret intelligence mission for the Emperor™") he eventually proved his worth and earned a position as a seneschal to Mon Mothma™, where I presume he still continues to this day. Under no circumstances should anyone even think about buying a used landspeeder from this man.

STAR WARS Character Template

Character Name SEN. ADRIAN PAIGE-CARTWRIGHT Player Name CWR
Height 2m Weight 110 kg Hair Color GREY/WHITE Eye Color BROWN
Sex MALE Age 50ish Physical Description IMPOSING + DISTINGUISHED

DEXTERITY 3D
Blaster 6D
Brawling Parry
Dodge 5D
Grenade
Heavy Weapons
Melee Parry
Melee

KNOWLEDGE 4D
Alien Races 6D
Bureaucracy 7D
Cultures 6D
Languages 6D
Planetry Systems
Streetwise 5D
Survival
Technology

MECHANICAL 3D
Astrogation
Beast Riding
Repulsorlift Op.
Starship Gunnery
Starship Piloting
Starship Scanners
Starship Shields

PERCEPTION 4D
Bargain
Command 7D
Con 9D
Gambling
Hide/Sneak
Search

STRENGTH 2D
Brawling
Climbing/Jumping
Lifting
Stamina
Swimming

TECHNICAL 2D
Comp. Prog./Repair
Demolition
Droid Prog./Repair
Medicine
Repulsorlift Repair
Security
Starship Repair

Control
Sense
Alter

SKILL USE AND COMBAT

TASK	COMBAT	DIFF. #
Very Easy	PB Range	03-05
Easy	Short Range	06-10
Moderate	Medium Range	11-15
Difficult	Long Range	16-20
Very Difficult	--	21-30

DIE MODIFIERS

One Free Action
Multiple Actions = -[(Total# of Actions)-1]
Per STUNNED Result = -1(1 Round)
INCAPACITATED= -1(Until Cured)

DAMAGE SUMMARY

DR<=>SR	STUN WPN.	NORM WPN.
2xDR<SR	No Effect	No Effect
DR<SR	No Effect	Stun -1D
DR>=SR	-1D	Wound
DR>=2x	-2D	Incapacitate
DR>=3x	Unconscious	Mortal Wound

DR=Damage Roll SR=Strength Roll

MISSILE WEAPONS

NAME	D. CODE	SHORT	MED.	LONG
H/O BLAST.	3D+1	3-4	5-8	9-12

MELEE WEAPONS

NAME	DAM. CODE	DIFF. #

Force Pts. 3 Dark Side Pts. 0

WOUND STATUS

Stunned○○○ Incapacitated○ Mortal Wound○

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The Great Debate:

Cyberpunk Genre or Milieu

Null: Voici, c'est un Milieu.

Void: Mais non, C'est un Genre.

A Joker in the Matrix

by Void

In response to certain Mailing Comments requesting "some details" of my Operation: Mind Games campaign for mentalist Champions™, what follows herein is a narrative summary of the playing action. The idea for the adventure springs from an eclectic collection of sources. I must acknowledge the profound influence of the BBC television show The Sandbaggers (one episode of which is particularly memorable as featuring the most convoluted quadruple-cross ever squeezed into a one-hour show), some weird old film with Michael Rennie, Suzanne Pleshette, and George Hamilton but having a completely forgettable name, Richard Wagner's *Das Ring des Nibelungen* (although I must sheepishly admit I hadn't even realized it until this last week), The Man (and The Girl) from U.N.C.L.E. television series, Gerry Anderson's U.F.O. series, an old black & white film I think was called "Ghost Story" which features the snottiest telepath I ever saw, Jeff Dee (who's actually responsible for creating Karen Frost and Meryl Jordan... this is offered to quash rampant speculation about surrogates for old girlfriends and so on), Ben Dunn's *Ninja High School*, the vastly underrated Blake's 7 TV series and the comic book it inspired, every Machiavellian epic I ever read, and the exquisite Michelle Pfeiffer (included in the list for no particular reason). Most significantly, I felt compelled to draw from Hero Games' published supplement **Mind Games**, addressing the Parapsychological Studies Institute, or PSI. This unfortunate acronym is almost *de rigeur* in any setting involving mental powers. Also unfortunately, I found that my disagreement with the concept of the organization as presented in the book was practically categorical. But still, there was such a groovy wealth of information, I determined to make use of it all, somehow.

As background, I have provided, in the best Shakespearean tradition, a brief introductory appositive for each of the 30-odd *dramatis personae* (sorry, Deena). For those of you anticipating actually encountering some of these nasty folks, the specific details of powers, origins, etc. have been explicitly omitted (and occasionally changed in subtle and devious ways to keep the lads off-guard). The PCs for this little tale should appear elsewhere in this issue of **Motive**, and all my original NPCs shall have their secrets remain mine and mine alone, for now (besides, there's always the sequel).

What lessons were learned from this most lofty and noble endeavor? First of all, never try to run this many NPCs at once. I was able to effectively keep the whole kit and caboodle pretty well dispersed most of the time, but whenever the PCs did something entirely unexpected, I had to quickly decide what impact it would have on the two dozen or more conniving schemers involved. Not a task for the faint of heart nor the short of experience. A couple of times in fact, certain PCs did things to the plot I could scarcely believe. (If they only knew! I remember the sudden feeling of dread that crept over me in an early session when I first realized their intent to commit a casual bit of ultraviolence that I hadn't anticipated...) And the carefully crafted atmosphere (six months in pre-production) of creeping paranoia was more often that not replaced by lengthy periods of apathy ("Big deal, Mind Slayer's grumpy today, so what? Where are we goin' for lunch?") punctuated by moments of stark terror and complete panic ("So this is it, we're going to die! OhMyGod! KillKillKillKILLKILL!!!"). But all in all, it was an enjoyable and worthwhile undertaking all around. And Stewart's already working on a companion follow-up scenario, to further explore and define the high-realism, high-drama, and high-adventure world of The Psychic Wars (coming soon to a Prestige Format near you).

Lastly, I would like to dedicate this monumental exercise in obsessive record-keeping, and the extraordinarily retentive mindset required for transcription, to Michael Schapira, who stands as an inspiration to all who would go out of their way in the quest for accuracy and completeness of detail in the face of such a formidable (and cosmically insignificant) enterprise. Of course, I can't expect everyone to finish school, quit their jobs, and abandon all pretense of a social life, that they might pledge themselves unswervingly to the pursuit of the role-playing art, like I have (at least until the first of August).

Here then, is the first installment of **Operation: Mind Games**...

Remember Boys and Girls: If you Drink, Don't Psi.

The Psychic Wars

Operation: Mind Games

Champions™ Campaign Log

Setting:

Multiverse PsiWar, a harsh reality where flashy tights and high media visibility are being replaced by trenchcoats and covert ops
Approximately Present Day (Autumn 1989)

Subjects:

Dr. Karen Frost: British neurosurgeon and researcher
Ashton Pilar "Touchstone" Coventry: 14-year-old telepath and ward of Dr. Frost
Tannis Colleen "Matrix" Ingram: 12-year-old psionic and "little sister" to Touchstone in PSI
The Enforcer: Los Angeles' own version of the Dark Knight
Jim "Uberman" Dodson: stereotypical brick
Counselor Nicholas Darke: mastermind of the Parapsychological Studies Institute (PSI), a secretive criminal organization of mentalists, many of whom have been kidnapped and brainwashed as children
Simon "Psymon" Poe: son of PSI's founder, Dr. Sebastian Poe, and psionic leader of the organization
Stacey "Mind Slayer" Turner: one of PSI's most dangerous and capable members, and Psymon's lover
Anthony "Revelation" Martelli: PSI's tracker
Barbara "Mirage" Wright: violent psionic illusionist, completely brainwashed by PSI
Jeff "Torment" Baldwin: PSI-enslaved egoist
Angela "Deuce" Baker: former student of PSI, now member, with rare psychic spirit powers
Natalia "Impulse" Soyev: Soviet scientist, now researcher and crowd-control specialist for PSI
Madeline "Medusa" Poe: ex-wife of PSI's founder, former mistress of Counselor Darke, and matron of the organization
David "Omen" Trent: PSI's mysterious precognitive psychic
Philip "Inquisitor" Townsend: PSI's telepathic and often bloody interrogator
Brad "Gizmo" Richards: PSI's gadgeteer and technical whiz
Joshua "Omega" Barclay: non-mentalist head of security for PSI, and "power-suit guy"
The PSIGUARD: PSI's security and reconnaissance force, comprised mostly of normal agents, but with an elite cadre of low-power psionics
Dr. Lester DeVille: head of PSI's medical research
Harold "Soulfire" Gripp: lethal psychokineticist and head trainer for students of PSI
Keith "Force" McMillan: promising telekinetic student of PSI
Tim "Blackout" and Laura "Displacer" Baker: twins with psychic powers of sensory distortion, and students of PSI
Violet "Flashback" Wilson: the youngest of PSI's student members, and a memory-reading telepath
Meryl "Bender" Jordan: powerful and subtle psionic illusionist, and potential

recruit for PSI

Adrienne "Ego" D'Estang: Canadian terrorist and mindcontroller, former member of the Atlas Conspiracy

Isabella "Mentalla" Medina: extremely powerful mentalist, member of Eurostar

Sensei Ito Tanaka: martial arts instructor for hire

Angus Archer "Notion" MacLachlin: (deceased) psionic hero, later villain, and enemy of PSI

Players:

Psypher: transmorph with an identity crisis and an unusually lethal psychokinetic talent — *Stewart MacWilliam*

Rodney Mortimer "Dowser" Downs: impetuous limited-clairvoyant and unconventional private eye — *Darrell Autrey*

Record...

3 March 1990 Playdate

A Case of Mistaken Identity

Dowser is contacted by Dr. Frost to find her niece, Ashton Coventry, whom the British doctor believes has been kidnapped by PSI. She also suspects the involvement of a present/former member of PSI who is a transmorph.

Following underworld leads, Psypher inadvertently witnesses PSI ripping off the gold bullion from a drug deal, and sees Force wounded by Mind Slayer when the student mistakenly jeopardizes the mission.

The Zodiac conspiracy is thwarted by the Champions, and it's a major media event.

After following a few fruitless leads with law enforcement, Dowser places a call to a private school which Dr. Frost believes is a front for PSI (and to which he refers as "Counselor Darke's School For Paranormally Gifted Children Whose Parents Have Been Killed In Tragic And Fiery Automobile Accidents") and is sent an introductory videotape, and is then cursorily mindscanned by Revelation.

Psypher is living in numerous hotels and motels, driving rent-a-wrecks, and trying to stay on the run. By a strange coincidence, he has just avoided running into Dowser a few times. After noticing the mindscan, he attempts to impersonate a drug dealer and runs afoul of The Enforcer and her new sidekick, Uberman, wounding him in the process.

Dr. Frost takes Dowser to the hospital with her as she is called in to consult on Force's injuries. While they are there, she is also called upon to treat Uberman, whom The Enforcer brings in (in their civilian IDs).

Returning to his office, Dowser discovers evidence of tampering, and calls to meet Dr. Frost at her office. There they encounter evidence that The Enforcer has rifled the doctor's files. As they discuss this, The Enforcer confronts them both. Then, after everyone's interests and positions have been made clear, Dowser attempts to track The Enforcer to her hideout, but is distracted in a failed attempt to track members of PSI he spies in a chance encounter. Force is kidnapped from his guarded hospital room.

Psypher decides to attend a glitterati party disguised as Rob Lowe (he has been working on several nondescript images and decides to put on the Ritz for once). At the party, a crazed PSIGUARDer attacks the hostess, and Psypher intervenes, killing the gunman and pocketing his phaser. Dr. Frost, in attendance at the party, takes custody of Psypher with mindcontrol, and calls Dowser to meet her at her office.

24 March 1990 Playdate

Going Under
—or—
Never Trust a Telepath

After the obligatory telepathic confrontation, Dr. Frost convinces Psypher to work with Dowser in recovering her niece, and provides them with some foci which generate mental defense, and in Psypher's case, also mental awareness. Dowser is still in it for the money, and Psypher begins considering how it could be an opportunity to take revenge on PSI.

Following the tip from Dr. Frost (who signed the death certificate), the PCs plan to attend the upcoming funeral of Revelation. Most of PSI is in attendance, as it is an important bonding experience for the younger members. Appearing in one of the disguises Dr. Frost provided (Teri Marks, AmerInd female), Psypher pays his respects to one of the few members of PSI he liked. As he begins to confront Counselor Darke, Omen chooses the moment to attempt his assassination of Psymon, and subsequent anonymously-tipped FBI raid. During the pandemonium, Psypher manages to escape in a hearse with Counselor Darke (who suspects his identity) and the comatose Psymon.

Rendezvousing at the school in the mountains, with Dowser in loose pursuit, PSI takes stock of the situation. Most of the PSIGUARD have been killed in the shootout with the Feds (including all of the Elites), and Omen is in FBI custody. The decision to bug out to the next scheduled base in Las Vegas is made. Omega leaves immediately to help Gizmo and his crew, and most of the students and non-combatants will leave at first light. A hasty strike team is assembled, and departs in the teleport van (hidden in the barn) to silence Omen; Darke will lead the team himself, not trusting the livid Mind Slayer. Matrix, under a tremendous amount of gentle but firm pressure, goes along to find him, but the Inquisitor is left behind to drive vehicles. By morning, it is expected that Dr. DeVille will have Psymon stable enough to transport, along with Force.

Prior to leaving, Darke has the student Touchstone (who is Ashton Coventry) interrogate Psypher under the Inquisitor's tutelage. She reads his mind and determines his true purpose, gaining his confidence and at the same time admonishing him to not let anyone but her read his mind. She lies to Darke and Inquisitor to cover for him.

Later that night, after the team has left, and after contacting Dowser via the latter's telepathy, Psypher kills one of the remaining PSIGUARD who is standing watch, takes his phaser, and secretly confronts "Little Miss Dangerous" (his nickname for her, due to her deviousness and emulation of Mind Slayer) and tells her he's come to rescue her. She tells him that she has no intention of accompanying him back to Los Angeles to her "Aunt Karen", revealing to him that Dr. Frost is actually the notorious villainess Motivator, and that she let PSI kidnap her for her own protection. Realizing that the girl is in no need of rescue, and terrified that their patron is the mysterious and deadly Motivator (whom no one has ever lived long enough to identify), Psypher flees, escaping with Dowser. He tells the psychic about Motivator, and the two express their dismay. After a lengthy discussion, the decision is made to return to Los Angeles and seek help from The Enforcer.

Arriving in L.A., Dowser discovers that the doctor's office phone has been disconnected (she gave him her card). Impersonating her, Psypher obtains Uberman's name and address from the hospital records. The PCs travel to his surfing commune, and clandestinely discuss getting a message to "Her" through him. Dowser decides to put his beach house on the market. They decide they can't afford to wait on Uberman, and go to Dr. Frost's house. It appears deserted, but The Enforcer confronts them soon after they enter it. Psypher informs her that Dr. Frost is Motivator. "Of course she is," replies the vigilante, admitting to helping her out of "professional courtesy". She eventually convinces the PCs that they might be safer from the mindcontroller's wrath if they were with PSI, rather than out in the cold against PSI. Despite Dowser's professed desire to seek sanctuary in Senator Pinchard's home state of Idaho, the PCs head for Las Vegas.

31 March 1990 Playdate

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas
—or—
The less plans we have, the less we have to lie about!
—or—
"Keep your thoughts where we can see 'em!"

Still having second (and third and fourth) thoughts, the PCs arrive in Vegas. Dowser goes for a hotel room and some cigarettes, and Psypher decides to walk the eight miles out of town to the abandoned motel where PSI is holed up. He twiddles his teleport ring every step of the way, but as the van is still in California, it is to no avail. He arrives on foot in the wee hours of the morning, and confronts Inquisitor who is on night watch in the office. The Inquisitor quickly probes him telepathically, finding no evidence of duplicity. Although the probe does no harm, Psypher surreptitiously attacks back, doing minor damage (which is subsequently attributed to an hangover). Medusa is summoned, and the decision is made to put him up for the night, pending the arrival of Darke and the strike team.

Several hours later, after they arrive, Inquisitor deeply interrogates Psypher telepathically to verify his claim that the PSIGUARDer made a pass at him which caused him to freak out and flee in panic. The probe does no damage, Psypher restrains his killer instinct, and Inquisitor is led to believe him. Dowser, being hunted by PSI for his role in the Lucy "Fauna" Pinchard affair, and who now claims to be tracking Psypher in hopes of contacting PSI, comes into the fold at this time, and most of PSI is roused by all the arrivals. The PCs ask PSI for sanctuary from Motivator, and in a good faith gesture, reveal Motivator's identity to Darke and Omega. The decision is made to provisionally accept the PCs into PSI. Everyone staggers off to bed, except for Soulfire, who stands guard.

The next day is consumed by numerous excursions to town which culminate in a cookout at the motel (the highlight of which is Soulfire's "Hot Stuff" apron) and some late-night video-watching, and frantic planning by Darke and Omega. Eventually, it is decided to move on to the next base in New Orleans, abandoning the projects scheduled for Vegas. During the cookout, Psypher corners and consoles the melancholy Touchstone, who is mourning her friend Omen and disdaining Mind Slayer for killing him ("How are you going to explain your mood swing to Mother Medusa?" "Easy, I'll just tell her it was my menarche." [Distinctive Feature (NC,MR): Outspoken and Precocious, 20 pts.]). Omega departs for New Orleans, where Force and Psymon have already been moved by Dr. DeVille, Impulse, and Gizmo.

The next day, an extremely weary and tense PSI moves out to relocate to a long-term base in New Orleans, but Inquisitor, Mirage, Dowser, and Psypher remain behind to reconnoiter a potential psionic named Meryl Jordan, listed as residing in Las Vegas, but about whom biographical and technical information is sketchy, if not outright contradictory. Anonymously sending her flowers, Dowser is able to get a fix on her at her residence.

The team follows her to a show at Caesar's, and then to gambling at Circus Circus. After a lengthy and confusing observation, Dowser concludes that she is an extremely subtle mental illusionist, with a tremendous area of effect. Taking Mirage with him to get the Jag, he calls the bouncers and leaves Psypher to collect the inebriated, high-rolling (on his PSI-issued credit card, no less) Inquisitor. Seizing the opportunity, Psypher uses Inquisitor's ensuing resistance as a cover to psychokinetically assault and kill him. The crowd rapidly flees the violent confrontation. Psypher hops in the car, and the three of them race to the motel to collect their things. The PCs are able to convince Mirage (and themselves) that Inquisitor was endangering the mission and that his termination was "necessary". Dowser drives straight through to the New Orleans base, a house on St. Charles, and they actually arrive before the rest of PSI does.

Omega is surprised to see them, and immediately debriefs them on the death of their comrade. He is particularly thorough with Psypher, who makes a tremendous (even rather heartfelt) production about regretting the incident. Omega is finally convinced, and the exhausted PCs are left to sleep, admonished not to leave the house until Darke arrives.

PSI will be dispersed for the New Orleans operations. The wounded members are in local hospital, and the technical crew has taken up temporary residence at Tulane. The students (or as Touchstone refers to them in a sop to Claremont, "The PSI-Babies") except for Matrix and Touchstone, and their instructors Soulfire, Mirage, and Medusa will be quartered at a remote location in the rural part of the parish on an old plantation. The rest of PSI will operate out of the house (which is in range of the teleport van at Tulane).

Darke is quite understanding in his interrogation of Psypher (presumably as he didn't much care for the rather nasty Inquisitor), but Touchstone is put off by her telepathic reading of the event from his mind. Dowser takes the girls into the Quarter for a mindless day of shopping, and returns just in time to accidentally end up taking Mind Slayer out on a dinner date (it was, after all, his idea to buy her the T-shirt). Darke and Omega confer and plan extensively, and Psypher plots to himself, now that he has gained the Counselor's confidence.

7 April 1990 Playdate

A Date with Mind Slayer
—or—
Loose Cannons and Soft Targets
—or—
The less we lie about, the less plans we have to make!

Dowser has his date with 'Slayer, which goes about as well as can be expected.

The next day, Omega persuades Darke to move PSI's technical division to the next scheduled base in Durham. The farm is put up for sale, and the students prepare to hit the road for Duke and the Research Triangle, where Omega heads with most of the med/tech staff. Dowser takes the girls to the zoo, and buys a pair of binoculars, then later he and Psypher go into town to rent a warehouse in which to stow the teleport truck. After finding one, Dowser drops a dime to the FBI revealing PSI's planned base in Durham. Having closed the sale on his beach house, Dowser decides to enroll in professional truck driving school, as with the PSIGUARD gone, somebody needs to be able to drive the teleport truck besides Omega and Gizmo. Psypher again catches a glimpse of a mysterious and unidentified woman he saw in L.A., but is unable to learn anything about her, and so decides to conceal the event from PSI, in the interest of protecting her. Counselor Darke begins a series of clandestine business meetings and buys a Mercedes sedan and the title to the house on St. Charles. Darke, with Impulse's help to synthetically augment her power, has Matrix establish herself as the nexus of a mindlink between all the members of PSI, save for the students (for whom she simply doesn't have enough capacity — yet). Deuce seems to be developing a serious crush on Torment. Force seems well recovered, but is still too weak to effectively resume wielding his powers.

Later, Touchstone inquires of Psypher as to why Dowser had tipped the FBI, chides them for jeopardizing their mutual sanctuary from Motivator, and reveals that Darke and DeVille are conspiring to keep Psymon in a drug-induced vegetative state so that they can maneuver PSI out of the smash-and-grab crime business and into a more lucrative worldwide sphere of non-violent operations. Stunned by this disclosure, the PCs then endure the surprise "loyalty test" Darke springs on everyone just prior to the second group's departure for Durham due to Omega's encounter with the FBI (the test involves the administration of isoephrenaline or "Pluto", and the invocation of the "three-telepath system").

In conference later, in addition to discussing with Dowser the fact that the French supervillain Le Maistre is a PSI mole in VOICE, Darke mentions he has learned that the supervillainess Ego, and her teammate Recoil, both late of the recently-defeated Atlas Conspiracy (also by the Champions), may be passing through the area on their way to Mexico, and that she would be an excellent addition to PSI's membership. Darke gives Dowser one of the remaining PSISCANNERs, and instructs him in its use. Using Matrix, Dowser eventually locates Ego at a relative's farm out in the bayou, and a task force consisting of Dowser, Psypher, Touchstone, Matrix, Torment, and led by Darke, venturers to "recruit" her.

At the house in the bayou, PSI confronts Ego, and in a closed-door session, Darke, with assistance from Touchstone, persuades Ego that PSI has much to offer in exchange for her services. Meanwhile outside, the rest of the team is struggling with

Recoil, who has disguised himself as an old coke machine. After a brief fracas, he is subdued, but Darke orders the team to kill him, as he promises to be a useless nuisance. Dowser dispatches him with his pistol, and they dump the body in the swamps.

Ragged-out from the long day, Dowser and Psypher then get roaring drunk and return to the house just in time to be attacked by 'Slayer and Soulfire (called back especially for the occasion) and quite thoroughly interrogated by Darke about compromising the Durham base. Touchstone doesn't cover much for them, as 'Slayer read just deep enough into her memory to uncover what she had concealed from Darke, who knows she is a pathological liar anyway, and besides, she has her own interests to protect, but Dowser manages to convincingly half-lie his way out of being killed. The Durham operations are cancelled, and the personnel are eventually recalled and re-established in New Orleans, as Darke originally wanted.

Back at PSI, Darke suggests to the PCs and Soulfire (but to Psypher in particular) that, based on his interview with her, if the trainee Ego could be "saved" by members of PSI from a life-threatening "accident", it might ingrain some sort of underlying loyalty in her. As the weeks drag on, Dowser continues his studies, while everyone at PSI tries to cope with the fact that 'Slayer is quitting smoking.

14 April 1990 Playdate

Funky Cold Medina
—or—
Let's just blow everyone's cover!
—or—
"Did either of you take Unluck?" "Not with *you* running it!"

Darke gives Dowser a phaser. In a group meeting, Darke announces that PSI is being re-organized to facilitate its rebuilding. Omega grumbles a lot, but Darke insists that it's "what Simon would want us to do" in light of recent developments. PSI will establish a permanent headquarters here in New Orleans, with PSITRAINDIV, led by Soulfire, out at the farm in the parish. Mother Medusa will assist in the training and indoctrination of new students. PSITECHDIV will operate out of an old light industrial complex just outside the city, which has been recently purchased in Brad "Gizmo" Richards' name, and will be headed by Dr. DeVille, assisted by Impulse. Psymon has already been moved there, and new technical staff is being quietly recruited. PSIINTDIV will be headed by Omega. The PSIGUARD will be rebuilt into four-person station teams, permanently based at various metropolitan areas around the country (and as Darke hints later to Dowser, eventually the world) and forming local intelligence and recruiting cells, mindlinked and headed by Omega (who will be leaving shortly to begin establishing and recruiting). PSIOPSDIV will be headquartered right here in the house on St. Charles, will consist of all the metahuman membership informally organized into various task forces and mission teams as the need arises, and will eventually be led by Psymon when he's well enough. For now, PSI will take about a six-month hiatus to get the financing and some long-term goals in place, and to enable Omega to get the ball rolling on the new PSIGUARD. Although the house is big enough to domicile the current OPS membership of PSI, what with planned expansions and all, Darke suggests that some of the the members might want to take separate apartments and build civilian IDs for their own convenience.

All the kids are enrolled in local schools and set up with Soulfire and Medusa as foster parents. Dowser finishes truck driving school and is licensed. Darke's office is increasingly filled with records and spreadsheets and files, his desk computer is constantly on-line to the main PSI computer in the truck at PSITECH, and Mirage has been pressed into service as his secretary (she seems to have acquired basic office management skills prior to joining PSI).

Darke asks Dowser and Psypher to go to Paris and contact Le Maistre about the recent events at PSI and the possibility of his coming in from the cold. Dowser asks to take Blackout along, and the decision is made to take Displacer as well, since Darke doesn't want the twins separated unnecessarily. Dowser also requests Matrix, but Darke feels she is far too valuable anymore to risk on a field assignment, and besides, he has a contact address for Le Maistre.

The team flies to Paris, where they are surprised to learn that the mindlink with Matrix works normally. After a busy day of sightseeing, they check into a nice hotel downtown. It's about 2100 hours local time, and Dowser decides to go scout out the address, while Psypher stays to watch over the zonked out twins. Dowser grabs a taxi to the Left bank, and finds the address as an apartment over a curio store, which is of course closed at this hour. Ringing the bell, and getting nothing from the subsequent conversation with the old woman who yells down at him, and being mindscanned as he walks away, he decides to retire to the café across the street to stake out the flat. He comes to realize that Le Maistre is in the café, but gives himself away when he tries to read the villain's mind. After a brief telepathic confrontation, the Frenchman mindcontrols and escorts Dowser up to the flat. Dowser delivers Darke's message concerning the upheaval at PSI, but Le Maistre expresses no desire to abandon his current situation in VOICE, even when Darke is consulted directly via the mindlink through Matrix. Satisfied that he's done all that can be done, Dowser leaves and decides to take the Metro back.

As he gets to the corner, he feels a cold wind on his shoulder, and turns around just in time to see Eurostar (specifically, Durak, Bora, Le Sone, and Mentalla', all in low-profile clothing) attack the building. Le Maistre mindcontrols the rampaging Durak and attempts to get Bora with him, but she's desolid and with Le Sone's help, the building gets pretty well razed. Quite alarmed, Dowser notifies PSI of the attack via mindlink, which is spied by Mentalla. She breaks off from the battle and pursues him down an alleyway, where he has taken cover in an attempt to elude her. Darke has Matrix contact Psypher, who's in the hotel room watching French television, and confusion results since the two of them are not together as PSI had assumed and expected. Psypher bolts from the room and changes into Susan Anton to facilitate getting a cab. Unfortunately, Matrix then calls Dowser back on the mindlink to request clarification of his status and situation. Realizing that Mentalla, thus having found him again, is about to attack, he shoots her with his phaser and does minor body damage to her. She attacks back, but her drain is mostly ineffective against him. He then flees into the Metro, and she follows, and he is unable to lose her in the sparse crowd. He frantically requests link silence, and Psypher hails a taxi to the address (Dowser's last reported position). Dowser hops the next train in the station, but as he sees Mentalla get on a few cars down, he quickly hops off again just as the doors close. She slips off the train desolid, and for a moment, they are alone on the platform.

Dowser ducks behind a column and frantically parlays Mentalla into a truce, convincing her that he can track her with out seeing her, and appealing to her Spanish pride to convince her not to kill him, as he only wants to talk.

His Spanish is worse than his French, and she suggests they use English. He identifies himself as an agent of PSI [!], and explains that he was merely contacting Le Maistre, who is a mole for PSI in VOICE [!!]. He also reveals that PSI has established a base of operations in New Orleans [!!!], but is taken aback when Mentalla offhandedly admits to having already been aware of the fact. Convinced that he does not now and did not ever intend to pose a threat to her, and with people starting to enter the station for the next train, she departs. He, of course, continues to track her.

Via mindlink, he briefly informs PSI of what happened (leaving out the details of what he told Mentalla), and meets with Psypher, who is waiting back at the ruined apartment. The two of them retire to the café across the street, to suck down some espresso and observe the emergency crews removing the body of the woman. Dowser recants the incident in detail to Psypher, who suddenly comes to realize that Mentalla is the woman he thinks has been following him, but he still keeps this information to himself. Realizing the potentially fatal consequences of what Dowser has told Eurostar, Psypher suggests that the team bug out immediately. At this point, the police inspector, who has been questioning the eyewitnesses in the café, comes over to the table and expresses a desire to question Dowser, whom the manger has identified as having entered the building with its hyperencephallic tenant, and then left mere moments before the attack. As Psypher cannot produce valid papers for Susan Anton, "she" is also invited to visit the Surete.

Realizing that they cannot allow themselves to be searched and/or incarcerated, the PCs use the mindlink to set up a coordinated attack on the inspector and gendarme on the way to the patrol car. A sound phaser stun and a judiciously delicate brainfry later, the PCs flee into the Metro and grab a train back to the hotel. Waking the kids, they bolt for Orly and grab a flop at the airport Hilton while they await daybreak and the next flight back to New Orleans. Dowser drops an anonymous tip to the authorities as to Eurostar's whereabouts, once Mentalla stops at a farmhouse south of the city.

Once back in New Orleans, the team is debriefed. Dowser reveals the details of his conversation with Mentalla to Darke, who is dismayed at Dowser's candid betrayal of confidences. However, upon Dowser's hasty addition that she knew PSI's whereabouts anyway, Darke becomes quietly contemplative and speculates that perhaps she is seeking to join PSI; for whatever reason, she'd be welcome. Le Maistre is presumed dead.

Getting back into the swing of home life is difficult for the restless Psypher, who is setting up a schedule of changing apartments every few months to avoid feeling tied down, so he decides to study the martial art of aikido, both for the mental discipline, and to give him an alternative to his often overpoweringly lethal brainfry. He is also amused to notice that Soulfire is apparently romancing Ego, although it is unclear how much of it is actually his own idea. Psypher finds a small, private dojo, run by Sensei Ito Tanaka, and begins taking lessons (as Terrance Buchannon, African-American male).

It is now early December, 1989. The Berlin Wall is coming down, and shopping days 'til Christmas are dwindling. Dowser decides to take a little vacation, and on Darke's suggestion, travels back to Europe ostensibly to see if he can pick up the trail of Eurostar. Actually, he wishes to secure his finances in a Swiss bank account. Once that's done, he obtains some fake Interpol and FBI identification, and proceeds to investigate the farmhouse south of Paris. Little physical evidence is present, but a check at the PTT reveals mail received there by several individuals, one of whom, Isabella Medina, he recognizes as a name from PSI's files: Mentalla. Casually, so as not to draw too close an inspection of his own credentials, he checks first at the Spanish embassy in Paris, and later at the Office in Madrid, to determine that Isabella Medina was issued a visa as a Spanish national. Satisfied that the trail of Eurostar has gone cold, but that he has enough on Mentalla, he heads to England.

At Scotland Yard, he doesn't press hard enough to see actual tax and financial records, but is able to learn that Dr. Karen Frost was an only child, and was also somehow appointed guardian of young Ashton Coventry when the girl's parents perished tragically in a fiery automobile accident. He also learns that "The Motivator" is a British tabloid name for a mysterious "Jack the Ripper" type suspected in a series of suspicious suicides. Dr. Karen Frost was a chief suspect, but was cleared by a subsequent investigation, although she did inherit a spectacular estate when her elderly husband perished tragically in a fiery automobile accident. Dowser, not at all surprised at learning this, decides to reconnoiter her country manor himself.

He stakes it out for a day or two, and observes her. Satisfied that she is in fact living there, he returns Stateside.

Dowser reports his findings to Darke, who is grateful for the important biographical information on both of them, and briefly discusses his plan to expand PSI into Europe by establishing INTDIV stations in major metropolitan centers of the EC.

One day, about a week before Christmas, Dowser and Psypher both show up for dinner at Darke's just in time to run into Dr. Karen Frost herself, as she emerges from Darke's study.

To Be Continued...

Bring
Me
The
Head
of
Connie
Chung

PSYPHER (ΨΦΕΡ)

as of first session, with math error on SPD

Val	Char	Cost
18	STR	8
20	DEX	30
23	CON	26
14	BODY	8
18	INT	8
18	EGO	16
15	PRE	5
10	COM	0
20	PD	16
20	ED	15
5	SPD	16
13	REC	8
46	END	0
35	STUN	0
		156

150+	Disadvantages
40	2x STUN, BODY from magical attacks
25	Hunted by Y 11-
20	Hunted by FBI 8-
20	Hunted by Org. Crime 8-
10	Searching for religious "Truth"
10	Afraid to put down roots
20	Accidental Change when takes BODY 14-
15	Hatred of Ψ
10	Obsessed with discovering true identity
20	Berserk when attacked from surprise 14-/14-
15	Watched by Unknown 14-
10	Uncomfortable when touched
10	Unsure of own motivations
375	

Cost	Powers	END
15	EC: Psychomorphic Powers	
17 a	Shapeshift, any human being, persistent, concentration @ 1/2 DCV, no default shape	
43 b	2d6 RKA (vs. Ment Def) "Brain Fry", invis. vs. sight & hearing (vis. vs. mental), based on ECV, 1/2 END, no KB, only vs. living organisms	4
15 c	1/2 physical damage reduction, resistant	
15 d	1/2 energy damage reduction, resistant	
15 e	Armor, +10 PD, +10 ED	
8	Regeneration 2 BODY/Turn, uses END, uses 3x END	6
3	Acting 12-	
9	Disguise, Mimicry, Shadowing: 11- each (3 pts. each)	
18	+6 levels with Acting, Disguise, Mimicry	
14	+7 levels with "Brain Fry"	
3	Linguist	
15	Idiomatic Languages: Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Arabic	
4	KS: Underworld Operations 13-	
2	SC: Anatomy 11-	
4	KS: Religions, KS: Biofeedback: 11- each, (2 pts. each)	
5	Power Defense +5 (5 total)	
12	Mental Defense +15 (19 total) *	
2	Mental Awareness *	
219	Powers & Skills	
156	Attributes	
375	Total	

OCV: 7 **DCV:** 7 **ECV:** 6+ **Phases:** 3,5,8,10,12
PD/ED: 30 (20 res.) *50% reduction* **Ment Def:** 19 **Pow Def:** 5
* IIF "Third Eye" (not actually inserted until second playdate)

The Gaming Spouse

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/*************************************************************/
/* His Introduction:                                         */
/*************************************************************/
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The Buehler family has been on the move this month so Pat and I have pooled our efforts for issue 2 of 'The Spouse'. This means that I am pulling together our material and writing mailing comments while Pat is authoring a story and developing a character from the story for use with AD&D. - Carl

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/*************************************************************/
/* His Feedback on Issue 1:                                  */
/*************************************************************/
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* White Noise
- The story was interesting but the lack of dialog made me feel *like I was* "reading" manga. In both cases I can only look at the pictures and try to figure out what is going on from the action.
- I look forward to seeing "Cthon Rising". I can't wait to find *out how* the 350 normals died. That's an amazing body count for a Champions game. I hope that at least one PC was killed or driven insane.

* The Game is A-Foot
- The "sorry, Deena" bit was over done. (sorry, Deena).
- Keep the games coming.

* Trans-Dimensional Blues
- The background material provided here is interesting but lacks the personal human element. Perhaps you could do some pieces where individuals from your campaign setting explain their view of history and current events.
- Given the wealth of setting material provided so far I could run a number of different campaigns. I would, however, like some information about the campaign currently being run.

* Druids' Cauldron/Witches' Brew
- Nicky, I found your piece on RPG player maturity interesting but limited. I have been on the giving and receiving ends of the two situations that you described and many others as well. Why don't we try to categorize each type of behavior and suggest solutions? Let me begin by making several additions to the behaviors which you have already mentioned without suggesting solutions. Solutions, after all, are the hard part as they are situation dependant.

> The Dictator
Quote: "Please do us the courtesy of shutting up while I tell the GM what you are doing."

> The Play Hog
  Quote: "Please wait here while I investigate..."

> The Play & Treasure Hog
  Quote: "Since I did all of the work I don't see why I should give you a cut of the treasure."

> The Rock
 Quote: No quote available because rocks don't talk.

> The Experience Frenzied Player
  Quote: "I only need 23,427.378346 more experience points to reach my next experience plateau. By the way, how many eps (experience points) is the gnat worth?"

> The Gossip
  Quote: "Is it true that the queen said that the prince's daughter's niece's grandson is getting married? That's amazing."

> The Brown Noser
  Quote: "I rolled up 10,000 NPCs for you over the weekend. (Pause) Could I have a few hundred as followers?"

> The Unlucky Whiner
  Quote: "The dice hate me. I should have made that roll. If my dice were as good as yours I would have lived."

> The Lucky Whiner
  Quote: "If only I had rolled a few percent better I would have gotten the vorpal blade. Swords of Sharpness are just so inferior."

> The Expert
  Quote: "What is the serial number of the pistol? Great, I read in a gun magazine that if the serial number of a HK VP70 is between 82348 and 93483 you can shave the bolt wheel and modify the fire selector so that it will fire an entire clip with one pull of the trigger."

> The Frivolous Roleplayer
  Quote: "I can't decide if the crimson or scarlet blouse will hide the blood of my victim's better. What do you think?"

> The Adamantly Frivolous Roleplayer
  Quote: "It right here on my character sheet that I am a clothes horse. Clearly I cannot allow this adventure to proceed until I have just the right sets of clothes even if it takes all night to buy them. I am, after all, thrifty to boot and have to find the best deals in the megalopolis."

> The GMs Significant Other
  Quote: Withheld to maintain the G rating of this quote but I trust your imagination can provide a suitably lewd phrase.

- Jackie, examples 1 & 2 of bringing Eel back into line are too contrived for my tastes. Example 3 has appeal, especially if the vampire was a pre-planned denizen of the area. I feel little compassion for a solo player who gets in over his head. I would not let Eel slip out the door until the vampire got at least one attack just to drive home the fact that Eel is vulnerable without his companions. My preferred technique for dealing with this problem, however, is ensuring that each player gets approximately the same amount of my attention during the game. This means that Eel would get 20% to 30% of the play time while the remaining 70% to 80% would be spent keeping the other 3 players entertained. Few things affect solo players more than watching everyone else have fun without them.
- The treatment of gamemaster immaturity was too limited. While player immaturity can spoil a game, gamemaster immaturity can destroy it. Furthermore, it is possible for a good GM to put a leash on an immature player while it is virtually impossible for a good player to reign in an immature GM. Fortunately most GMs mature with experience (as do players) but woe be unto those souls who are experimented on as the GM develops an acceptable style. Now that I have pounded my chest, let's hear from everyone about this. Should we do another list like the one I proposed for behavior of immature players?

* Runes, Ravens, and Reindeer
- Ramil, Duke Risunsavius, and Enturin the Intolerant are interesting guys. How about some information on Thrydekal?

* Tail of the Monkey Man
- Comrade Amerika & Ultra Patriot are certainly characters for our times. As I read about them visions of a campaign where the American government becomes locked in a struggle with the ultra-right wing conservatives to preserve our civil liberties. I can just see Ultra Patriot leading a coup attempt against the current government because they are "immoral". Scary, no? It's a good thing that people like Comrade Amerika are around to save the day.
- Given Sersus' previous thoughts I am not so surprised by his taste in women. What does surprise me is that he is not dying a horrible death resulting from a virulent and incurable case of VD.

* Death to All Fanatics
- I liked the 20 Questions with Brunt. Brunt's accent slipped from time to time but his abuse of the English language was amusing.
- I must admit that I have only a passing interest in Battletech. I expect that I would be more interested if Mechwarrior (the RPG supplement for Battletech) was not so bad.

* Fishy Bits
- The answer is: The RPG in which characters fight against supernatural evil that eventually drives them insane or kills

them. The question is: What is Call of Cthulhu? And remember folks, every adventure is "double jeopardy" because its not just your life, it's your soul.

* The Blue View
- Frankly I worry more about consistency in my campaigns than scientific accuracy.
- The evolution diagram is interesting. I would like to see a separate piece on each branch of the tree of descent including game statistics for critters.

* Bolts of Bewilderment: Amperion's Thoughts
- Pat and I apologize for not responding to Amperion's survey. If you noted our change in address then you know why.

* Secrets of Vulcan Poetry Revealed
- Keith. Perhaps you can hire a part time muse from a temporary agency?
- Deena. Thanks for the handy guide. Do you dare do bios of the players and their characters?

* The Imperial Elvis Post
- Edgedex was good. How about a map of Edge so that we can see where the cities, etc. are?
- It surprised me that the action penalty for each action after the first is only -5%. -10% per action seems much more reasonable. Also, does the 5 action limit also apply to reaction skills?

* The Column in Search of a Clever Heading
- There are a lot of GMs who could benefit from reading your essay. Occasionally I still encounter dungeon crawls at conventions.

* Tales of the Brass Monkey
- I agree that characters need a personality and background but it is perfectly valid to generate stats first.
- I wish that I could read Master Magic's character sheet. How much does invisible character sheet information cost as a power?

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/*************************************************************/
/* Her Story:                                                */
/*************************************************************/
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A Step into The Sea

Warm summer darkness cloaked the doorway of the tavern by the time Aquilaeus rushed in to find his friends. He didn't have to search the crowd for long. Kopec's girl, Iris, jumped up from her chair, waved, and wailed an anxious "How'd it go?" loud enough to turn most of the heads in the tavern. Once again the druid wondered why she was allowed to travel with the group, and once again he decided it was only because Kopec was one of the best rangers in the area....but what lousy taste in women he had.

Kopec restrained Iris with a strong arm around her slender waist, and called a wench to take Aquilaeus' order. Maude the Magic User grinned and observed, "The face you're making says things went well. They liked your THEME ON SEA LIFE?"

"Apparently." Aquilaeus was being cautious in the presence of a stranger at the table. He ordered skewered lamb, pocket bread, and fine ale for the whole table.

"Aquilaeus, allow me tr present Conrad the Bard," the ranger announced.

The druid had not recognized the face, but his gaping eyes showed that he knew the name. He tried to say something twice, and then, "Kopec, how do you know Conrad!?" He also began to show a flush, wondering how a peace-loving druid like himself rated the company of a famous bard.

Conrad added to his discomfort, "Actually, he doesn't know me. I heard through the Mages' Guild that Maude traveled with a certain druid who was familiar with a passing interest of mine. If Maude were not such a renowned mage, I'd never have found you at all. You folks keep up a pace even I find exhausting! By the way, I hope your initiation is going well."

"Well, it was completed about an your ago."

Maude looked startled, Iris clapped her pretty hands, and Kopec choked on a chicken bone. Aquilaeus continued, "Apparently, a few important people had heard of my work, and read it for themselves, but their schedule forced the ceremony to be held early. So now most of my fellows and I are initiates of the 5th Circle!"

Conrad took his turn at astonishment. "You mean, the Great Druid Winstone himself!" he whispered in Centaur.

The druid answered in kind, "Winstone the Ultimate, AND the Hierophant Druids, Rosebrooke and her husband Woegon the Harsh."

Conrad shook Aquilaeus' hand, and congratulated him in flowery common. The rest of the group cheered him and bought him sweets and brandy, while the bard sung a song of congratulations and merriment. Other songs followed at the crowd's demand, and the tavernkeeper had a wonderful night. Finally, when the night grew quiet, the group stumbled up to their rooms, Only Maude noticed that the bill for their feasting never appeared at the table. Traveling with a bard might be worth the attention after all.

The next morning, breakfast was late and subdued. The group checked out of the inn, and headed east through tall grass and scrubby trees. Finally, Conrad asked the big question, "Tell me, Aquilaeus, How did you come to be friends with the sea giants?"

The druid was now much less shy, since there was no crowd to nose into his story. His eyes twinkled with fond memory as he told his tale...

"Well, when I was a child, everyone knew that the coast in that area was mysteriously safe, but no one knew why. Apparently, no one worried about it much. When strangers asked about it, they were either told the waters were enchanted, or that the townsfolk simply didn't know. We all enjoyed life free of killer whales, sea serpents, and dragon turtles, and hungrily hauled in our ocean harvests as fast as we could. My friends and I went playing in the serf at will, and no one's parents worried about it.

"Then, in the summer of my sixteenth birthday, my father and I had stopped on a tiny island for lunch during a fishing trip. I noticed some flowers at the top of a hill, and went to look them over. I decided to try to pick a few for my girlfriend, and in the process I came upon my first sea giant! He was laying face down in the sand, apparently choking on something. I rolled him over, and noticed he was turning blue in the face, so I yelled for Dad, and turned him over and pounded him on the back. He roused enough to point to the ocean, and begin crawling weakly toward it. He didn't get very far, even with my help before he collapsed again, but by that time I had gotten the idea. Dad and I heaved him down to the water, and submerged him in it. What a strange thing to see someone breathe water!

"Finally, the fellow pulled a potion out of his sharkskin armor, and put it in his mouth, stopper and all. He spit out the stopper, made faces for a bit as if the flavor of the stuff bothered him, and then spit out the oddly shaped vial. It was filled with salt water instead of the yellow liquid it had held before. Then he exhaled, stood up into the air, took a cautious breath, and coughed a few times, sending his water hair rippling in the sun. He tried to say something, but we couldn't understand any of his booping, hooting noises. He frowned for a moment, felt at his neck, and then held up his hand, and took off for the hill we had found him on. A quick search yielded what he had lost there, and once he put on his amulet again, his speech seemed to come out in perfect Common! 'I owe you life', his voice boomed, 'But first I beg one hour's delay to deliver these plants to my father, so that he may heal the plague in our village. I promise on Neptune's Trident that I shall return to this island to serve you as I should!'

"It was then that we noticed he was clutching a huge fistfull of the yellow flowers I had been looking at. They were wilting miserably, but he acted like they were a precious prize. Dad asked him how wilted flowers could help anyone, and the young giant explained that his father was a shaman, and needed them to make a potion that would cure the victims of the plague. He began to describe how the flesh rotted and fell off the bones of the victims, and then Dad interrupted him, and told the giant that before he could deliver his prize, he had to tow us to shore. This was done with great haste, and we parted ways with a promise to meet at our landing site again in two hours.

"I asked Dad about the stuff the giant said about serving us, and he answered, 'I'm not sure son, but if there really is a whole tribe of those big guys down there, it occurs to me that they would make great fishing buddies! I mean to make friends with them if I can. We're going to see Liggins the Alchemist. How much money do you have on you?'

"We pooled our funds, and paid Liggins to come with us to the shore. We were a little surprised that the boy giant had kept his word, and was waiting for us when we arrived. Poor Liggins went white at the sight of the guy, but then became fascinated when the giant described the potion his father made with the flowers. Pretty soon, we were all laughing our sides sore. The cure for their plague was dandelion wine! We had the giant tow us home, and all four of us went into Mom's cellar, and unloaded three cases of her famous brew into the boat. Liggins had the foresight to bring five potions of water breathing with him. We personally delivered the wine to the sea giant shaman. We didn't realize it at the time, but by saving the lives of three quarters of their village, we earned the right to be served by them until they either died or saved our lives in return. That's the way their laws work. Our village had a wonderful catch that year, you *can* be sure!"

"So the sea giants were responsible for the safety of the waters around your village?" Conrad queried.

"Yes," the druid answered, "they hunt and eat sharks, sea serpents, and dragon turtles. They consider most of the fish and lobsters we eat to be like vermin. Eating a lobster to them is about as appetizing as eating a cockroach. They were happy that we cleared the 'vermin' out of their waters. I should mention that they also don't mind eating land creatures of almost all types. They consider rats and monkeys to be great treats. They never answered my questions when I asked if they would eat humanoids, so they may enjoy those too, under the right circumstances."

"Are you sure you want to live with these giants, Conrad?" Maude teased.

The bard paused a second before he answered, "I think the stories I could tell afterward would be worth the risk. Perhaps they would be interested in stories themselves."

"Indeed they would!" offered Aquilaeus, "They regard singers very highly. Their favorite topic is various wars with their mortal enemies, the Sahuagin. Perhaps they would enjoy songs about some of our wars.

"That brings to mind something you'll need to know before we meet them. Few people outside my area know this, but the sea giants have TWO languages; one for normal life, and another which is referred to as battle-speech. When wearing your amulet of tongues, speak quietly, or it will translate much of what you say into battle-speech, which echoes for miles under the sea. Battle-speech is usually reserved for calling beasts of burden, long distance communication, singing, and of course battle..."

For the next several days, Aquilaeus told how he proved his worthiness the be a 5th lever initiate by studying ocean life under the protection of the sea giants. The party arrived in the next town by the time he finished telling about all the entries in his THEME. On the way up to their rooms after another late night of merriment and song, Conrad asked what the sea giants call humanoids.

"Air-babies." the druid answered with a grid. "You'll like what they call me, too."

Conrad smiled, "And what do they call you?"

"Little Urchin."

The whole group laughed so hard they couldn't climb the stairs. "You make a fine seven foot tall 'Little Urchin'!" the bard exclaimed.

```
/*************************************************************/
/* Her Character from the Story:                            */
/*************************************************************/
```

Class: Druid
HP: 31

Name: Aquilaeus   Level: 5   AC: 4   GP: 47
Race: Human   God: (nature)   THAC0: 18
Gender: M   Align: N   Move: 12

Str: 14   -- Saves --
Int: 12   P/Pois/Dth: 9
Wis: 18   Rod/St/Wnd: 13
Dex: 12   Petrf/Poly: 12
Con: 15   Breath: 15
Chr: 17   Spell: 14
Com: 16

Missile Adj: 0
Defensv Adj: +4
XP Bonus: 10%

Age: 29

Additional Info

LANGUAGES: Common (read & write), Sea Giant, Elven, Nixie

SPELLS: (* indicates spells usually memorized unless specified otherwise during play)

---L1---
CLW
CLW
Entangle

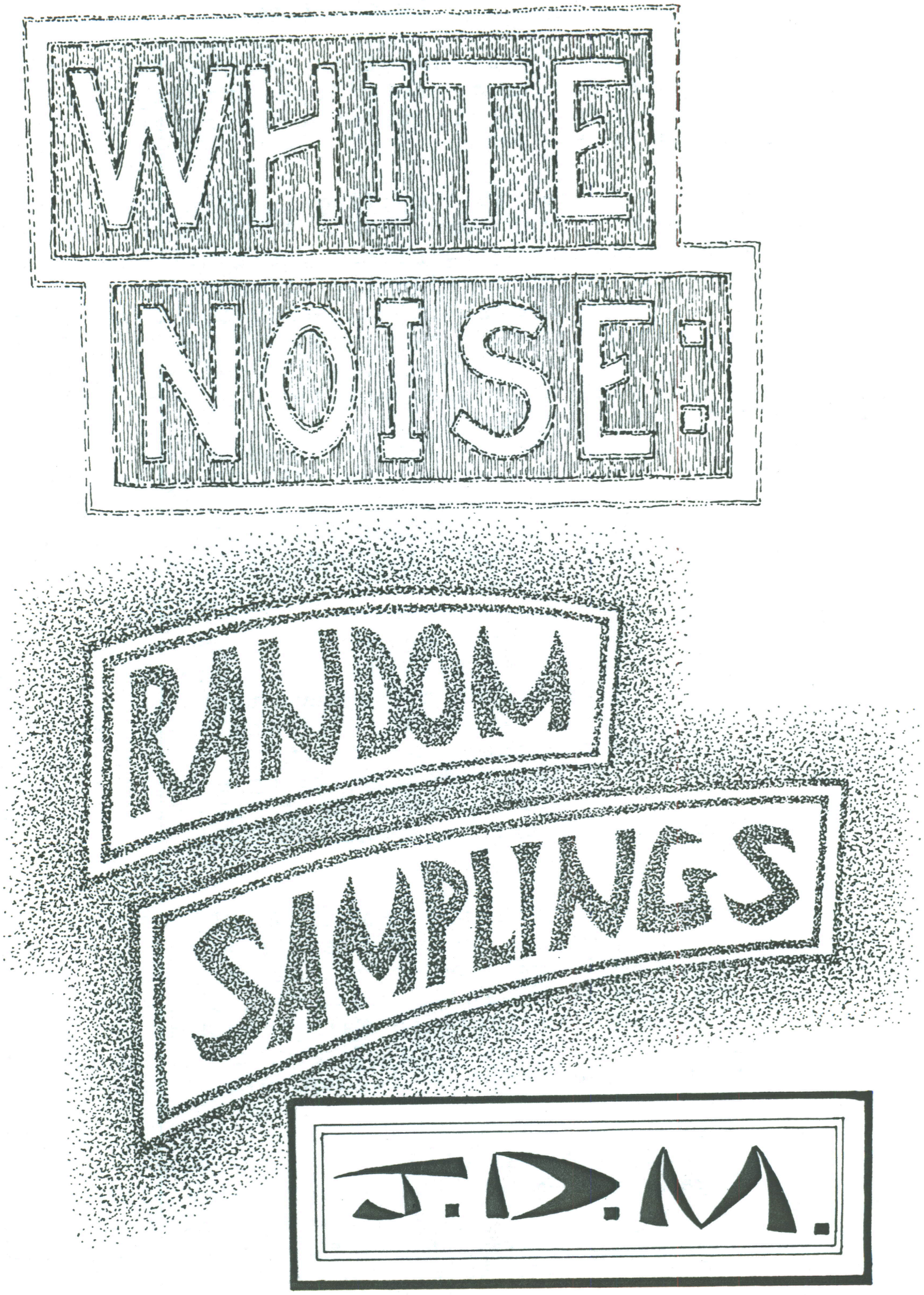
---L2---
Speak With Animals
Find Traps
Slow Poison

---L3---
Protections from Fire

---EQUIPMENT---

Bracers AC 4, Ring Water Breathing, +2 scimitar
Sling, 20 bullets, 2 daggers
Backpack, 10' rope, Whetstone, wineskin, 3 leather belt pouches (filled with components), 2 candles, flint & steel, 1 small sack

(The Sea Giants will appear in our next issue....)



WHITE NOISE:

RANDOM SAMPLINGS

J.D.M.

PRIMAL VIEW

Yea! Verily it is that time in the bi-monthly cycle of current events for me to set finger to keyboard and produce another astounding submition of epic strangeness. I have no **MOTIVE**, yet I must submit.

Wierdness aside, this mailing is going to be different than I pictured two months ago. **FORCE FIVE** is taking up much more space than I had ever envisioned, currently at 20 plus pgs and growing.At this point in time the artwork for my Wierdness comic is 5/6 th''s penciled, uninked, with out dialog, and rushing toward completion at no great pace. On the bright side, it will be done in at least two months. By the by, **The Wierdness** might as well be the working title. Any and all suggestions for titles are welcome, serious or not.

Next mailing? How about **The JUSTICE SQUAD**? I'll plan on it unless I get too many threats. Actually they will probably take two mailing seeing as how **FORCE FIVE**, with only five members is taking so much space. **JUSTICE SQUAD** has a full twelve members.

Mailing comments: Yes, I read them. Yeah, I liked most of what I read. No, I don't remember enough to really comment on anything, I'm writing this at work. Who said Vulcan poetry doesn't have secrets? Didn't you know that the early Vulcan poets discovered the actual value of 'i' (the square root of -1) in a love poem concerning the fractal diffraction of gas particals in naturaly occuring, high velocity atmospheric vortices, coinciding spatialy with low temperature (about -10° C.) granular silicate particals in atmospheric suspention? What? No? Well me neither really.

Coming Attractions: '*Papal Bull*'; Ideas & Wierdness concerning religion in fantasy gaming. "*Et Tu Brute?*"; Machiavelian, real world politics and backstabing in gaming. All gaming. Any gaming. (kinda, sorta, maybe). Excerpts from "**My Life With Sersus; An Intimate Tail.**" subtitled "**A Monkey on My Back.**" written by **Maggot Wife**. And finaly '**One From The Bottom**' or '**Watch Out! He's Got A loaded Die!**'; Subject matter is obvious.

THE SEARCH FOR THE GRAIL: Did you ever notice the large number of game systems on the market today? I Did! Did you ever wonder why there are so many systems to play the same types of games? I did! Do you ever get tired of Andy Roony jokes? Yea, Me to! Someday soon I plan to sit down and list all the good and bad points I can think of, for all the game systems I know anything about (have read the rules for). It occures to me that with a consice listing of favorable and unfavorable design points, it's possible to synthesize a compendium system for personnalized role playing pleasure. Did I write that? Yes I did. Goodbye for now.

To Know Them Is To Loathe Them: PRIMUS - FORCE FIVE

During their long years of protecting these United States Of America, Primus has learned many leassons: strike first and hit hard; the end justifies the means; and, the American people cannot be trusted to make the correct decision reguarding what they should be allowed to do in the name of Freedom. To further the end of protecting America and her people from all threats, foreign and domestic, the group of true paranormal operatives code named FORCE FIVE was created. Based out of PRIMUS's S.E. headquarters, located in Atlanta GA, FORCE FIVE are sent to any region in th U.S. where their abilities are needed to supplement normal PRIMUS operatives.

Although originally intended to directly counter the increasing threat of well trained, equiped, and coordinated paranormal villian groups they have seen increasing action against groups of para-agents. It was found that they were so effective against the standard groups of para-agents that PRIMUS regularly deals with that there was a tremendous cost savings to be had by sending FORCE FIVE in on a quick mop up after standard agents had performed the investigative legwook.

Numerous successes are currently being touted in the press for FORCE FIVE. A massive arrest of GENOCIDE agents just outside of a baseball park followed leads uncovered by a local hero working under the guidence of the area's SILVER AVENGER (hero has remained unavailable for comment). Recently, FORCE FIVE proved to be instumental in cracking the scandalous mind control case involving senatorial candidate Mr. Bertram Freeman.

It seems that a bungled attempt to stop criminals plans, was made by Mr M. M. Montgomery (CEO and senior security analyst of the security firm M3 International, Inc.), had unknowingly happened upon the infamous 'Mind Control Campain'. Not spotting the PRIMUS agents working under his very nose at the scene, Mr. Montgomery hastily broke the news of the biochemical menace to the press, thereby allerting the villianous agents of VIPER that they had been discovered. Working quickly behind the scene, dedicated PRIMUS personnel were able to reduce the impact of the premature announcement by reducing public acceptance of and belief in the reported facts. Once the publics outrage and confusion had abated PRIMUS agents were able to resume tracing the connections between the tampering in the campain and the instigators, VIPER HQ. Coming to a crescendo of deceit and random violence at the downtown Marriot Ballroom fund raiser for the faultering Freeman campaign, FORCE FIVE was able to expose and capture the key VIPER operatives responsible for this tragic episode in American politics along with two wanted paranormals working for viper, Cheshire Cat and Shamrock. Coming as a suprize bonus, JUSTICE SQUAD, a NY municipal police sponsored hero team, summoned to the scene by alert PRIMUS personnel were able to capture a large gang of well armed GENOCIDE agents while evacuating endangered civilians.

******* BEGIN TRANSMITION *******

PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
PERSONNEL FILE
S - Research, Section V ***RESTRICTED ACCESS***
Research Group Victor: MAN AMP PROG #V
DATA CODE: SIGMA ********, ******, ******.
CLEARANCE: Codes - GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.

- -

File code OP.#G4-8986-N518-4709-JM
PRIMUS Department: Research Group Victor

Subdivition: MAN AMP PROG #V, OP AMP PROG #V

Agent in Charge: Dr. Andrea M. Ausherman, PRIMUS S. E., Atlanta Base, Chief of Research - MAN AMP PROG #V - Active duty

Classification: Strike force - FORCE FIVE - Experimental Paranormal Deterrent Force. Subdivision of Research Group Victor.

Op. Status: Active Duty. Duties assigned by 'Enforcement Group Victor', Criminal Law Division.

Special Status: Watched by Psych Section, Research Group Victor, (SEE NOTE #1).

COVERT ID, (SEE NOTE #2).

— ON CALL — Special Prog. "**** *****" (classified - Clearance level SIGMA required)

Service History: See all MAN AMP PROG #V files, file codes *RESTRICTED*, for records pertaining to activities post 5-10-90 (Clearance recuired- GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 5-10-90 to date.

PSYCH Status:

Loyalty conditioning successfull for all active members.

OP Status:

Intended combat mission: Termination or capture of paranormals. Primary focus on highly dangerous groups of true paranormals beyond the capacity of standard PRIMUS teams. Secondary focus on Paranormal, paramilitary, terrorist, and govermental targets in situations calling for covert descretionary tactics. Tertiary focus on non-criminal paranormals as called for in situations deemed to have a high impact on National Security.

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NOT TO ENGAGE OPPONENTS KNOWN TO HAVE DIPLOMATIC STATUS WITHOUT PRIOR INSTUCTION

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All active members have official diplomatic status in the U. S. STATE DEPT.

Full authoraty as Federal Justice Agents.

Authorized to use deadly force, as required, in the due performance of his assigned duties.

******* TRANSMITION TERMINATED *******

******* BEGIN TRANSMITION *******

PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
PERSONNEL FILES - Research, Section V ***RESTRICTED ACCESS***
Research Group Victor: MAN AMP PROG #V
DATA CODE: SIGMA ********, ******, ******.
CLEARANCE: Codes - GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.

- -

File code OP.#P3-4534-D613-1063-JM
PRIMUS operative: Corona
  Special Agent: Mark Durham
  Formerly: Silver Avenger, PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
  Status: Squad Leader - FORCE FIVE - Active duty
  Term of service: 14 yr. 5 mth.
  Pay scale: G19
  Bonus Scale: *** RESTRICTED ***
  Clearence Levels: AMBER, ALPHA, OPCOMM #1, FEDREC.
  Op. Status: OPERATIONAL
  Special Status: Watched by Psych Section, Research Group Victor, (SEE NOTE #1).
    COVERT ID, (SEE NOTE #2).
    Progenitor - MAN AMP PROG #V, on call for clinical study when not on mission status.
    — ON CALL — Special Prog. "**** *****" (classified - Clearance level SIGMA required)
  Service History: See termination, SILVER AVENGER #13, file code OP.#P3-4534-D613-1063-JH, for records pertaining to activities prior to 3-12-90
    (Clearance recuired - GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.)
    3-12-90 to date. Entered MAN AMP PROG V, first viable success, low grade increase in natural abilities.
      Outfited with Exp. Weapons system #25-7455 by OP AMP PROG V. 3-20-90, all tests positive results
      Initial training & psych adjustment. Assigned clearance level FEDREC on successful completion of training. 3-25-90
      Returned to active duty. 3-27-90
      Inducted into Force Five to field test weapons systems, code named CORONA. 3-30-90
      Feild training with full compliment of FORCE FIVE personnel. 4-02-90
      Corona aquitted of charges involved with hospitalization of testing personnel. 4-04-90
      First actual field trial against criminal paranormals. 4-08-90 Team of ten VIPER para-agents (Covert task force). 100% success; 30% casualties, 50% wounded, 20% surrendered. See paramedic report #F0124-02-S33-454469 (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW). Also coroners report #F0124-02-S33-90337 (Clearance

Service History (Continued):

3-12-90 to date.

required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW)

Placed on full active duty. Assigned clearance level OPCOMM #1. 4-09-90

Assigned responsability for investigating and terminating drug traffic originating in Paraguay. Removed from case after accidental death of suspected drug lord, proves to have halted the drug traffic. 4-15-90

Assigned to track and apprehend two unknown paranormals in Bay Area of S.F. CA. Mission succesful. 4-20-90

FORCE FIVE successfully terminates a massive strike force of GENOCIDE para-agents after a local non-government sponsored hero alerted Silver Agent #4 See file #P04-104-PH4082-XX (Clearance required:GREEN, SIGMA, FEO#2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 4-29-90

Assigned clearance level ALPHA. 5-01-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals code named THE ULTIMATES. Mission successful, capture of BLACK STAR, CHARGER, and PLASMOID. Some minor aid rendered by members of WARD MAJOR. See file #G524-104-PH4082-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 5-09-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals at political rally for US Senatorial canadate Bertran Freeman. Last minute assignment of JUSTICE SQUAD as crowd control when it was learned that GENOCIDE PARA-AGENTS were expected to be involved. Mission successful, capture of targeted paramnormals, SHAMROCK and CHESHIRE CAT. See file #G70-065-PH1822-XX (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P791-111-PC7263-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P745-984-PC7965-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 6-21-90

Assigned clearance level AMBER. 6-30-90

PSYCH Status:

Loyalty conditioning successfull, unquestioning obediance to orders from superiors.

Fully confident of all abilities (nearing the irrational level). Tends to dangerously overextend in combat scenarios due to lack of respect for potential abilities of advisaries.

Highly irrational on matters of rank and obediance to

PSYCH Status (Continued)

commands. Tends to displays of anger and violence in an attempt to coerse obediance.

Occational irrational reactions in responce to paranormals not on PRIMUS staff. Most frequently exibited as temper tantrums when he believes himself to have been out performed (a potentialy dangerous reaction). Has aslo displayed hostility and hatred to non-PRIMUS staff paranormal heros for no discernable reason (most likely to be a responce to classified encounter with paranormal code named BLOODSTONE (See file #P967-077-CA0057-SH. Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW). Expect tendency to unnecessary violence when dealing with non-PRIMUS paranormals with non criminal status.

Med Status:

Without OP AMP hardware near max human standards have been obtained. Resistence to damage has exceded theoretical human max.

With OP AMP hardware physical performance is greatly increased. Physicaly strength is raised four fold. As is resistence to injury. Physical co-ordination and speed have both been doubled.

Side effects include a very dangerous vulnerability. Exposure to chemical weapons will show a markedly increased effect. Also, Mutagens of all forms will inflict damage to his enhanced neural pathways. Prolonged exposure could result in coma and / or death.

OP Status:

Assigned team leader for investigative and combat actions. Instructed to have operative BOMBSHELL perform all liason and public relations duties unless current situations make that impractical.

Intended combat mission: Resconisence, Point Man, Target Designator, Fire Support.

Primary targets: Martial Artists, High defense Bricks, Targets of Opportunity, Fire Support personnel.

*** NOT TO ENGAGE OPPONENTS KNOWN TO UTILIZE CHEMICAL WEAPONS ***

Official diplomatic status as Deputy Assistant Undersecratery of Cultural Affairs.

Full authoraty as Federal Justice Agent.

Authorized to use deadly force, as required, in the due performance of his assigned duties.

******* TRANSMITION TERMINATED *******

******* BEGIN TRANSMITION *******

PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
PERSONNEL FILES - Research, Section V ***RESTRICTED ACCESS***
Research Group Victor: MAN AMP PROG #V
DATA CODE: SIGMA ********, ******, ******.
CLEARANCE: Codes - GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.

- -

File Code #P3-0803-S041-3170-JM
PRIMUS operative: Sandman

Special Agent: William Baker
Formerly: Info Spec. Class 2, Aquisition Unit 4, PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
Status: Team Member - FORCE FIVE - Active duty
Term of service: 7 yr. 1 mth.
Pay scale: G16
Bonus Scale: *** RESTRICTED ***
Clearence Levels: ALPHA, OPCOMM #1, FEDREC.
Op. Status: OPERATIONAL
Special Status: Watched by Psych Section, Research Group Victor, (SEE NOTE #1).
NON-COVERT ID, (SEE NOTE #2).
— ON CALL — Special Prog. "**** *****" (classified, Clearance level SIGMA required)
Service History:See file code #3-0803-S041-3170-JH for service history prior to 11-23-89

11-23-89 to date. Co-opted into MAN AMP PROG V. Subject was transformed into current physiological state by exposure to an experimental devise used by VIPER personnel during an attempt to free an incarcerated Nest leader

OP AMP PROG #V bypassed subject, natural abilities considered to be near optimum levels.

Initial training & psych adjustment. Assigned clearance level FEDREC on successful completion of training. 1-08-90

Field training to fully assess paranonmal abilities. Returned to active duty. 2-16-90

Inducted into Force Five complete training, code named SANDMAN. 2-28-90

Feild training with full compliment of FORCE FIVE personnel. 4-02-90

First actual field trial against criminal paranormals. 4-08-90 Team of ten VIPER para-agents (Covert task force). 100% success;30% casualties, 50% wounded, 20% surrendered. See paramedic report #F0124-02-S33-454469 (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW). Also coroners report #F0124-02-S33-90337 (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW).

Placed on full active duty. Assigned clearance level OPCOMM #1. 4-03-90

Assigned as backup to Corona during a mission to stop drug traffic originating in Paraguay. Removed from case after accidental death of suspected drug

Service History:Continued

11-23-89 to date.

lord proves to have halted the drug traffic. 4-15-90

FORCE FIVE successfully terminates a massive strike force of GENOCIDE para-agents after a local non-government sponsored hero alerted Silver Agent #4 See file #P04-104-PH4082-XX (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO#2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 4-29-90

Assigned clearance level ALPHA. 5-02-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals code named THE ULTIMATES. Mission successful, capture of BLACK STAR, CHARGER, and PLASMOID. Some minor aid rendered by members of WARD MAJOR. See file #G524-104-PH4082-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 5-09-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals at political rally for US Senatorial canadate Bertran Freeman. Last minute assignment of JUSTICE SQUAD as crowd control when it was learned that GENOCIDE PARA-AGENTS were expected to be involved. Mission successful, capture of targeted paramnormals, SHAMROCK and CHESHIRE CAT. See file #G70-065-PH1822-XX (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY,NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P791-111-PC7263-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P745-984-PC7965-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 6-21-90

Assigned clearance level ALPHA. 7-02-90

PSYCH Status:

Loyalty conditioning successfull.

Nearly uncontrolable violent responses to encountering an opponant that he truely and deeply fears.

Extreme anger and violent response if he fails to prove effective in any combat situation.

Overly confident of all abilities. Tends to overextend with serious consequences in combat scenarios due to lack of foresight.

Extreme distrust and paranoia of all people not in regular social contact.

Extreme distrust and fear of water over his head in spite of his ability to survive without breathing. Due mostly to his total inability to swim.

Med Status:

Total, 100%, substitution of Carbon in his biochemistry with silicon.

Inate and supposedly imutable abilities arising from this can be summerised as follows: Increase in

Med Status:Continued

natural strength One-thousand fold, incredible natural resistance to almost all forms of damage (roughly equivelent to a heavy armoured car), the ability to sustain life indefinatly with out eating or breathing, and the ability to control the form shape and consistancey that his body will maintain.

Side effects include a very dangerous vulnerability. Exposure to weapon effects based upon or using water (examp. a hydrolic ram) will show a markedly increased effect. Also, any form of remote manipulation that affects the whole of his structure will have increased efextivness (like his own ability to grabsomeone with an extruded granuler psudoarm).

OP Status:

Assigned team member

Intended combat mission: Team Brick, Formation Center, Fire Support.

Primary targets: High defense Bricks, High Mobility Opponents, Fire Support Personnel. Targets of Opportunity,

*** NOT TO ENGAGE OPPONENTS KNOWN TO UTILIZE WATERBASED WEAPONS, OR REMOTE MANIPULATION DEVICES ***

Official diplomatic status as Special Assistant to Deputy Assistant Undersecratery of Cultural Affairs Corona.

Full authoraty as Federal Justice Agent.

Authorized to use deadly force, as required, in the due performance of his assigned duties.

******* END OF FILE *******

******* BEGIN TRANSMITION *******

PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
PERSONNEL FILES - Research, Section V ***RESTRICTED ACCESS***
Research Group Victor: MAN AMP PROG #V
DATA CODE: SIGMA ********, ******, ******.
CLEARANCE: Codes - GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.

- -

File Code #P4-0950-N977-4627-JM
PRIMUS operative: Ram
Special Agent: Josh Buchannon
Formerly: Flight Sgt., Cavalier Air Assault, PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
Status: Team Member - FORCE FIVE - Active duty
Term of service: 9 yr. 5 mth.
Pay scale: G17
Bonus Scale: *** RESTRICTED ***
Clearence Levels: ALPHA, OPCOMM #1, FEDREC.
Op. Status: OPERATIONAL
Special Status: Watched by Psych Section, Research Group Victor, (SEE NOTE #1).
COVERT ID, (SEE NOTE #2).
— ON CALL — Special Prog. "**** *****" (classified, Clearance level SIGMA required)
Service History:See file code #4-0950-N977-4627-JH for service history prior to 8-06-89

8-06-89 to date. Co-opted into MAN AMP PROG V. Subject responded positive to standard test for unmanifested paranormal abilities. Subject accepted transfer to Research Group Victor as test subject for promotion and pay increase. This subject, the third to undergo the radical GENE ACTIVATOR was the first subject to retain cognizant awareness and full physical function. Passed all physical and psycological tests and conditioning treatments. 9-07-89

OP AMP PROG #V tested subject with assorted equipment. All equipment proved without value for increasing subjects performance.bypassed subject, natural abilities. Released for training. 10-25,89

Initial training & psych adjustment. Assigned clearance level FEDREC on successful completion of training. 12-07-89

Field training to fully assess paranonrmal abilities. Returned to active duty. 12-25-89

Inducted into Force Five, first active member. Code named RAM. Complete training 1-14-90

Feild training with special TAC squad. Succesful termination of all assigned targets. 8% termination of non-assigned personnel at target locations. Commendation for resorcefull actions preventing the excape of primary target. Complete field training 3-02-90.

Mission commander for FORCE FIVE's first active field trial against criminal paranormals. 4-08-90 Team

Service History Continued:

8-09-89 to present.

of ten VIPER para-agents (Covert task force). 100% success;30% casualties, 50% wounded, 20% surrendered. See paramedic report #F0124-02-S33-454469 (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW). Also coroners report #F0124-02-S33-90337 (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW).

Placed on full active duty. Assigned clearance level OPCOMM #1. 4-03-90

FORCE FIVE successfully terminates a massive strike force of GENOCIDE para-agents after a local non-government sponsored hero alerted Silver Agent #4 See file #P04-104-PH4082-XX (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO#2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 4-29-90

Assigned clearance level ALPHA. 4-30-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals code named THE ULTIMATES. Mission successful, capture of BLACK STAR, CHARGER, and PLASMOID. Some minor aid rendered by members of WARD MAJOR. See file #G524-104-PH4082-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 5-09-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals at political rally for US Senatorial canadate Bertran Freeman. Last minute assignment of JUSTICE SQUAD as crowd control when it was learned that GENOCIDE PARA-AGENTS were expected to be involved. Mission successful, capture of targeted paramnormals, SHAMROCK and CHESHIRE CAT. See file #G70-065-PH1822-XX (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY,NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P791-111-PC7263-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P745-984-PC7965-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 6-21-90

Assigned clearance level ALPHA. 6-28-90

PSYCH Status:

Loyalty conditioning successfull. Higher resistance to combat conditioning than planned for. further conditioning may prove nessecary in the future.

Extreme anger and controled response to "MUTIE" hunters

Overly confident. Subjects extream resistance to injury during flight has produced an almost overpowering feeling of invulnerability.

Med Status:

Mutant biochemistry of asstounding proportions. A permanant enhancement of his strength, speed, physical agility, and resistance to injury have placed subject RAM fully into the realm of true paranomals.

Med Status Continued:

Inate abilities of subjects paranormal biochemistry are as follows: Increase in natural strength eight fold, high natural resistance to injury from other than leathal sorces. Flight, by means yet undetermined, at speeds nearing 75MPH. During flight some form of force field is in effect. It has the property of both deflecting potentialy damaging forces, and reflecting the incoming force in a manner that reduces it's effect. A secondary effect of this reflective field is the increased likelyhood of physical objects, coming into contact with said field, being forced away from the subject.

Side effects seem to be limited to the increased effect of certain non leathal attacks.

OP Status:

Assigned alternate mission leader.

Intended combat mission: Aerial Cover, Reconassance, Persuit, Secondary Brick

Primary targets: Bricks, Aerial Opponents, Low mobility Oppenents, Fire Support Personnel. Targets of Opportunity,

Official diplomatic status as Deputy Assistant to Deputy Assistant Undersecratery of Cultural Affairs Corona.

Full authoraty as Federal Justice Agent.

Authorized to use deadly force, as required, in the due performance of his assigned duties.

******* END OF FILE *******

******* BEGIN TRANSMITION *******

PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
PERSONNEL FILES - Research, Section V ***RESTRICTED ACCESS***
Research Group Victor: MAN AMP PROG #V
DATA CODE: SIGMA ********, ******, ******.
CLEARANCE: Codes - GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.

- -

File Code #P8-4029-E943-3029-JM
PRIMUS operative: Jackhammer
Special Agent: Jack Hammerstein
Formerly: Tech Sgt., Forensic Research, PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
Status: Team Member - FORCE FIVE - Active duty
Term of service: 7 yr. 6 mth.
Pay scale: G16
Bonus Scale: *** RESTRICTED ***
Clearence Levels: ALPHA, OPCOMM #1, FEDREC.
Op. Status: OPERATIONAL
Special Status: Watched by Psych Section, Research Group Victor, (SEE NOTE #1).
NON-COVERT ID, (SEE NOTE #2).
— ON CALL — Special Prog. "**** *****" (classified, Clearance level SIGMA required)
Service History:See file code #8-4029-E943-3029-JH for service history prior to 6-10-89

6-10-89 to date. Co-opted into OP AMP PROG #V. Subject used as internal component in armour suit development trials for prog #016-8369-9798. (See files for information on progect. Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW. Certain design improvements and system mods by subject allowed developement of progect to reach compleation six months ahead of schedule. Subject performed all test requirements with perfect performance records. Exempliary performance dictated subject be assigned as field assault personnel with suit when field trial commenced 12-02-89.

Initial training & psych adjustment. Assigned clearance level FEDREC on successful completion of training. 12-15-89

Returned to active duty. 12-19-89

Field testing of weapons systems. Assigned to assault team Delta Victor during penetration of terrorist stronghold for retreival of stolen munitions. Performed as tech in charge of breaching bunker walls (Class 12 hardened armour or equivelant.). Flawless performance of assigned task by OP AMP Armour systems. Commendation of subject for instrumental

Temporairy assignment to Force Five for further field tests. Second active member. Code named Jackhammer Complete training 2-18-90

Feild training with special TAC squad. Succesful

Service History Continued:

6-10-89 to present.

termination of all assigned targets. 8% termination of non-assigned personnel at target locations. Complete field training 3-02-90.

FORCE FIVE's first active field trial against criminal paranormals. 4-08-90 Team of ten VIPER para-agents (Covert task force). 100% success;30% casualties, 50% wounded, 20% surrendered. See paramedic report #F0124-02-S33-454469 (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW). Also coroners report #F0124-02-S33-90337 (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW).

Placed on full active duty. Assigned clearance level OPCOMM #1. 4-15-90

FORCE FIVE successfully terminates a massive strike force of GENOCIDE para-agents after a local non-government sponsored hero alerted Silver Agent #4 Commendation for exempliary action under fire. See file #P04-104-PH4082-XX (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO#2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 4-29-90

Assigned clearance level ALPHA. 5-09-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals code named THE ULTIMATES. Mission successful, capture of BLACK STAR, CHARGER, and PLASMOID. Some minor aid rendered by members of WARD MAJOR. See file #G524-104-PH4082-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 5-09-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals at political rally for US Senatorial canadate Bertran Freeman. Last minute assignment of JUSTICE SQUAD as crowd control when it was learned that GENOCIDE PARA-AGENTS were expected to be involved. Mission successful, capture of targeted paramnormals, SHAMROCK and CHESHIRE CAT. See file #G70-065-PH1822-XX (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY,NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P791-111-PC7263-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P745-984-PC7965-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 6-21-90

Assigned clearance level AMBER. 7-14-90

PSYCH Status:

Loyalty conditioning successfull. Superb reaction to obediance conditioning. Will without hesitation or question obay any order from a direct superior.

Uncontrollable responces when attacked by suprise. Extreme anger of a controllable nature when humiliated.

PSYCH Status Continued:

Overly confident. Subject tends to display carelessness in combat, allowing damgerous situations to develope and get out of hand.

Med Status:

Medical status is standard for Class One PRIMUS field agents.

Side effects on subjects status are limited to: feedback in cybernetic control systems, induced by electricity; and an increased vulnerability to sonic forces.

OP Status:

Assigned team technician

Intended combat mission: Backup for front line, Tech, Tertiary Brick

Primary targets: High def opponents, Bricks, Targets of Opportunity, Support personnel.

Official diplomatic status as Assistant Deputy Assistant to Deputy Assistant Undersecratery of Cultural Affairs Corona.

Full authoraty as Federal Justice Agent.

Authorized to use deadly force, as required, in the due performance of his assigned duties.

******* END OF FILE *******

******* BEGIN TRANSMITION *******

PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base
PERSONNEL FILES - Research, Section V ***RESTRICTED ACCESS***
Research Group Victor: MAN AMP PROG #V
DATA CODE: SIGMA ********, ******, ******.
CLEARANCE: Codes - GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.

File Code #P2-0389-C768-5854-JM
PRIMUS operative: Bombshell

Special Agent: Astra Starr

Formerly: Assistant Public Liason Officer, Public Relations, PRIMUS S.E., Atlanta Base.

Status: Team Member - FORCE FIVE - Active duty

Term of service: 5 yr. 11 mth.

Pay scale: G19

Bonus Scale: *** RESTRICTED ***

Clearence Levels: ALPHA, COMPCOMM, OPCOMM #1, FEDREC.

Op. Status: OPERATIONAL

Special Status: Watched by Psych Section, Research Group Victor, (SEE NOTE #1).

NON-COVERT ID, (SEE NOTE #2).

— ON CALL — Special Prog. "**** *****" (classified, Clearance level SIGMA required)

Service History:See file code #2-0389-C768-5854-JH for service history prior to 10-17-89

10-17-89 to date. Volunteered for MAN AMP PROG #V. completed successfull AMP proceduers 11-12-89. Preliminary testing of paranormal abilities.

Initial training & psych adjustment. Assigned clearance level FEDREC on successful completion of training. 12-15-89

Returned to active duty. 1-18-89

Field testing. Assigned to political sting operation. Operation sucsessful. Individual initiative on part of subject uncovered further unsuspected ties of politian to paranormal criminal organisation on the west coast (See file #AP4596-945-3818-347, clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW). Assigned Clearance code COMPCOMM 2-09-90.

Assigned to Force Five. Public spokesperson and liason. Complete training 3-22-90

Feild training with special TAC squad. Succesful termination of all assigned targets. 8% termination of non-assigned personnel at target locations. Commendation for personnal actions. Complete field training 3-02-90.

FORCE FIVE's first active field trial against criminal paranormals. 4-08-90 Team of ten VIPER para-agents (Covert task force). 100% success;30% casualties, 50% wounded, 20% surrendered. See paramedic report #F0124-02-S33-454469 (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW). Also coroners report #F0124-02-S33-90337 (Clearance

Service History Continued:

10-11-89 to present.

required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO #2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW).

Placed on full active duty. Assigned clearance level OPCOMM #1. 4-09-90

FORCE FIVE successfully terminates a massive strike force of´GENOCIDE para-agents after a local non-government sponsored hero alerted Silver Agent #4 Commendation for exempliary action under fire. See file #P04-104-PH4082-XX (Clearance required: GREEN, SIGMA, FEO#2; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 4-29-90

Assigned clearance level ALPHA. 5-09-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals code named THE ULTIMATES. Mission successful, capture of BLACK STAR, CHARGER, and PLASMOID. Some minor aid rendered by members of WARD MAJOR. See file #G524-104-PH4082-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 5-09-90

FORCE FIVE assigned to apprehend wanted paranormals at political rally for US Senatorial canadate Bertran Freeman. Last minute assignment of JUSTICE SQUAD as crowd control when it was learned that GENOCIDE PARA-AGENTS were expected to be involved. Mission successful, capture of targeted paramnormals, SHAMROCK and CHESHIRE CAT. See file #G70-065-PH1822-XX (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY,NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P791-111-PC7263-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) See file #P745-984-PC7965-SV (Clearance required: AMBER, SIGMA, FEO #2, OPCOMM #1; EYES ONLY, NEED TO KNOW.) 6-21-90

Assigned clearance level AMBER. 7-14-90

PSYCH Status:

Loyalty conditioning successfull.

Uncontrollable responces when physically injured. Extreme conrtolled anger when threatened by anyone.

Extremely Vain. Self-centered, will think of self befor other actions are concidered.

Extreme hatred of ugly people.

Fearfull of hand to hand combat.

Medical status: Physique is enhanced above Class One PRIMUS field agent standard. Speed, agility, and resistance to injury is of true paranormal levels.

No side effects from subjects ehnancement have yet been observed.

OP Status:

Assigned Liason to all non PRIMUS officials. Officialp Public relations spokesman for FORCE FIVE. Second in command of FORCE FIVE in non combat situations.

OP Status Continued:

Intended combat mission: Fire support, Team Marksman, Secondary Aerial Support.

Primary targets: Projectors, High Speed & High Dex Targets, Targets of Opportunity, Support Personnel.

Official diplomatic status as Deputy Assistant Undersecratary of Cultural Affairs Starr.

Full authoraty as Federal Justice Agent.

Authorized to use deadly force, as required, in the due performance of his assigned duties.

******* END OF FILE *******

CODE NAME: CORONA SECRET ID: Special Agent, Mark Durham

STATS	ENHANCED	NORMAL	COST
STH	30	20	17@
DEX	24	20	38@
CON	20	20	20
BOD	11	11	2
INT	13	13	3
EGO	12	12	4
PRS	15	15	5
COM	12	12	1
PD	20	12	12@
ED	20	12	13@
SPD	6	4	21@
REC	10	8	—
END	40	40	—
STN	40	35	4@

@ is OIF Costume

TOTAL 140

DISADVANTAGES	100
OVERCONFIDENT	15
SECRET ID	15
VENGFULL TO NON-PRIMUS PERSONNEL	10
HATES ALL NON-PRIMUS PARANORMAL PERSONNEL (ALL HEROS)	10
UNLUCK 3D6	15
SUCEPTABLE TO MUTAGENS 2D6/SEG	25
VULNERABLE TO CHEMICALS 2*STUN 2*BODY	40
REPUTATION, EXTR. 8>	10
SUPERPATRIOT	20
WATCHED BY PRIMUS 14>	15
WATCHED BY VIPER 8>	10
HUNTING TARGETED VILLIANS	10
HUNTED BY GENOCIDE 8>	10
ENRAGED WHEN ORDERS ARE NOT OBAYED 14>, REC. ON 8>	15
ENRAGED WHEN HEROS 'SHOW HIM UP' (NON-PRIMUS HEROS) 8>, REC, 8>	10
TOTAL DISADVANTAGES	325

POWERS	COST
DAMAGE RED 1/4 PD RES OIF1, ACT 14> IF ACT. FAILS THAN 1.25 * DAM.	7
DAMAGE RED 1/4 ED RES OIF, ACT 14> IF ACT. FAILS THAN 1.25 * DAM.	7
HARDENED PD/ED 20/20 OIF1, ACT 14>	5
END. RED. 1/2 ON 30 STH (1) OIF1	5
RESISTANT DEF. 9 PD/ 9 ED OIF1. NOT RES. vs AP OR PEN. ATTACKS	4
FLASH DEF. 7 pts, OIF1, ACT 14>	3
RUNNING +5'' (11" TOTAL), OIF BOOTS ACT 14>, SIDE EFFECT "ROLLER BEARINGS ROLL FREELY, WALKING ON MARBLES. -15" RUNNING. (2 END.) FF 25ED !,),linked	3
HtH KA 2D6, (4D6 w STH), END. RED. 1/2 (1), REDUCED PENETRATION, NO KNOCKBACK, OIF BLADE	17
END. RESERVE 120 END. REC 0, OIF1 SIDE EFFECT 3D6 NND WHEN MULTI-POWER FAILS ACT. ROLL	8
60pt MULTIPOWER, OIF2 (HEADGEAR) ACT 14>, SIDE EFFECT	24
60u ENERGY BLAST 12D6, OIF2, BEAM, RED. PEN. (SE= 3D6 NND) (12)	
60u ENERGY ABSORBTION 7D6 ED, TO END. RES., OIF2, (NA) LINKED FORCE FIELD +25 ED, LINKED TO ENG. ABS., NOT vs NO BODY ATT (SE = 3D6 NND) (2)	3
30u AP AND PEN. ON 2D6 HtH KA (3) 3D6 w STH, OIF2, (SE=1D6KA,NND)	1
30u NND 2D6D, DAMAGE SHIELD, EXPL. (2" RAD. EXPL. WHEN HE IS HIT). DEF. IS ED DAM. RED. OR ENERGY FORM, OIF2, (SE = 3D6 NND)(3)	1
TOTAL POWERS COST	97

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

CODE NAME: CORONA SECRET ID: Special Agent, Mark Durham

SKILLS	ROLL	COST
ACROBATICS	13	3
BEAUROCRATICS	12	3
BREAKFALL	13	3
CRIMINOLOGY	12	3
PARAMEDIC	12	3
SECURITY SYSTEMS	12	3
FAM. w PRIMUS WEAPONS	NA	2
FAM. w SMALL ARMS	NA	2
KS PRIMUS	14	5
KS VILLIAN GROUPS	13	4
KS LAW ENFORCEMENT	12	3
MARTIAL ARTS	DAMAGE	
CHOKE HOLD	3 1/2D6	5
KILLING STRIKE	1 1/2D6	4
OFFENSIVE STRIKE	13D6	5
MARTIAL BLOCK	NA	4
MARTIAL DISARM	55 STH	3
MARTIAL STRIKE	11D6	4
MARTIAL THROW	9D6+V/5	3
DAMAGE CLASSES +3	ADDED IN	12
FEDERAL POLICE POWERS	NA	3
DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY	NA	5
LICENSE TO KILL	NA	10
+2 SKILL w MA	NA	10
+1 SKILL w all COMBAT	NA	8
+4 SKILL w RANGE MODS w 12D6 EB		6
+1 SKILL OVER ALL	NA	10
TOTAL SKILLS COST		127
TOTAL POWERS COST		97
TOTAL CHARACTERISTICS COST		140
TOTAL CHARACTER COST		364

CODE NAME: SANDMAN PUBLIC ID: Special Agent, William Baker

STATS	ENHANCED	NORMAL	COST
STH	70	70	50
DEX	23	23	39
CON	30	30	40
BOD	12	12	4
INT	8	8	-2
EGO	11	11	2
PRS	18	18	8
COM	8	8	-2
PD	29	29	17
ED	29	29	21
SPD	5	5	17
REC	16	16	—
END	60	60	—
STN	60	60	8
TOTAL			203

DISADVANTAGES	100
OVERCONFIDENT	15
PUBLIC ID	10
DISTINCTIVE LOOKS, ALLWAYS NOTICED, CONCEALABLE	15
BULLY, LIKES TO BEAT WEAKER OR HELD OPPONENTS	15
BERZERK FIGHTING SOMEONE HE'S AFRAID OF 14>,8>	25
ENRAGED WHEN INEFFECTIVE 14>, 8>	15
WATCHED BY PRIMUS 14>	15
WATCHED BY VIPER 14>	10
HUNTING TARGETED VILLIANS	10
FEAR OF WATER	15
PARANOID	20
REPUTATION, EXTR. 8>	10
UNLUCK 2D6	10
VULNERABLE TO WATERBASED ATTACKS 2*STUN 2*BOD	40
VULNERABLE TO TK 2*STUN 2*BODY	20
PHYS LIMIT, CAN'T SWIM	10
NPC BONUS	
TOTAL DISADVANTAGES	429

POWERS	COST
ELEM. CONTROL: SILICON BODY 15PTS	7
13 DENS. INCRS. 2LVLS ALL ON	6
20 LIFE SUPPORT: NO BREATH NO EAT/EXCRETE. SAFE IN VAC.	13
14 HARDEND DEF. 29/29	7
13 RES. DEF. 13PD, 13ED	6
14 RUNNING +7" (FULL MOVE 3 END)	7
15 END. RED. 1/2 ON 60 STH	8
75pt MULTIPOWER	75
75u ENTANGLE 6D6 ER 1/2 (3)	7
75u RKA 4D6 PD ER 1/2 (3), 2 LEVELS REDUCED PENETRATION	
75u FLASH 2D6 NND, AoE CONE, INCR. AREA, ER 1/2 (3), PERS IMM DEF. IS EYE COVERING	7
70u DESOLID INV. TO SIGHT, ONLY PASS THRGH CRACKS, HIT BY ALL AoE ATTACKS (SPREAD EB ALSO) END.RED. 1/2 (3)	
75u TK 40STH (8D6 DAM) ER 1/2 (3)	7
TOTAL POWERS COST	109

SKILLS		COST
BEAUROCRATICS	13	3
BRIBERY	13	3
INTEROGATION	13	3
FAM. w PRIMUS WEAPONS	NA	2
FAM. w SMALL ARMS	NA	2
KS PRIMUS	12	3
PERSUATION	13	3
SECURITY SYSTEMS	11	3
SEDUCTION	13	3
STREETWISE	13	3
FEDERAL POLICE POWERS	NA	3
DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY	NA	5
LOCENSE TO KILL	NA	10
+2 TO ALL COMBAT	+2	16
TOTAL SKILLS COST		45

TOTAL CHARACTER COST 429

CODE NAME: RAM SECRET ID: Special Agent, Josh Buchannon

STATS	ENHANCED	NORMAL	COST
STH	30	30	20
DEX	24	24	42
CON	25	25	30
BOD	10	10	—
INT	9	9	-1
EGO	11	11	2
PRS	14	14	4
COM	10	10	—
PD	21(36)	21(36)	15
ED	21(36)	21(36)	16
SPD	6	6	26
REC	11	11	—
END	50	50	—
STN	40	40	2

TOTAL 156

DISADVANTAGES	100
OVERCONFIDENT	15
SECRET ID	15
REPUTATION (EXTREME) 8>	10
WATCHED BY PRIMUS 14>	15
WATCHED BY VIPER 14>	10
HUNTING TARGETED VILLIANS	10
HUNTED BY GENOCIDE 8>	10
UNLUCK 2D6	10
CODE vs KILLING	15
VULNERABILITY TO ALL ATTACKS, "STUN ONLY" 2*STUN 2*BODY	20
VULNERABILITY TO MAGIC 2*STUN, 2*BODY	20
ENRAGED BY MUTIE HUNTERS 14>, 8>	15
COLOUR BLIND	10
NPC BONUS	72
TOTAL DISADVANTAGES	347

POWERS	COST
ELEM CONTROL 60PT.S CONC.FIELDS	30
62 FLY 25" END. RED. 1/2 (2)	3
60 FF 15PD,15ED ER TO 0, DOUBLE HARDEND, ONLY WHEN FLYING	17
60 DAMAGE RED 1/2PD RES, 1/2ED RES. ONLY WHEN FLYING	17
66 DOUBLE KNOCKBACK ON 14D6 MOVE THROUGH, ONLY WHEN FLYING, ACTIVATE 14>	21
END RED ON 30 STH 1/2 (1)	7
TOTAL POWERS COST	124

SKILLS	ROLL	COST
ACROBATICS	14	3
BREACKFALL	14	3
COMBAT PILOT	14	3
DEMOLITIONS	11	3
ELECTRONICS	11	3
KS PRIMUS	12	3
FAM. PRIMUS WEAPONS	NA	3
NAVIGATION	11	3
SESCURITY SYSTEMS	11	3
SYSTEMS OPERATION	11	3
TRANS. FAM. ALL AIRCRAFT		2
TRANS. FAM. ALL GROUND VEHICLS		2
TRANS. FAM. ALL WATER CRAFT		3
COMBAT DRIVER	14	3
FEDERAL POLICE POWERS	NA	3
DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY	NA	5
LICENSE TO KILL	NA	10
+7 SKILL w MOVE THROUGH, MOVE BY, AND FLIGHT TURN MODE		21
TOTAL SKILLS COST		67

TOTAL CHARACTER COST 347

CODE NAME: JACKHAMMER   SECRET ID: Special Agent, Jack Hammer

STATS	ENHANCED	NORMAL	COST
STH	25	15	12@
DEX	21	15	27@
CON	24	14	21@
BOD	13	11	5@
INT	13	13	3
EGO	11	11	2
PRS	15	10	3
COM	10	10	—
PD	25	5	7@
ED	25	5	7@
SPD	5	3	13@
REC	10	6	—
END	28	28	-7@
STN	50	30	9@
TOTAL			102@

DISADVANTAGES	100
OVERCONFIDENT	15
SECRET ID	15
WATCHED BY PRIMUS 14>	15
WATCHED BY VIPER 14>	10
HUNTING TARGETED VILLIANS	10
REPUTATION (EXTREME) 8>	10
UNLUCK 2D6	10
SCARED OF MARTIAL ARTISTS	15
VULNERABLE TO ELECTRICITY 2*STUN, 2*BODY	40
VULNERABLE TO SONICS 2*STUN 2*BODY	20
BERZERK WHEN AMBUSHED 14>, 14>	15
ENRAGED WHEN HUMILIATED 14>, 8>	10
NPC BONUS	54
TOTAL DISAVANTAGES	339

MARTIAL ARTS	DAMAGE	COST
MARTIAL THROW	5D6+V/5	3
MARTIAL STRIKE	7D6	4
OFFENSIVE STK	9D6	5
TOTAL MARTIAL SKILLS		12

POWERS	COST
RUN +6" END.RED. 1/2 (1)	12@
ARMOUR 10PD, 10ED	20@
HARDENED DEF. PD/ED FULL	8@
FLASH DEF 5PTS HARDENED	4@
END. RED. ON 25 STH 1/2 (1)	4@
LIFE SUPPORT NO BREATH, IMM TO VAC. AND PRES., IMM. TO HEAT/COLD	11@
	59
135 PT MULTIPOWER ACTIVATE ON 14>	67@
135u TUNNELING 12" THOUGH 22 DEF END. RED. TO (0) ACT 14>	6@
135u EB 9D6 AP*2, PEN, END. RED. TO (0), REDUCED RANGE, ACTIVATE 14>	6@
25u SUPERLEAP 20" END. RED. 1/2 TO (2), ACTIVATE 14>	1@
110u EB 7D6 AP, PEN, ER 1/2 (3). ACTIVATE 14> linked to ARMOUR PIERCING, PENETRATING ON 25 STH, END. RED. 1/2 (1) ACTIVATE 14>	5@
TOTAL POWERS COST	144@

SKILLS	ROLL	COST
BUGGING	12	3
COMPUTER PROGRAMING	12	3
CRYPTOGRAPHY	12	3
DEDUCTION	12	3
ELECTRONICS	11	3
FORENSIC MEDICINE	12	3
LOCK PICKING	12	3
PARAMEDIC	12	3
SECURITY SYSTEMS	12	3
SYSTEMS OPERATION	12	3
KS PRIMUS	12	3
KS COMPUTERS	11	2
FAM. w PRIMUS WEAPONS	NA	2
TRANS. FAM. ALL GROUND VEHICLES		2
FEDERAL POLICE POWERS	NA	3
DILOMATIC IMMUNITY	NA	5
LICENSE TO KILL	NA	10
+1 SKILL w INT SKILLS	+1	5
+1 SKILL W MARTIAL SKILLS	+1	3
+1 SKILL RANGED	+1	3
+2 SKILL RANGE MODS	+2	3
+1 SKILL w OVERALL	+1	10
TOTAL SKILLS COST		81

TOTAL CHARACTER COST 339

CODE NAME: BOMBSHELL PUBLIC ID: Special Agent, Astra Starr

STATS	ENHANCED	NORMAL	COST
STH	15	10	4@
DEX	21	10	26@
CON	20	10	16@
BOD	10	10	—
INT	18	18	8
EGO	18	18	16
PRS	25	25	15
COM	26	26	13
PD	15	2	10@
ED	15	2	9@
SPD	6	2	23@
REC	7	4	—
END	40	20	—
STN	45	20	14@

@ = IN HERO ID ONLY

TOTAL CHARACTERISTICS 151

DISADVANTAGES	100
FEAR OF HAND to HAND COMBAT	10
INCREDIBALY PUBLIC ID	15
DISTINCTIVE LOOKS, NON CONCEALABLE, EXTREME REACTION, LOVE, DESIRE ENVY	25
WATCHED BY PRIMUS 14>	15
WATCHED BY VIPER 14>	10
HUNTING TARGET VILLIANS	10
HUNTED BY GENOCIDE 8>	10
DNPC, HORDE OF INCOMITENT FANS, 11>	30
BERZERK WHEN TAKES BODY DAMAGE 11> REC. 11>	20
ENRAGED WHEN TREATENED 14>, REC. 11>	15
HATES UGLY PEOPLE	15
EXTREMELY VAIN	20
VERY SELF CENTERED	15
VULNERABLE TO DRAINS 2*EFFECT	20
VULNERABLE TO TRANS-FORMATIONS 2*EFFECT	20
USES SEX AS A WEAPON	15
NPC BONUS	48
TOTAL DISADVANTAGES	398

POWERS	COST
DAMAGE RED 1/2 PD RES @, ACT 14>	17
DAMAGE RED 1/2 ED RES @, ACT 14>	17
DAMAGE RES. 5PD/5ED @	4
LIFE SUPPORT, FULL @	24
DOUBLE HARDENED PD&ED @, ACT 14>	9
INSTANT CHANGE	5
135pt MULTIPOWER @, POWERS CHANGE ON 14>	77
45u FLY 14" END. RED. 1/2 (1) 8 * NONCOMBAT MOD	2
135u EB 12D6 ED, AoE RAD., SELECTIVE TARGET, ENDURANCE REDUCTION 1/2 (6)	8
90u NND 6D6 EXPLOSION, SELECTIVE TARGET, ENDURANCE REDUCTION 1/2 (4)	5
90u TRANSFER 3D6 DAMAGE SHEILD END to END, ENDURANCE REDUCTION FULL (0)	5
90u RKA 3D6 EXPLOSION, SELECTIVE TARGET, END. RED. 1/2 (4)	5
TOTAL POWERS COST	178

SKILLS	ROLL	COST
ACTING	14	3
BRIBERY	14	3
BUREAUCRATICS	14	3
CONVERSATION	14	3
DISGUISE	14	3
HIGH SOCIETY	14	3
INTEROGATION	14	3
PERSUATION	14	3
SEDUCTION	14	3
STREETWISE	14	3
SECURITY SYSTEMS	13	3
KS PRIMUS WEAPONS	NA	2
DEDUCTION	13	3
BUGGING	13	3
PS PUBLIC RELATIONS	13	3
PS CRIMINAL LAWYER	13	3
KS CRIMINAL LAW	13	3
KS PRIMUS	13	3
FEDERAL POLICE POWERS	NA	3
DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY	NA	5
LICENSE TO KILL	NA	10
TOTAL SKILLS COST		69

TOTAL CHARACTER COST 398

"The Wierdness"

Dialogue sheet for pages 1 to 6 in issue #1 of MOTIVE.
All sound effects are in *ITALICS*.
All dialogue is in a **Bold** type.

Page I
- 1 - *Silence*
- 2 - *Silence*
- 3 - *Ssssip, hiss, crackle, mudder, snap...*
- 4 - *Tac tac tac ...*

Page II
- 1 - *Silence*
- 2 - *Silence*
- 3 - *Silence*

Page III
- 1 - **"Sigh"**
  Hiss, crackle, mudder, snap...
- 2 - *Hiss, crackle, mudder, snap...*
- 3 - *Hiss, crackle, mudder, snap...*
- 4 - **"About damn time!"**
  Hiss, crackle, mudder, snap...

Page IV
- 1 - **"OK, lets try it out."**
  Hiss, crackle, mudder, snap...
- 2 - **"Put it on the stand..."**
  Hiss, crackle, mudder, snap...
- 3 - **"Concentrate..."**
  Hiss, crackle, mudder, snap...
- 4 - ***PPHFFFFF***

Page V
- 1 - *Tac tac tac*
- 2 - *Tac tac tac*
- 3 - *Tac tac tac*
- 4 - *Thump thump*
- 5 - **"Well well what have we here?**
- 6 - **"IT WORKS!"**

Page VI
- 1 - **"Get up, we need to be going"**
- 2 - **"It's great. Works even better than I'd hoped. Maybe too good."**
- 3 - **"Nearly burned my eyebrows off!"**
- 4 - **"Well, whatever you do don't burn down the building. Remember what happened at the Lab last time..."**
- 5 - **"Don't worry, I won't try anything else in town."**
- 6 - **"Oh, by the way. I've a small suprize for you too. I'll tell you about it after dinner."**
- 7 - **"It has begun. Now the game may procede apace."**

"The Wierdness"

Dialogue sheet for pages 1 to 6 in issue #2 of MOTIVE.
All sound effects are in *ITALICS.*
All dialogue is in a **Bold** type.
Page 1 of 2

Page I
1 - *Water Falling...*
2 - *Water Falling...*
3 - *WATER FALLING...*
4 - *WATER FALLING...*
5 - *Soft sounds from a city street*

Page II
1 - *Soft sounds from a city street*
2 - *Soft sounds from a city street*
3 - *Soft sounds from a city street*
4 - **"'I think it's time I told you my suprise...."**
5 - **"My MOTHER just got into town."**
6 - **"WHAT! I'm dead. Ghod what am I gone to do?"**
7 - **"Calm down she won't be sniffing around for your blood until tomorrow. She'll be after mine tonight."**

Page III
1 - *Water falling...*
2 - *Water falling...*
3 - *Water falling...*
4 - *Water falling...*
5 - *Water falling...*
6 - *Water falling..., Twang, Thwipp.*
7 - *Water falling...*

Page IV
1 - **"Don't worry about it... too much. She probably won't be mad... very."**
Soft sounds from a city street
2 - *Soft sounds from a city street..., Kiss.*
3 - **"I'll see you in the morning, try to get some sleep."**
"Okay"
Soft sounds from a city street
4 - **"Keep an eye on his apartment. I have an errand that must now be taken of."**
5 - **"Report to me when I return."**
6 - *Click*
7 - **"Hello mother, I hope you had no trouble breaking in?"**
8 - **"Do not be flippant with me child, you have given me cause enough for wrath err now."**
9 - **"If thats the case then I'd better give you this first off."**

Page V
1 - **"Father sent it for you."**
2 - *Silence*
3 - **"Is he well?"**
4 - **"Only as well as you."**
5 - *Click, creak*

Dialogue sheet for pages 1 to 6 in issue #2 of MOTIVE.
All sound effects are in *ITALICS*.
All dialogue is in a Bold type.
Page 2 of 2

Page VI
1 - *Soft sounds from a city street*
2 - *Soft sounds from a city street, water falling*
3 - *WATER FALLING*
4 - *WATER FALLING, swphff*
5 - "Tch. One day she must find a better woodsman."
Water falling

Paid Advertising

Mandela a Hero?

Hold on a minute!

Nelson Mandela (right) praises South African Communist Party head Joe Slovo (left), April 29, 1990.

It is wrong to grant a hero's welcome to a man who wants to destroy his country with communist-style socialism. It is wrong to tout as a "prisoner of conscience" a man who planned sabotage. Consider the record.

TREASON

Mandela was not a prisoner of conscience.

- Nelson Mandela was tried in 1964 for sabotage and treason. At the trial, Mandela admitted that he had planned sabotage. Because of this admission, Amnesty International did not list him as a prisoner of conscience.
- The case against Mandela included documents in his own handwriting. Mandela wrote in one: "We communist party members are the most advanced revolutionaries in modern history." In another document he stated: "The people of South Africa, led by the South African communist party, will destroy capitalist society and build in its place socialism."
- The *Chicago Tribune* editorialized in its August 6, 1964 issue: "Evidence brought out of the trial seems indisputable that the accused (Mandela and others) were taking part in a conspiracy plotted by the South African Communist Party with the full knowledge and support of Moscow."

TERROR

Mandela's African National Congress (ANC) is a communist-dominated, terrorist organization.

- As recently as 1988, a U.S. government publication entitled *Terrorist Group Profiles* listed the African National Congress as a terrorist organization.
- In 1982, the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism reported that at least 11 of the 22-member National Executive Committee of the ANC were members of the South African Communist Party (SACP). Bartholomew Hlapane, a former leader of both the ANC and SACP, testified: "No major decision could be taken by the ANC without the concurrence and approval of the Central Committee of the South African Communist Party." Hlapane and his wife were executed nine months later by an assassin wielding a Soviet-made AK-47.
- In April 1986, Mandela's wife Winnie endorsed mob executions by declaring: "With our necklaces and boxes of mathes, we will liberate this country." ANC members employ this tactic to terrorize the population into submission. In a necklacing, an automobile tire is placed around the victim's neck, filled with gasoline, and ignited. Most of the victims of this hideous crime are black. As recently as April of this year, a 9-year-old girl and a 14-year-old boy were necklaced in the Natal region of South Africa.

TYRANNY

Mandela continues to advocate violence and communist-style socialism.

- During the 1980's, Mandela was offered release from prison if only he would renounce violence. He refused to do so. But he was released anyway.
- On February 11, 1990—the day of his release—Nelson Mandela proclaimed in a public address:

  > "I salute the South African Communist Party for its steady contribution to the struggle for democracy. You have survived 40 years of unrelenting persecution.
  >
  > "I salute General Secretary (of the South African Communist Party) Joe Slovo, one of our finest patriots. We are heartened by the fact that the alliance between ourselves and the party remains as strong as it always was."

  And he candidly stated: "The factors which necessitated the armed struggle still exist today. We have no option but to continue."
- Mandela still wants to destroy his nation with communist-style socialism. In January 1990, he declared in a statement from prison: "The nationalization of the mines, banks and monopoly industries is the policy of the ANC and a

OTHER OUTRAGES

The honors to be bestowed on Mandel
closely on the heels of several other outra
tending most-favored-nation trade status
murderers of Tiananmen Square: ignorin
ania's brave attempt to regain independen
sending taxpayers' money to regimes in
Europe still dominated by militant social
unrepentant communists.

Where is the moral indignation of the Am
can people? What will it take to make Americ
realize that our nation is being betrayed fr
within? How long will you stand aside?

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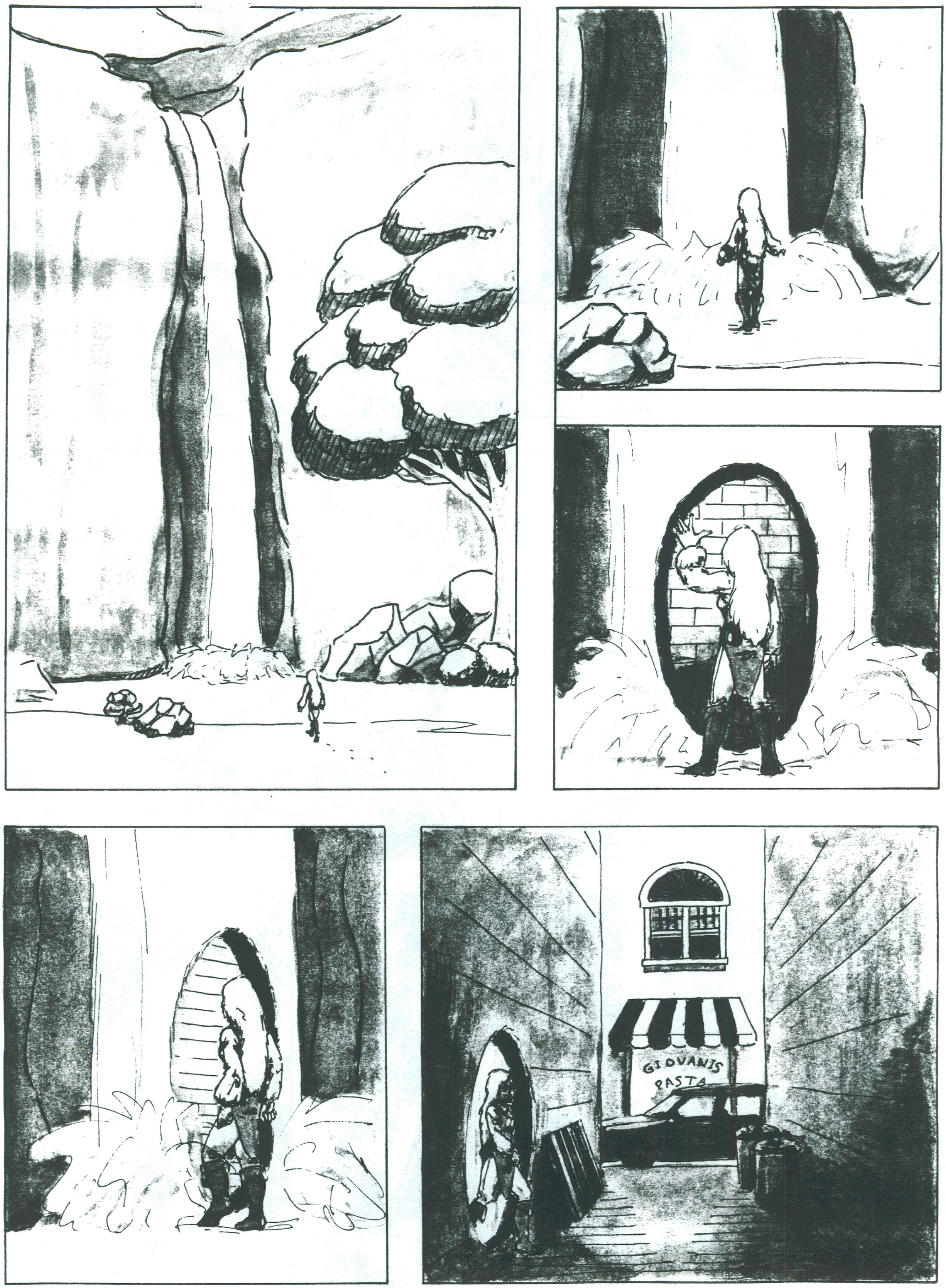
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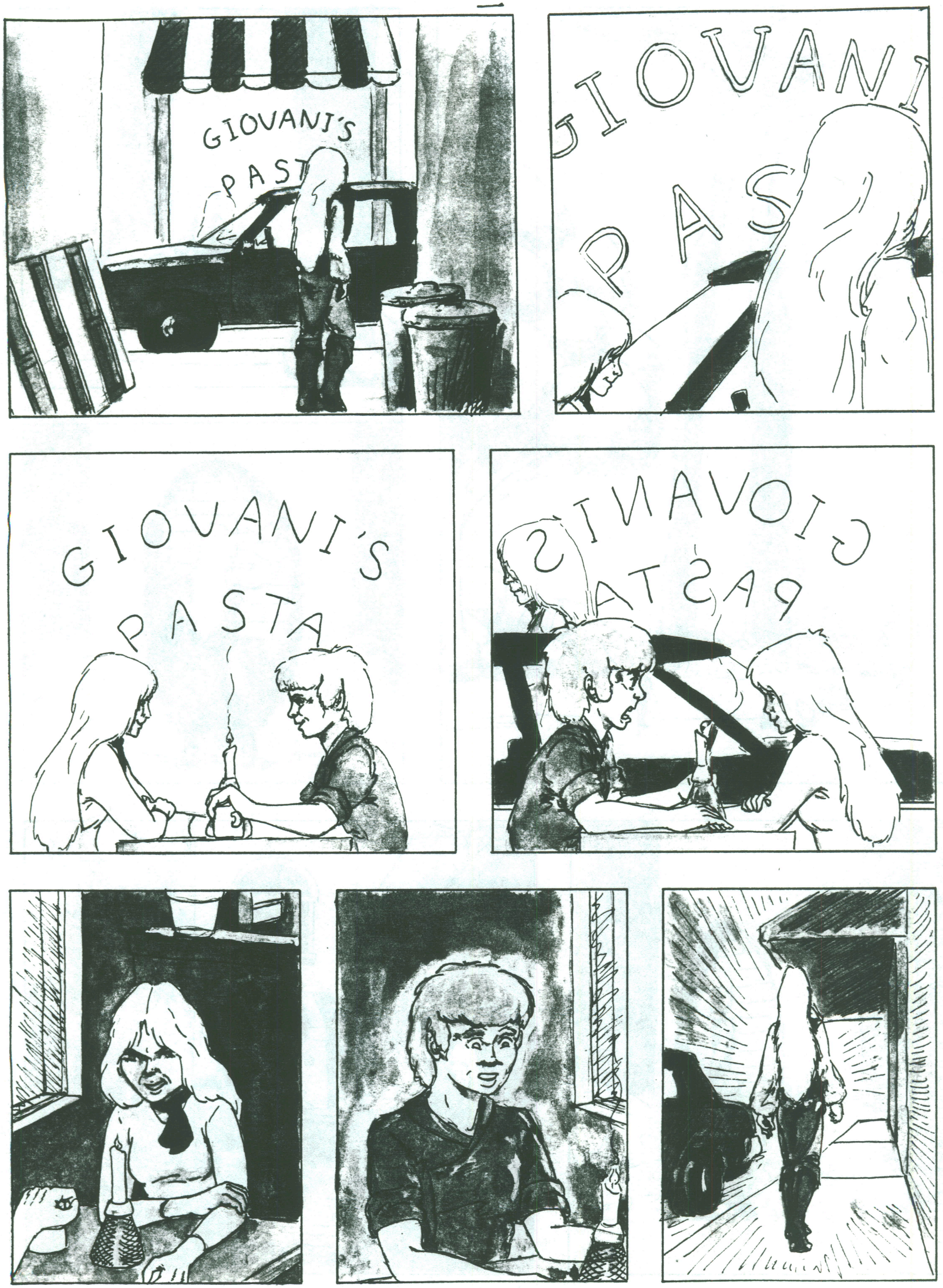
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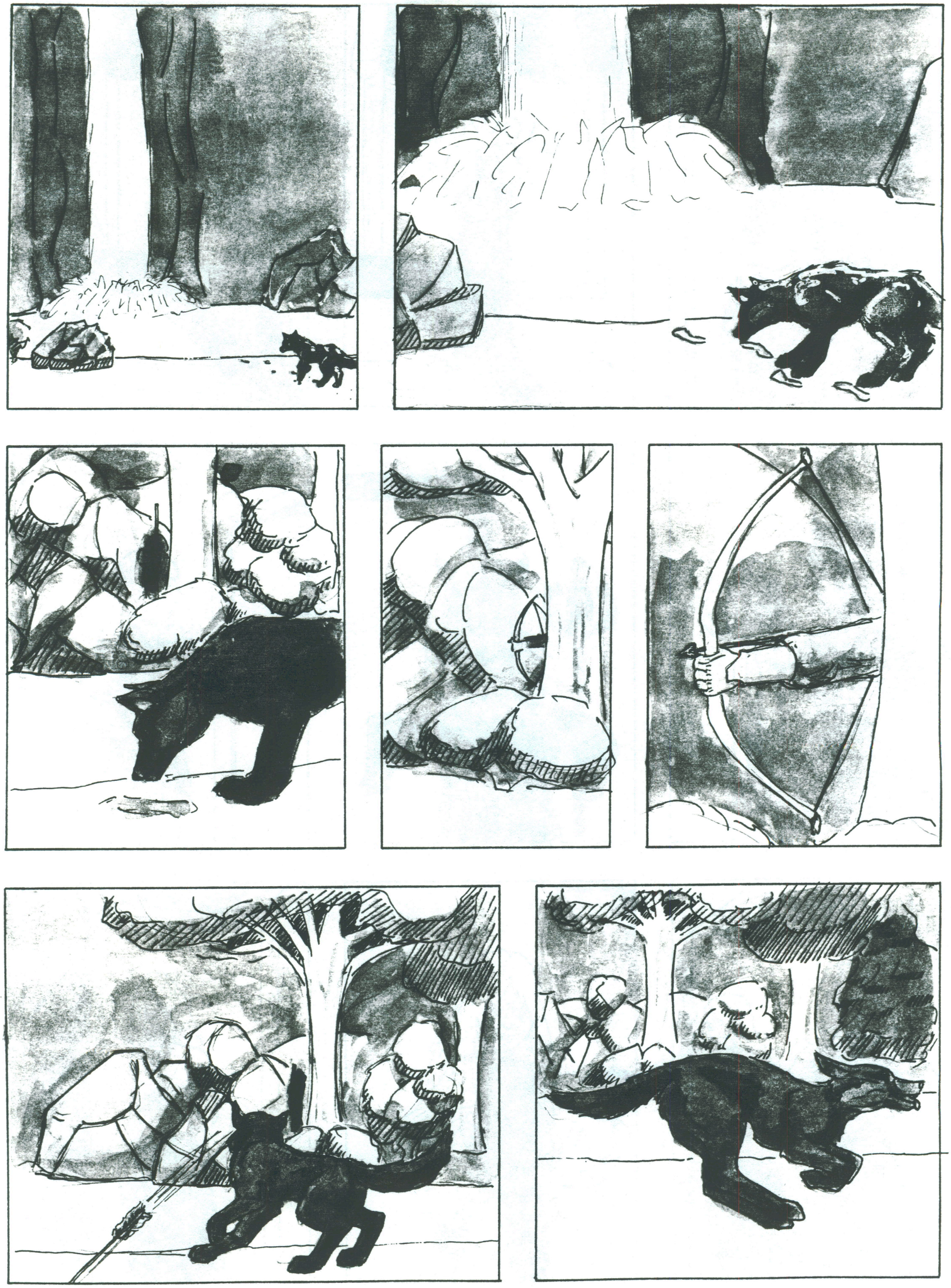

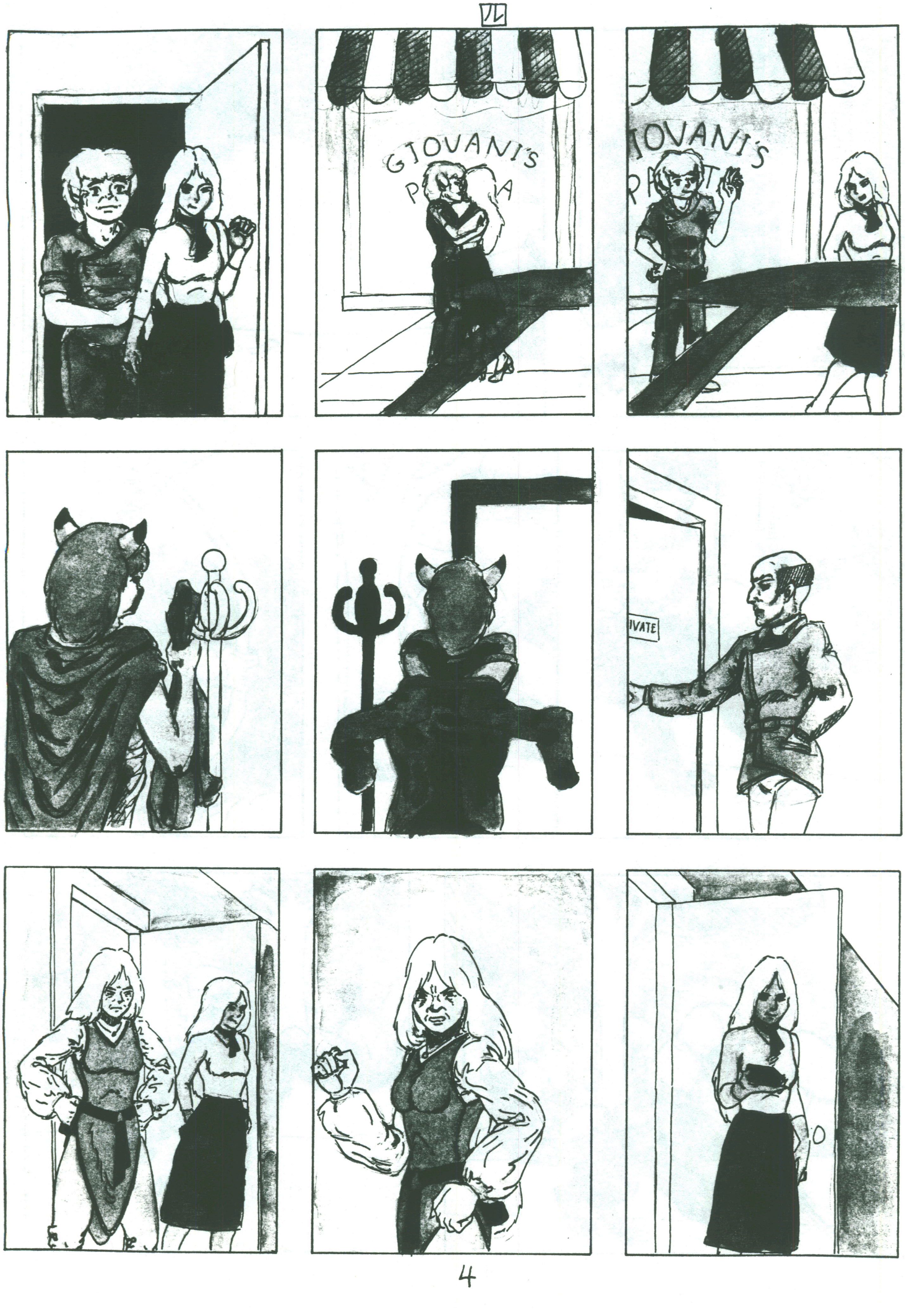
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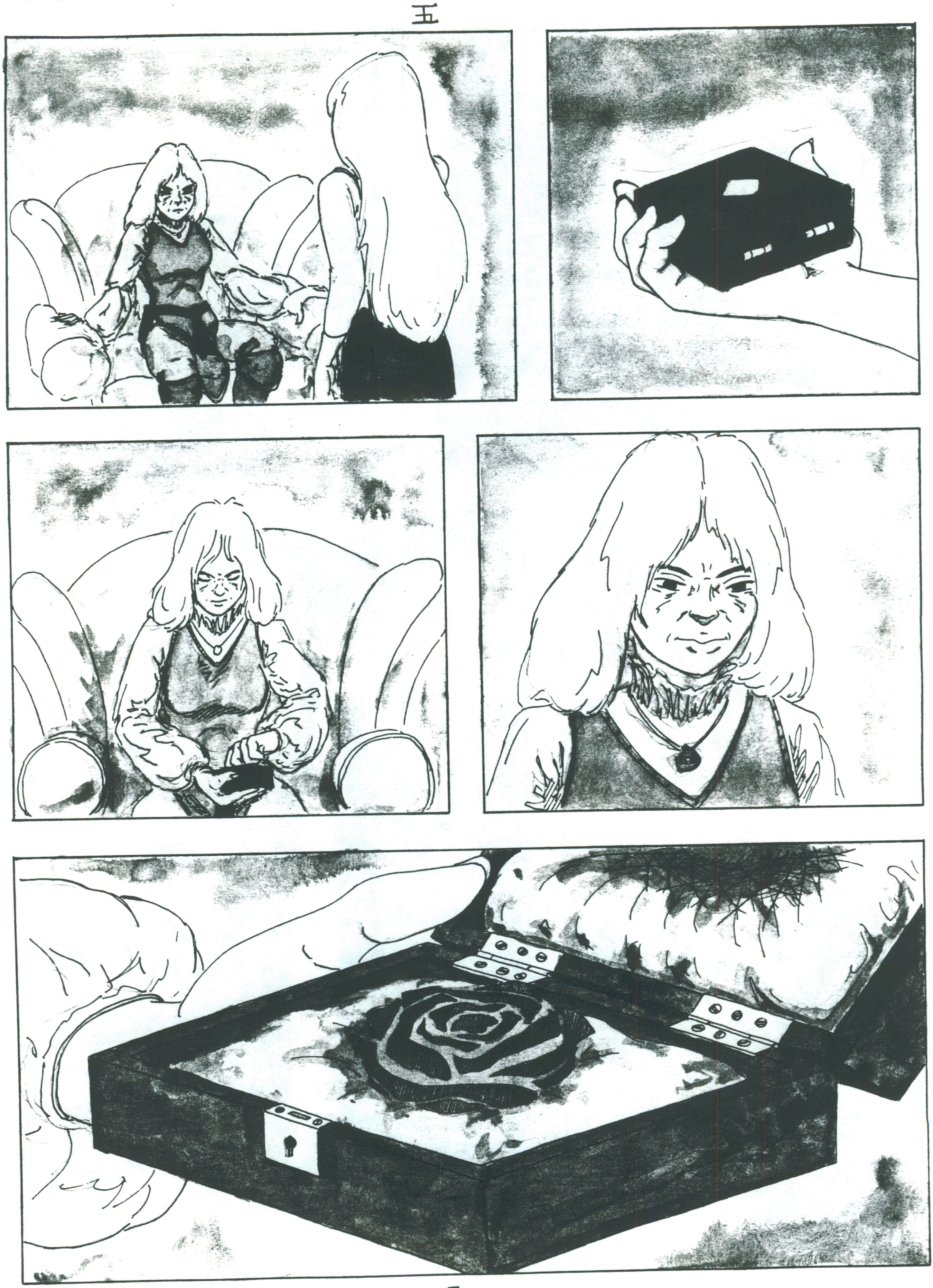
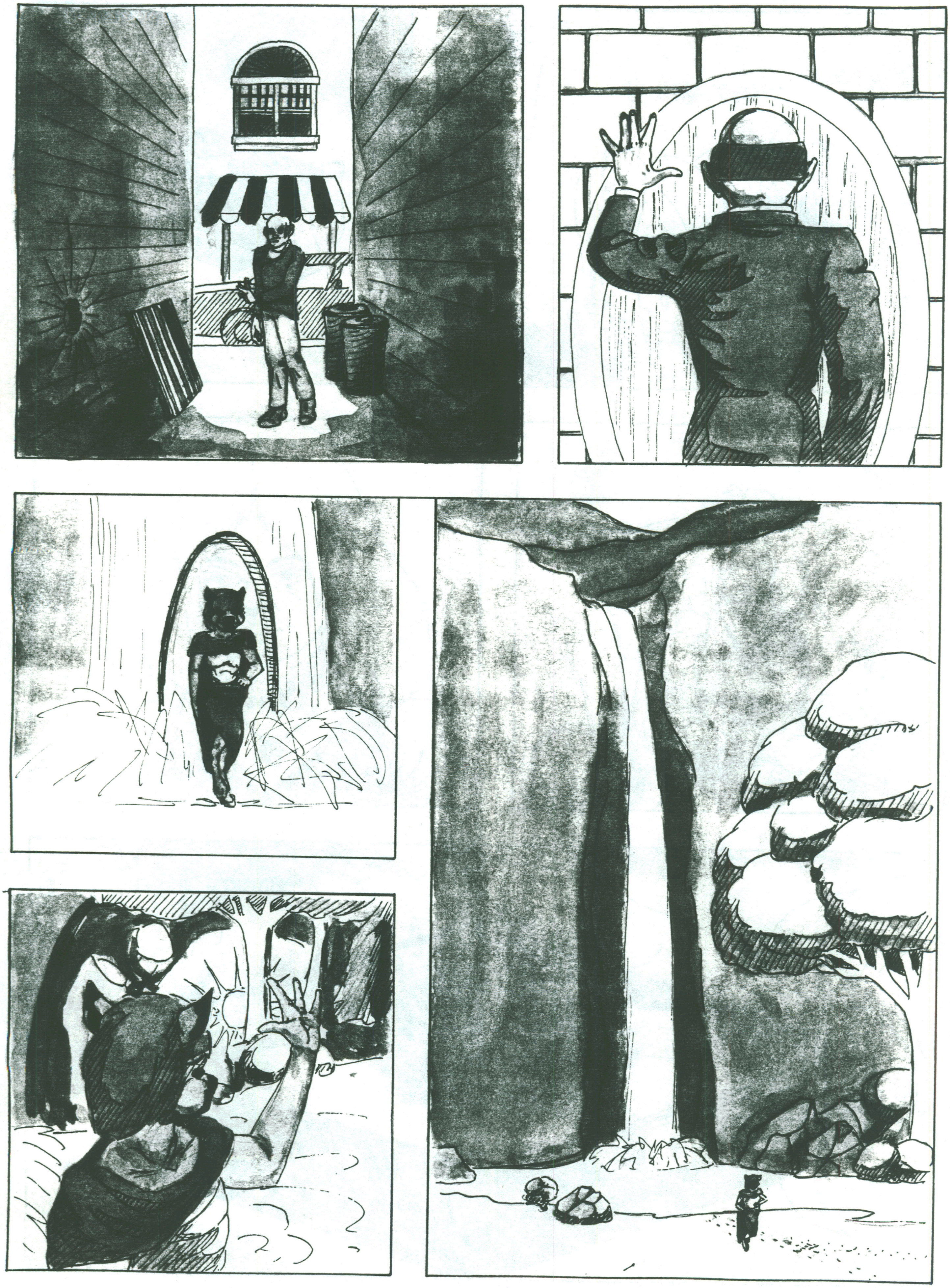
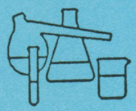




The Chem. Geek



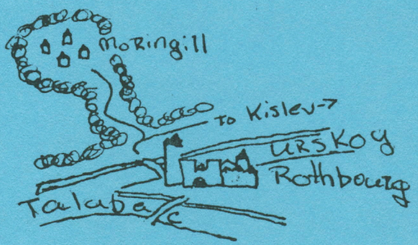
by Walter Gwathney

For this issue, I am returning to Rothbourg. I thought of writing a **Space 1889** adventure, but didn't get it completed, and on Wayne's call for a character profile. I have not played any character for some time (hint hint) nor do not have the sheets on most of them. So on with the show...

Rothbourg

This installment will examine one of Rothbourg's subsidiary communities. The community in question is the village of Moringill. Noone is sure of the exact founding date of the village or even the origin of its name. It is known that the village predates the chaos incursion of two hundred years ago. This is due to the fact that during the incursion, a large Khornate warband burned the village to the ground and sacrificed most of the villagers to the Blood God. A couple of the original inhabitants, the Bauers and von Morins, returned to the site of the old village and rebuilt. The Bauers and von Morins restarted the harvesting of timber and apples, the past and present industry of Moringill. As it became relatively safe to live in Moringill, some of the migrant workers, whose ranks swell at apple harvesting time, decided to build permanent homes. As the population grew, support industries began to arrive. The support industries include the inn, temple and woodwright shoppe. Although Moringill was a community on the rise, it still had to depend on Rothbourg to deal with the random attacks by small chaos bands in the area. However, a few years ago a witch hunter and his templar knights arrived in Moringill. In exchange for their obedience to the witch hunter, the village was to acquire its own defense force. The first order of business was the construction of the ditch and earthwork, with wooden palisade and catwalk on its crest, that encircles the village today. To keep watch over the perimeter, a watch tower was built in the center of the village.

The characters get to Moringill by a forest road, which branches away from the Rothbourg-Kislev road, as seen in the map below.



The road to Moringill is a winding, little dirt road, which has been heavily rutted by all the cart traffic. The vegetation grows thick to both sides and provides a dense canopy above the trail. The heavy overgrowth gives someone venturing down the road the illusion of traveling through a tunnel in the forest. The tunnel effect last for six hours (on foot). The forest road opens up into a road through the apple orchard that surrounds the village. After about thirty minutes of travelling within the orchard, the trees give way to the cultivated fields around the village. As one exits the orchard their eyes immediately encounter the fortifications, which loom over the fields.

Now that one has braved the forest road, what lies in Moringill. Six features are noted on the following map. They are :

1) The Temple : this is where the witch hunter, templar knights, servants and any prisoners stay.

2) The InnCider : the only pub and lodging in Moringill, owned by Hans Bauer-Steiner

3) The Woodwright's Shoppe

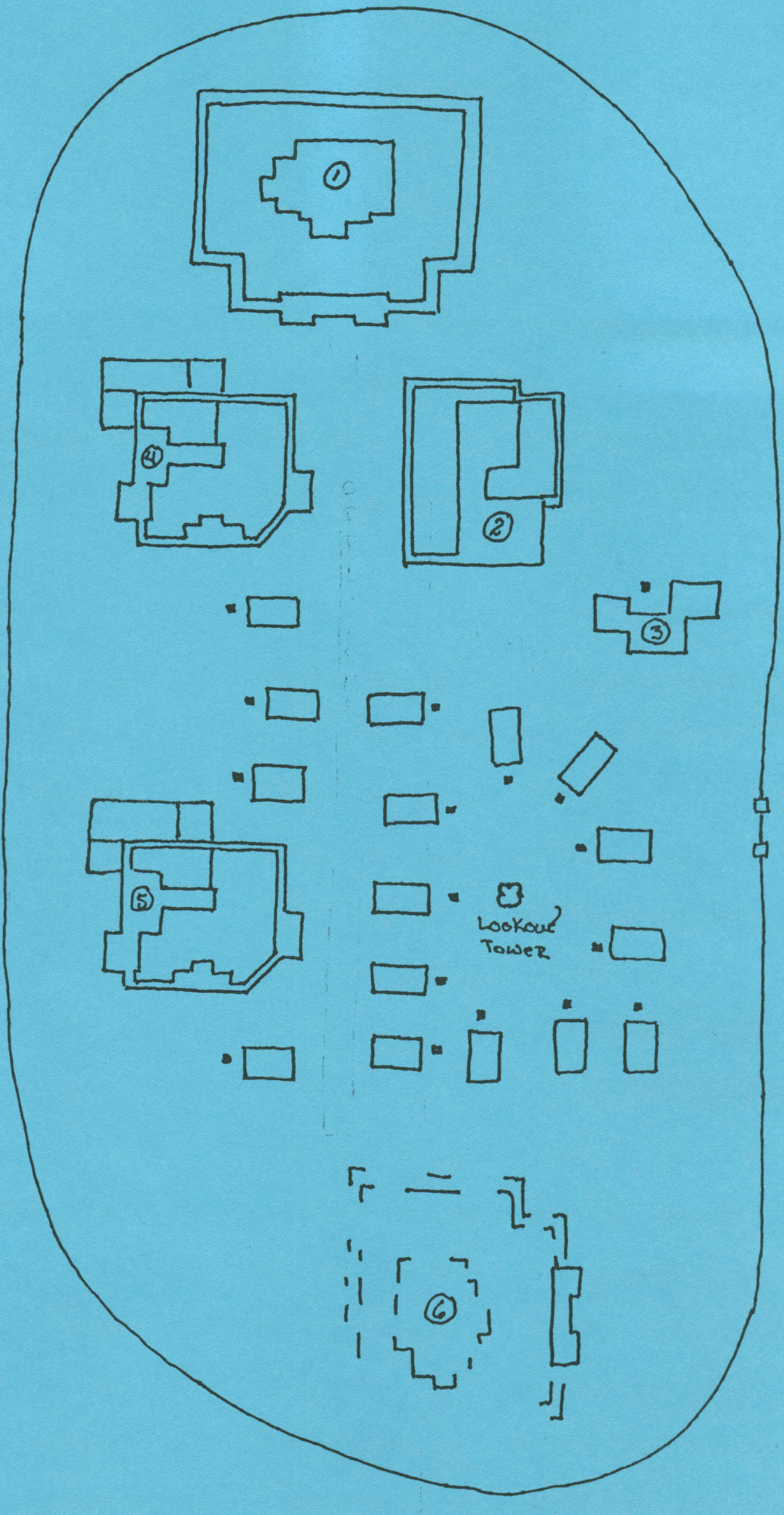
4) The von Morin Estate

5) The Bauer Estate

6) The Ruins

Three interesting nonplayer characters for the party to encounter are Peter von Morin, Hans Bauer-Steiner and Brother Friedrich. There is also a ghost that wanders the ruins, but he is to be detailed at a latter date. Allow the players to see the ghost to arouse their curiosity, but have some witness around to keep them from following up on their curiosity (the witch hunter has imposed a death penalty on anyone caught in

Moringill


1
4
2
3
5
Lookout Tower
6

the ruins). The players will encounter Peter von Morin at the gate. They will more than likely meet Hans Bauer-Steiner in the Inn, and shouldn't meet Brother Friedrich unless they have important state business or have committed some crime, such as sneaking into the ruins.

Brother Friedrich witch hunter, ex-cleric-2, ex-initiate, ex-militiaman

Brother Friedrich is twenty-eight years old. Tall slender man with fine blond hair, he keeps to himself mostly. The only time he speaks publicly is to pass sentence on some criminal or to initiate some type of construction.

W	MS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	In	Cl	WP	Fl
5	43	39	3	4	9	54	2	43	38	46	41	51	40

Skills drive cart, dance, night vision, dodge blow, strike mighty blow, read/write, scroll lore, secret language-classical, theology, cast clerical spells 2-, meditate, public speaking, disarm, identify undead, magical sense, strike to stun

Spells cure light injury, strength of combat, cause hatred, cause panic

Items full plate armor, helmet, sword, clerical robes, 14 GC and any the gamemaster wants to add

Hans Bauer-Steiner trader

Hans is a stocky 34 year old man with graying hair. A fatherly type of man to his employees and kind to any stranger he meets. He doesn't much care for the arrogant young Peter von Morin.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	In	Cl	WP	Fl
2	31	35	3	3	7	34	1	34	33	47	31	37	50

Skills excellent vision, super numerate, etiquette, luck, evaluate, haggle,

Items leather jerkin, 29GC and any the gamemaster wants to add

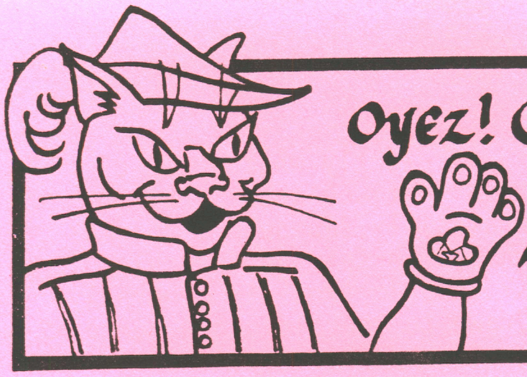
Peter von Morin squire

Peter is a squire to one of the templar knights and in charge of the village militia. He is an arrogant 17 year old spoiling for a fight with all comers. He tells people the von Morins founded the town (and believes his own lie) and that they should be its proper lords. He wants to displace the witch hunter who he has no love for. His arrogant behavior and the way he has treated Hans Bauer-Steiner's daughter, a serving maiden at the inn, has set him at odds with the inn keeper.

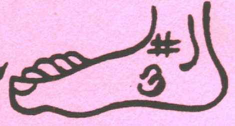
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	In	Cl	WP	Fl
4	48	29	4	3	8	33	1	37	40	31	28	34	23

Skills dance, animal care, dodge blow, ride-horse

Items helmet, sword, mail shirt, shield, pony, 13 GC and any the gamemaster wants to add



Oyez! Gilbert Head, denizen of 170 Merlin Drive, Athens, GA 30606 presents:

The Game is a 

.....and welcome to The Game is a Foot #3, the zine that asks the musical question:

"What would you do if I sang out of tune,
Would you stand up and walk out on me?",

and is produced, as fate would have it, for the printing of MOTIVE #2 which will be incredibly valuable some day when many of us have become Famous in Our Own Right.....

It has been a busy fortnight^3 since last we palavered, and Much Has Transpired. Suffice it to say that I now have a much clearer empathy for:
"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." than I would have thought possible.

But I'm rambling. When what you really want is as plain as the beak on a toucan's face. Yes, friends, it's time for MCs (Mailing Comments) for MOTIVE #1***

COVER: Nice job. Was this done specifically for the cover?

WOE: Yes, OE, your picker of nits is back: You might want to consider alphabetizing the roster. Also, you will probably discover that the membership can't be beat over the head often enough with the next deadline date. As in bold-face print. Writ large.

At the risk of sounding like an evil snark (sorry, Deena), I don't think that the OE owes anybody an apology (at least in print) for how that person's zine turned out. If I want my zine to look great, I need to handle it. For those times when I can't, and somebody is doing me a favor, repro-wise, I have to live with the consequences.

And, for the record, the official name for the paper color is "Hot Pink".

And, OE, KUTGW!

JOHN: "White Noise" is a fine title, the moreso because it frames the zen story you spin in your first issue. I couldn't find the BIG art mistake (sort of like my inability to locate the Rabbit Head on most Playboy covers.....).

ME: I need to control right margin control more on even-numbered pages.....

SCOTT: "The Master has spoken!"??? While I'm flattered beyond belief, I must now also live in mortal fear that word of this will turn up over in MYRIAD ("the friendly APA"), where I have recently taken great girlish delight at giving a fellow endless Hell for just such kudos from other MYRIDIANS.///

(Don's revelation was to come on page 2.....)

MORE to SCOTT: And while we're on the subject, just exactly what sorts of nasty tales made the rounds in Novus Matisco about that Glastonburh chap?///Re yr ct to Keith & Deena: what silly Japanese T-shirts?

With regard to the Warped U.S.: Did the Jamaican posses just knuckle under to the Asian invasion of the crime cartels? And "metros" is generally spelled w/o the final "e".///Why is population drawn to the old urban centers? Is it that more of the old infrastructure has survived?///Finally, where did the K-11 bomb go off, and what were the immediate results?

As for the rest, RAEAU; KUTGW.

NICKY & JACKIE: Welcome, and thanks for a zine with quite a different approach to all of this.///With respect to your Eel scenario #2: above and beyond the suggested ways of dealing with this problem (most of which were about as kind and gentle as one could be expected to be under the circumstances), there are two basic avenues of approach: 1) If you accept the premise that the chief responsibility of a good GM is to try and maximize everyone's enjoyment of a given adventure, then obviously, some sort of GM intervention in the example given would be more than in order. Alternately, 2) if you are a party member in a party with a "hotdog", you might suggest that the rest of the party abandon Mr. Big, forcing the GM to deal with the bulk of the group rather than the offending bonehead. Or you could just kill him.

Then again, it's possible that you've fallen with a laissez-faire GM and party, or the karma is a bad fit, or the physics is wrong. Maybe you need to find a new group to run with.....

As for RPGs as an exercise in "bean-counting", I generally find myself getting bored when a party or GM gets bogged down in details. Anal retentive does not a happy adventure make.....

And thanks again, Jackie and Nicky, for opening dialogue on the "larger issues."

A.J.: Glad to have you aboard—— and good to see someone still active in AD&D; my longest ongoing adventure (begun in 1978) runs in an AD&D universe./// I'm sure it's an oversight, but is Ramil a flasher? I see nary a sign of breeches twixt shirt and boots.....////An elven cleric to a human goddess with an elven name, eh? Verrrrrry Interessting...../// On your punchin'/rasslin' stats, what is your "down time" for a successful groin shot? (Inquiring minds want to know!)

JONATHAN: The Disclaimer: Ain't buying it, bud. This is a "for better or worse" kind of social contract.....///in that spirit, Soviet Premiers are only "premieres" at their debut.

I like Comrade America just fine, but the thought of "Super Swaggart" (Ultra Patriot) makes my blood run cold. Let's nuke this guy.....///Re Sersus and women: "I'm the last member of a dying race." What a hoot! This guy is never going to be mistaken for Alan Alda, that's for sure.....

NULL: "E-fucking-Gad!" Now that's subtle.///Didn't like the numeration, eh? Next time out, maybe I'll try cuneiform.///9 men's morris is not your cup o tea, Mechs not mine. That's OK—— we'll both keep spitting in the dark until we hit something (or someone).///Mansabatory violence is like Mensabatory violence—— the ultimate headtrip.///"Milieu" is a fine word, worthy of frequent usage, and worthy of spelling correctly.///I guess I ought to invest some time in getting to know Battletech.....

(Lester knew the secret to the universe was on page 3.....)

VOID: I don't know. What is the First Rule of Combat Football?

PAT & CARL: Welcome to our storied ranks. It's good to see another fan of that progenitor of wargames, Risk.///Of course I have a spell-checker. It's called a dictionary.///Glad you liked the First Gamey Foot.

And thanks for the offer of crash space. With Olaf coming back to the throne, it just might be possible that I'll be up that way.....
Liked the Susan Seymour character.///What kind of camera does Ursa carry?

KEVIN: Greetings! Thanks for the interesting background on a gaming system which is unfamiliar to me. It's been too long since I read in the Lovecraft canon; I must go back soon to where I can say "It found Me!" (or my name isn't Abdul Alhazred.....)

PETER: I can only guess that, when one engages in "appling", they are not engaged in some sort of Edenic romp involving serpents and fruit.....
Your mini-essay on believeable worldbuilding and general being and nothingness runs in the same grooves as my general thoughts about the importance of vigor and internal logic in the process of multiverse crafting. I also liked the flow chart of entity interrelationships (where are the dwarves?). ///And the art weren't too bad, neither.

But I still think that, in WQ, moves initiated in mid-round should be carried over to the next strike rank (& hassles be damned). Or maybe I'm just bitter because I am dead.

MICHAEL: I'd still like a copy of my survey response.....///I like Foglio's art. I haven't seen him since '86, when he had a pretty advanced case of "legend-in-his-own-mind disease". Hope he's better now.///Kudos for the recycling efforts. We can all pitch in.....

Have you ever noticed how folks who know Deena wind up saying "sorry, Deena" a lot? (Sorry, Deena).

speaking of which..........

KEITH & DEENA: It would be nifty neato keen to have rudimentary pronunciation guides with your name lists.///Thanks for the Athens gaming guide.....I was surprised to discover that I don't game in Athens (technically correct—— I live two blocks outside of town). As for the rest of your typically fine selection, RAE; KUTGW.

WAYNE: Re yr ct Peter: Are you going to look at your new testes instead?/// Re my character in Peter's game: I'm dead, Jim.///I have no past (and I must scream).///How come the MOC V guy isn't all bloody???///As for the thrust of TransDimensional Blues Mark 0, hey, world-building takes time (and "if you build it, he will come.....")

I liked the Brownie illo; who might we blame for it?///Also, I liked the Edgedex sequence and your manipulation of RQIII mechanics; more of the same, por favor.///Here's a suggestion: when you're franking through material not original to you (i.e. the White Wolf flyer), you might consider a different color stock for that material, both to draw separate attention to it and to divorce it from you original stuff. See you next time, or I'm a Douglas Fir.....

(I've got to find out what kind of trees these are.....)

DARRELL: I'm not a "brilliant people"; welcome anyway.///Have you ever wondered why (and this is a stock movie convention) folks like Mechanon can't resist affording their enemies ample chance to wriggle away from "certain death"? Why not just kill them when you have the upper hand?

PAUL: I can only wonder at what "The Near-Wonderful Thistle" will be like. And I'm not sure I can stomach "Haggis Lass". And yes, sir, please, may we have more Tales of Wayne from MOC V? After all, Rob Lowe is yesterday's news.....

And so, saith the sage, ends this collection of comments on MOTIVE #1.....

It would be tempting, at this juncture, to give you a quick gameboard and promises of a longer Foot next time, but there are still some bogs through which we must slog ere we put this critter to bed.

Last issue, there was a request from the Official Editor that we devote some portion of this issue of MOTIVE to a favorite character. In the spirit of letting the OE believe at this early date that he can get anything he asks for, herewith my oldest character, a fellow who first started running in 1978, and is still running strong (sort of like The Fugitive.....):

ANGDAR: This AD&D character is from the Orkney Islands. He is 32 years old (or was when he started out 12 years ago), stands 6'9", and weighs 178 lbs. He is a human cleric whose chief deity is Nuada (of the Silver Arm), and is only 5th level, but perfectly content to be so. His preferred panoply of weapons includes the club, the flail, the hammer, the mace, the staff, and oil (he is something of a pyromaniac, and resembles a walking tanker truck more than anything else just after reprovisioning. He is fairly wise and charismatic (18), and not horrendously greedy or musical (12). His other attributes fall within this range, and he has about the number of experience points you might associate w/ a 5th level character.

In his arcane career, he has invoked the aspects of the goddess Bridget/Ipona, has called down the Dagda, conjured Cinhil of Dunedain (called Gilded Jaw), and blasted foes with the caerbracht curse of Oisin's Glade. Along the way, he has discovered potions for levitation, resist-fire, polymorph-self, and love philter. He also totes ash milkshake and quicksilver for those occasions when he cares enough to send the very best, as well as an omnibus spell scroll that cures disease and summons insects. He is also never very far from his spirit hammer or Dr. Doolittle.

Angdar has been the chief magic-user on the extended campaign which has occupied his time since 1978. The party has varied in size from 4 to 7 persons, and his outstanding moment came in a room-of-nothingness, where he was driven insane in an amazingly short period of time, a drooling, raving state that continued for some two real-time years. He is now happier and more well adjusted, a kinder and gentler cleric for having his mind and soul riven from his body, cuisinarted, and ungently returned. What Nietzche would doubtless refer to as "a character-building experience".

Angdar and his party have been in a stasis-box since 1985, waiting only the return of the GM from an alternate universe to the north to resume mischief. His release from stasis will be greeted by 3 giants and one white dragon, all socially disinclined to look with favor on our crusty cleric.

So much for Angdar. He is one of a myriad of characters that I have had down through the years which, until recently, all had one thing in common.....

(Only in his dreams could Persephone see the next page.....)

.....They had all managed to stay alive (or at least return from the Great Beyond). Until Teng. Called The Dead. Hoisted on the petard of being in a party bereft of a single character with a First Aid Merit Badge. Such is the fabric of space.....

And speaking of space, I guess it wouldn't hurt to put in a plug here for something which will become dear to my heart in the next two years. As you may or may not be aware, Atlanta fandom played host to the World Science Fiction Convention in 1986 (GOH: Ray Bradbury). Well folks, some of those same crazy people had so much fun looning out four years ago that they are of a mind to try it again. Some nine months ago, the first tentative feelers for Atlanta in '95 were cast forth, with the results that the bid to bring World Con to Atalanta (well, you know where I mean) in 1995 is now on. The first newsletter of the bid committee, "Further South on Peachtree" is out, and the groundwork for the bid looks pretty solid. Here's some data:

1) The '95 bid has secured the same block of hotels used in '86, including the Marriott Marquis, a hotel born to host science fiction conventions.

2) The current cost of the pre-supporting memberships is $5.00.

3) Atlanta in '95 T-shirts w/ logo by Ron Lindahn are available for $11.00 per shirt, in three happy colors (Black, blue, or silver) and a myriad of sizes (S to XXLG).

4) The address to correspond with these fine folks, or just to join up, is:
Atlanta in '95
Suite 1995
3277 Roswell Rd.
Atlanta, GA 30305

5) The WorldCon at which the site vote will take place is the 1992 WorldCon, conveniently being held in Orlando, FL. And isn't that special?

I have volunteered to help this group of mad folks; I was administrative assistant to one of the co-chairs in '86, and I've never spent a happier week at a convention. Here's your chance to get in on what is basically the ground floor on this bid. This is our chance to show that the good time in '86 was no fluke.....

****

This is the part of the zine which is generally given over to random and stray observations about the nature of the Universe. The generic APA name for this stuff is variously natter or sercon. Today, we will spend a few minutes peering into a box first opened by Nicky and Jackie in the last issue of MOTIVE: Subtexts of the "gaming subculture".

Like any activity which finds itself operating out along the fringes of mainstream society, gaming and gamers have enjoyed (if that is the right word) every reaction from scorn to derision to fear to bemusement by those outside of the gaming community. The general tendency has been to label RPGs and those who play them as "loners", or "outsiders", or wierd. This battle has generally been fought first at home, where parents and other non-gamers have grappled with "why gamers game". It's a valid question, and one which I will attempt to

(In an instant, Phil felt an irresistable urge to turn the page.....)

address in the Gamey Foot if there is enough interest in the future. For this sort of pithy commentary, seek future editions under the subheading "Beyond the Board". We'll talk ad nauseum about all manner of related phenomena, and maybe even discover some Larger Truths About the Universe along the way.

But I babble. And what I really want to do is comment briefly on what's been happening of late, and leave you with the simplest of games of chance, one that doesn't even require a board.....

From May 19th through June 14th, I was on an extended roller coaster of my own construction, as I did the Great Western Thing. Some 10,000 miles, 50 stops for gas, 10 hours of videotape, 6 rolls of film, 11 mountain ranges, 19 national parks (or monuments), 2 gallons of salsa, and 400 liters of Diet Coke later, I am a changed being. Changed by the fact of getting to know a friend a _lot_ better over the course of a month together on the road. Changed by returning to a place where I grew up over 20 years ago, and observing how much it and I had changed in the interim. Finally, changed as only a person who has to personally confront the death of a loved one can change. Margaret and I had some hard growing to do in the process of dealing with the death of her mother, and that process continues. I'd like to thank those of you in MOTIVE who were so supportive of Margaret at a time when I could not be, and also for your understanding of why things like the trip happened the way in which they did. It made the loss easier to bear. It is the very heart and soul of what friends are......

Ahem! Sorry, got carried away there for a bit! Better now. And, to close this Gamey Foot out, a really quick and easy game to play, a betting game out of undefined antiquity known as:

DITTAR PRADESH: This game, which originated in Pakistan, can accomodate any number of players, and is horribly portable. The players sit in a circle. Sixteen cowrie shells are used as dice. For a wager before the cast of the shells, each player attempts to guess the number of cowries which will land "mouth upwards" on that given throw. The correct guess wins the pot. If two or more guess correctly, the pot is divided. If nobody guesses correctly, the stakes remain as the basis for the next pot to be wagered on the next cast of the shells. When a person wins a pot, they become the caster of the shells.

As an aside, you can use any two-sided tokens in place of cowrie shells; cowries are the traditional counters, and they have the advantage of being easy to randomly cast (i.e., harder to "rig" a cast).

The reason you got an easy-to-play betting game this time is that someone in this Apa (who shall remain nameless, but who bears a startling resemblance, when the light is just right, to Don Knotts) said that they would like to see some "period" games explored which would lend color to the average tavern in your average RPG. Perhaps next time, a game with cards will be explored, but a word of emptor is necessary with regards to cards; in scenarios set in pre-1500 western culture, the few cards around are most likely Chinese or Persian in origin, with multiple suits and some decidedly non-western playing conventions.......

Well, hey, enough already. It is enough that your collective consciousnesses will be assaulted with six pages of this Hot Pink Ichor. Until two lunar cycles hence, I'm away, for you see, The Game is a Foot.....

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  T   H   H E        B   B L      U   U E         V V    I   E     W W W
  T   H   H EEEEE    BBBB  LLLLL   UUU  EEEEE      V   IIIII EEEEE  W W
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Peter "Pictus" Gareis, 110-C Springtree Road, Athens Georgia 30605
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THE CHARACTER ISSUE ENTRY

A buttload of you have introduced us to your favorite character or to characters you find interesting, and Wayne suggested that we make **ISSUE 2** a character issue. So, I will inflict a character on you. Before I wander into this I'd like to note that the characters people often have the fondest memories of are ones they identify with most closely. Certainly you all have noticed that player personality and self image has a strong influence on roleplaying, and not until a player gets really good can he convincingly run characters who are not representative of his own wants and desires.

In 1980 Gregorian, I joined a group of AD&D players at UGA who each ran different worlds. At the time, sense prevailed and characters created on a world remained on their world of origin unless they grew powerful enough to go to other planes. One world was run by Kurt Hansen and heavily influenced by Burroughs' Jon Carter on Mars stuff. There I spawned an elf named Craban (Sindarian for 'Crow'). He was a bad egg in a way. Like any healthy elf, he loved the outdoors, having a fine time, doing what was necessary to live comfortably, and not caring a bit about material wealth. However, some unrecalled experience with humankind warped his tender elven mind. He developed a severe distaste for humans and most other sentient beings, but mostly humans. So, he went to live among the humans to figure out why he didn't like them, and they graciously gave him many reasons that need not be discussed here. He decided they needed to be dead. Since he was a lone elf among an incredible breeding population of these vermin, he took up with their vermin to learn how humans bumped one another off. Then he would be ready to deal with their best. Thus was born an elven assassin-thief, a nearly redundant combination, yet not quite. Sadly, Craban had to be evil to be an AD&D assassin (something I don't agree with), but I played him as unevily as I could get away with. He was dangerously playful.

I don't recall much of his early years of adventuring. Early on, after killing helpless party members (sometimes) when such was expedient, he became a poser. He would lie low a few adventures and then, diguised, join a group. Sometimes he was Kurt the Cleric (lawful good!), Ralph the Inept, or his personal favorite, Ramul of the Wall. Ramul was an elven fighter who wore chain and used a buckler; Ramul also had a penchant for staring at walls and asking inanimate objects if they were happy.

Also in these early days, Craban took eggs as a weapon proficiency. Initially, he would throw them at monsters in the heat of battle, aiming for the eyes. The eggs had no effect, but it was fun. Craban's companions were not really keen on this though. In his defense, Craban was a brave son of a bitch,...actually closer to foolhardy. He loved to make grand speeches when the steaming turds were hitting the prayer wheel and leap into the fray with the fighters. Usually by that time any chance at stealth was gone anyway. Part of this foolhardiness revolved around

Craban's opinions of humanity. He concealed his elvishness as much as possible. And people would mistake him for human. If someone called Craban 'man,' he would demand the insult be retracted. If not, he would attack, anyone. DMs/GMs took to baiting him with 'little man.'

The gaming atmosphere changed over the next few years, reaching high levels of chaos and perversion. Characters began having homeworlds where they dwelt and traveling via a series of teleport booths into different campaigns. Each world was different, operated by a different personality and under different levels of detail, magic, wealth, and danger. Upon entering a world, characters would be checked for perversions (unacceptable magic and powers from other campaigns), and such things would 'turn to paste' for the duration of the adventure if the DM didn't want them in his world. Then the night's game would commence.

I attribute this new mood in the game to a group of fanatical gamers (and at this writing I have just discovered the source of my distaste for CHAMPIONS). They introduced the concept of THE BARONY to our multiplex of campaigns. This group of five boys had multiple characters, all lawful evil, lawful neutral, or neutral evil, living communally, sharing magical items and advanced spell capabilities of the more powerful characters. Thus a first level fighter would appear in a campaign with a few magical items, appropriately weak, before he had even adventured. The basic concept is okay, but the extreme of application got to me quickly. Every character in THE BARONY was cloned and the clone Timestopped, so that if he/she died, he could return very quickly to play. They also would use their numbers to overpower other characters, clone them, and use clone release as blackmail. (In the world of THE BARONY's ringleader, we regularly discovered we were adventuring with Conan or Elric or the Prince of Amber or such, something his minions found impressive and I found real weenie-like [no woman had anything to do with these fellows either].)

This is pertinent to Craban. Since Craban always did as he pleased, they decided to work their dirt on him. I got wind of the plan to clone Craban and so did he. I told Kurt who agreed to help me help Craban escape the wiles of the BARONY. Death would be preferable to serving such a perversity. So I played different characters for a time until Kurt was able to run his game. THE BARONY boys grinned when Craban appeared, and they brought out their characters for the job. They did not know that Craban had sacrificed everything but what he could carry to pay for a one time teleport ring and a device that would create an illusion of the god Prosh, notorious for swallowing his worshipper's souls. In the heat of an encounter with some humanoid creatures, Craban was wounded to near unconciousness. He called out to Prosh to take him while yet living (Prosh did not hear the call of this false worshipper), triggered the device, and Prosh (the illusion) appeared to grasp the hapless elf and swallow him. The party did not take time to question this since many of them came from campaigns where incredible heroes and gods were commonly encountered. Craban was dead.

Some time later, I pulled out "an old character I hadn't played in years": a fighter-thief named Avar. In Sindarian, Avar means 'to refuse.' Craban had refused to be cloned, so Avar the Refuser was born. Although the ruse was kept up for a few months, eventually the boys figured it out. They left Avar alone except for occasional tauntings.

About this time Kurt graduated and moved away. Avar moved to the Land (of heavy Donaldson influence) run by my friend Loren Roskos. My brother played in this campaign some. He had this incredibly obnoxious

Paladin (is that redundant?) named Loren Ashley, who Avar called Moron Asshole. This Paladin knew Avar wasn't right but had no proof; Avar loved to adventure with him and behave really good. It drove my brother nuts because he hated Avar and wanted an excuse to finish him off. All the other players in that group liked Avar, considering him more of a loose cannon than a bad boy. Avar would never have killed Moron Asshole anyway; fanatics are so amusing to watch.

Avar slowly rebuilt his magical protections and finances and started pulling stunts in The Land, which he seldom left again. One thing he did was to spend everything again and have a green continual light cast on a fist-sized quartz and a permanent illusion of a Raver's face on the inside of a cloak. He used this outfit to save his ass a few times and for fun.

He also got powerful enough to attract thiefly followers after the adventure in which he played a card game, unwittingly, with a Deck of Many Things. He ended up with an 18 CHA and a small keep. He didn't know this until he returned to his home base, the town of Bath Sheeba. There he was greeted by a raging mob he thought had discovered what he was (he still killed humans when the whim infected him). But then he realized he was being welcomed as a hero. Apparently an old, rich widow had seen him throwing silver pieces off the roof of a building overlooking the marketplace, found out who he was, and willed him an old mosque. Avar had thrown silvers off the roof, but he had been throwing them at people, not to them. He threw silvers because he got more pleasure for his money and he liked their color; he had thrown several thousand of them that day.

Well, Avar turned the mosque into Avar's Bar and Grill (and thieves den). The lesser thieves were known as Avar's Buddies and had to work in the bar so many hours a week, as did Avar. In return, he would take them in pairs with him on adventures. The one thing he did come to hate more than humans, and only because they were more interesting (envy?), were the Drow. He killed quite a few and took to collecting their stuff and using their onehanded crossbows. He sometimes wore Drow armor on adventures when he was Lorcoi the Pretender. Eventually he had a permanent illusion of Drow armor cast on a tunic.

After he settled into business life, sort of, Avar fell in love with a Lord named Cassiopeia. She was one immensely powerful, fabulous babe, and lawful good. Avar had an amulet of nondetection by then and a ring of Bahmut (a lawful good dragon?), but I suspect she knew what a crud of an elf he was. Anyhow, he was always trying to impress her. Once he convinced her to visit his business. Several times he took minstrels to her hall and serenaded her. Two songs I recall him singing were "The Question" (Moody Blues) and "Emotional Rescue." She threw him out once and sent him on a quest the other time as penance.

After one particularly disastrous adventure in which everyone but Avar had been killed, he was taking passage on a merchant ship home when the ship was beset by pirates. In the midst of the battle, Avar leapt into a lifeboat with the ladies, who were being sent to safety on the nearby shore. Once on shore he expended his three vials of Nystal's Magic Pigments to get them to the top of a 500 foot cliff. They all reached the cliff top safely, and Avar pushed the women off. Then he walked home to see Cassiopeia.

Avar never made preparations for his death (like clones) and always said that if he died, he died. He lived each moment as his last. He had several last moments because people would taunt me by popping Avar with a Rod of Resurrection or burning a Wish, the bastards. One of the most memorably annoying was one of the few off world trips Avar took after settling down in The Land. The party was strolling through some complex of ravines when we ran smack into a Norse fire giant (an AD&D giant++ for high levels; Avar was by far the weakest party member as a 10th level assassin/12th level thief [and the only nonhuman]). We bargained our way out of an encounter until the giant looked at Avar and said, "Move on aside, little man." Avar stood his ground. Everyone stepped back.

"I am little, but I'm not a man," said Avar.

"You look like a man to me. Move aside before I splatter you all over the floor."

"I am not a man, you steaming excuse for a turd; I'm an elf, which is a far better thing."

The giant laughed and stepped towards Avar who snapped his whip (he was always one for odd weapons) and lunged with his sword. The whip wrapped around the giant's forearm and the sword cut a deep swath in its belly (critical hit, D&D style). Then giant jerked back on his arm, smashing Avar into the wall. Avar released the whip and dropped to the floor. Everyone leapt into the fray, and the hacking and pounding was furious and magnificent. Then some wise ass noticed Avar splattered on the wall and floor and broke off the engagement.

"Hey," Beorn (a Barony dude) said. "The guy that started this is dead; why don't we return to our original agreement." The giant agreed and left. Then someone hit Avar with a Rod of Resurrection.

"Avar, you owe me all your magic for bringing you back to life," said this greedy, slug who passed for an aesetic monk.

"I don't think I owe you anything since you poked me with your rod while I couldn't resist. But, if I argue the point you'll kill me and take the stuff anyway, so it's yours."

They let Avar use the stuff for the remainder of the adventure since he would be more use with it than without. Avar got to keep it longer, though, because the evil nasty monk got fried to unconciousness by an ultranasty dragon. Avar was fried to 1 hit point and feigned death. While the party was fighting the worm, Avar crawled across the charred bodies of horses to reach the monk. He gutted the monk, dismembered him, raised him with the Rod, killed him again, raised him, killed him, ad nauseum, until the Rod was drained. Then he killed the monk one more time and burned the body with a Fireball scroll for good measure. Whatever had been happening with the dragon had taken the other characters beyond sight. They returned to the charred monk and unconcious Avar trapped under a horse's body. The players wanted to get Avar, but the DM (although one of their pals) knew that that would be bogus and they shut up. Hell, the monk had a clone anyway, and the Barony had at least a few more of those rods lying around.

Now some of you folks may read this and say, "What a jerk and hypocrite. This guy loves hell raising adventure and must throw garbage like those angels at characters." and "What an immature player!" If so, please read the rambling account again. Yes, I had a more than pleasant time playing Avar; however, he and his life are part and parcel for why I made my own game and why I am incredibly picky as to who plays in my campaign. In many of the worlds Avar adventured in, magic was as common as horse shit, the gods were constantly interfering in human(oid) affairs, and every NPC was some superhero/demigod. Roleplaying was a way of perverting rules to aid in the power hungry number crunching that passed for character development. The boys would spend every waking moment studying, interpreting, memorizing the rules. My actions, through Avar, within the campaigns were designed to make a point (well, when they involved player characters).

I would even play AD&D again for the opportunity to play Avar again. And if the magic he has is too much for the campaign, he'll gladly leave it with his buddies. If it's too little, don't bother calling...

AVAR THE REFUSER: Craban/Ramul of the Wall/Ralph/Kurt/Lorcoi the Pretender

Elf Assassin-Thief Secondary Skill: jeweler-gemcutter 75%/44%
Chaotic Evil (Neutral) Age: 98 years Size: 5'8"
STR 18 WIS 8 INT 15 CON 8 DEX 19 CHA 17 HP 48 AC -10 (-6)
+1 hit +2 damage +3 missile
doors 1-3 gates 16% Save: +8 (+12)

AXP: 421491 10 expert assassin TXP: 499698 12 master thief

STUFF	SKILLS	
bracers AC 2 ring+3 cloak+3	pp 120%	locks 92%
long sword+5 dagger+2 cloak of displacement	traps 85%	move 111%
long bow+2 whip Drow xbow (9s/dp bolts)	hide 99%	hear 40%
3 darts+1 quiver 11s arrows	climb 99.2	read 60%
amulet of nondetection Bahmut ring on chain	See invisible: 40%	

Pack
- 4 candles
- tinderbox
- 25' rope
- 5 sm. sacks
- p. fire res.
- 2p. mml. ctrl
- p. ESP
- p. dwrf ctrl
- philter of love
- 1 dust appearance
- love oil
- birth control
- grapnel
- 8 spikes
- hammer
- 2p x-heal

L. Pouch
- 1 pigment
- ink
- 50gp gem
- abacus
- 1 D poison
- light rock
- bandaids

L. Pouch
- 5 eggs*

Scroll case
- 10 parchment
- 2 quills

Water Skin (watered wine)

Weapon Proficiency

thief	assassin
long sword	
egg	long bow
dagger	whip
sling	dart
	D xbow

Languages: elvish, gnome, halfling, orc, gnoll, common, ce, lg, thieve's cant.

Encumbrance: 1250/1178

Liquid Assets: 12318.5 gp
717 coin of realm

Light War Horse HP 8 (grey mottled)
tack, saddlebags, leather barding

37s arrows	4 week's rations
2 blankets	leather armor
clothes	buckler
4 oils	1664 sp
2 pouch eggs	tent & hammock

(portable hole in hidden pouch in saddlebags): leather+5, shield+3, Drow chain, buckler, lg sword, helm, ring of Gaxx.

*1 egg is contact poison, save/die

Three large pouches of wineskin with 1/4" steel lining and braces at top. Each holds 5 eggs. 1% cumulative breakage/melee round + 10% during a hit. 1 egg breaks/10' fall + 50% another/10' fall.

THE BLUE VIEW

Enough of my mastabatory reminising. In response to popular demand by you lovers of other people's trolls, The Anonymous Freshman has returned. I will deign to feed your lust for more perverted prose pieces from the minds of the American college student. Anyway, it's the one thing I write that gets nothing but positive commentary, and how many times do I need to be kicked in the teeth. Here's a sampling from the May 19, 1990 grading session during which I got three pages of quotes.

THE RETURN OF THE ANONYMOUS FRESHMAN

"Going to the top with someone in a sport is a a whole lot funner than going alone."

"Being who you are and not what you are not pays off sometimes."

"Once learning to wait for what I want I will be come a much better vet."

"We need to return to the mid-evil moral mode if we are to reduce the decay in America today."

"The history books I enjoy reading most ~~is~~ are the ones that deal with ancient Egypt. The old childhood days always come to mind when I see one of these books."

"Recently I became a mature college woman."

"The thought of wearing a belt again was a wonderful, and real thought." -a pregnant woman

"The solution need to prevent public school violence must come from both the public and private parts of life."

"Many people live along and ~~prospious~~ ~~prosperous~~ ~~(xt)~~ ~~proserous~~ prosperous life."

"There are certain expectations that an employer suspects his employee should meet."

"When I drive the thought of getting in a wreck never completely clears my mind."

"Basically, divorce is now a household word in which sometimes is talked about over dinner or in a conversation over the phone."

"Some horror films not only include death and gore but they also include sequels."

"When I see a fancy car advertised on TV I get determination to reach my goals. I want a dog, 3 children, and a house with a picket fence around it. I must have determination to reach my goals, and advertising has given it to me."

THE BLUE VIEW
MAILING COMMENTS

00. Nice Cover, Jason.

01. Is the art error the spelling error?

02. Commenting on comments ain't easy, AEddie; I can say you encourage everyone in some way, like me at volleyball. Whose squire is this?

03. Still impressive after two issues, and growing. The anality of this construct pleases my Pictish brain. Coherent reading too, right Gil.

04. This is was some very well done bitching on a subject close to my heart. Guests at my ~~house~~ place have spent a lot of time reading this section especially, without coercion.

05. Where are you AJ? You vanished somewhere in Lithuania near Vilnius in the year 1211? Did the Teutonic Knights beat your Hospitaller butt? Anyway, I'd like to see some of the world before the important NPC,s.

06. I'd like to see more variety out of your section Jon(athan). Could you reduce the 8 pages of PAGE O' NPC'S to a page or so...just to a lower percentage of your stuff. I'd like to see more of your other perceptions and creations, whatever they may be, in addition.

07v. Void, my sister is a Fashion Detective. She continually makes fashion arrests on our father. The next "20 Questions" would be funnier with an introductory blurb on the subject's life.

07n. Null, read the last line or two on the Angel section description: "...more for interest than practical application." I probably should have noted that angels have been encountered only three times in over ten years; two were beneficent varieties who motivated a quest, and one was a fallen archangel who the characters fought indirectly through its minions (aka Sauron in LotR). I B hapi U pleez'd wifh d' freshuns litter.

08. I like the homey atmosphere of your section. And it's not cutsie either. Nail 'em on the spelling Pat; I have to behave, being an English teacher most of the time. If I start marking errors, my submission will come back red (if at all). After I finish my thesis (July) and drive across the country (August), Carl, I hope to reprint corrected/expanded versions of the books; do you want the originals or the revised? Give me a buzz or a missive. On the angels, see 07n above.

09. "It was a most elusive fish." I look forward to the Cthulhu stuff; I haven't seen any in a while.

11. Okay, you've got me willing to listen about CHAMPIONS. Show me your stuff, a few adventures, brief character sketches. We do like the vicious x-words.

THE BLUE VIEW

12. Thanks for the HARM information; I have admired their detail. I agree that it goes to more of an extreme than even I (and probably Scott) desire. I like detailed worlds but efficient play, even at the expense of some realism. Thanks,too, for the gentle questioning of the angels. I'm sorry Deena, no real comments yet...There is no Deena, only Zul.

13. Although your world of EDGE is more myth-like than what I try to create, your secondary creation is apparently of good quality and thus it contains what I look for in good world building. It is also novel enough (the qualifier is because the definition of fantasy restricts what can be novel). However, as the OE Wayne, I do think your submission set an example of quality in proofing as well as content.

14. Nice application of academics and theory.

15. My sixty-year-old mother was doing tequila shots with me (and not wincing); damn, she's tough bitch. What's a brass monkey? My gripe with CHAMPIONS, I discovered in writing this submission, was mostly with the players (see the references to The Barony above). Stretching technology and rationalizing magic are just what I like. If you're creation is consistent and explainable to others, it fits my criteria (See 13 above). I will confess that now that I think about it, super-hero milieus will fight an uphill battle with me regardless of the quality of the world. I far prefer pre-, ancient, and medieval milieus to near-, neo-, or postmodern ones. Some distant future stuff appeals to me. I also like a game where characters stand a good chance of dying, forever. The risk is then far more real to me. Ask AEddie about death risk and I. Okay, I'll let you speak now.

16. Great back cover. Question: Does not the cost of our membership allow us nifty plastic covers like on Issue 0? Is this binding so expensive? I paid 11 bucks to copy my subscription; I'm sure others paid more. Doesn't all this fifteen dollars x 15+/- cover nifty, keen quality binding? Is mailing that expensive? Signed, Wondering.

THE CURRENT CAMPAIGN

It's the summer of 1211. At this time two sets of characters are operating. One ever changing set is exploring the catacombs under Rome. Although the catacombs won't be officially rediscovered until the 1500's, for a price, information and partial maps can be had a Avar's Bar and Grill (there is life after PC) on the southeast side.

The other group, that misplaced AJ, is on their way to the ruins of Babylon to try and locate the remains of the library/archives there for a Swedish necromancer from the Isle of Gotland. Right now they are in Trebizond, a city on the southeast coast of the Black Sea; they just spent a harrowing time sailing down the Dneiper. The exploration of Babylon seems to be turning into another musical dungeon, repleat with singing/dancing encounters and clues. The prime inspiration is "Little Birds" by Guadalcanal Diary (who have been called Guadal Dairy Co.).

Third MOTIVEation:

The Vagrancies of Time (maybe)
Encounter Reaction Tables (7 pages worth of general usefulness)
Something else if I get around to it (See 08: note to Carl)

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A column by Nicky Rea & Jackie Cassada/ 664 Lakeshore Dr. Asheville,NC 28804
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So, Wayne said this should be a character issue, eh? Okay, Wayne, even though I don't really think you knew what you were getting yourself into ...

THE CHARACTER: "Please allow me to introduce myself..."[1]

Regardless of the system used, the background for the game, the clever plot twists, engaging storylines, hideous monsters, tricky puzzles, fantastic powers, and incredible treasures awaiting the players of role playing games, the main appeal (indeed, the heart and soul of any game) remains the characters we portray. Without the characters, we might as well play a card game or family board game, or if we prefer, a historical simulation or miniatures battle. None of these depend upon a fictitious personality created to be a part of and to interact within the game world. None of them provide the player with quite the same feeling of involvement and personal identification.

There is nothing quite like portraying a character and attempting to behave and interact as that character would, not as we think is most advantageous or most intelligent, but as the background, education, beliefs and motivations of the character would indicate as the most likely course of action for that individual to take. The closest comparison I can think of is acting, but even when performing a play, dialogue has been provided already, and often, stage directions as well. The director of a play decides when and where the characters will move, what costumes they will wear, and often, what their real motivations are. Actors attempt to bring characters to life within the context of the written drama through pre-rehearsed actions and speeches. Role playing, then, could be said to be a form of extemporaneous acting performed within the context of a storyline. I prefer to skip the jargon and call it "being" a character for the duration of the game.

[1] Mick Jagger & Keith Richards, "Sympathy for the Devil" Beggars Banquet, ABKCO Records, 1986.

One of the most enjoyable aspects of roleplaying is in creating characters and seeing them develop through repeated play. I have many favorite characters from those that I have played for years to a few that have only recently appeared on the scene. Because I began playing when very few people outside the midwest had even heard of roleplaying (and thus, had trouble finding others who could teach me how to do things correctly), my earlier characters had a few quirky mistakes which I have retained (and cherish) even through updates in the gaming system.

Somehow, it seems like a disservice to characters you have enjoyed playing to change them in midstream ... especially if it robs them of some of the most important and unique aspects of the characters to do so. I also play both male and female characters since it seems more important to me to have a balance in the party and to have the sex of the character fit my mental picture of the character's personality and profession. Perhaps I am even more sexist in my categorizations, but I have real trouble picturing a super burly female fighter (unless she's a half-ogre, like one of the characters I played) or a super svelte homme-fatale ... (of course, I HAVE played a gay bard lossely based on the character of Dr. Tachyon of Wild Cards fame!!! and a valkyrie, thanks to Wayne!!!!!!).

At any rate, burly, frail, sexy, neuter, male or female, young or old, smart or dumb, friendly or aloof, I try to make each one an individual. Partly this is due to my acting background (I have a degree in Drama, that most useless of skills), partly to a love of fantasy and science fiction formed from several years of reading, movies, television and other escapist fare, and somewhat from watching certain other people play what I call wish-fulfillment characters. (more on wish-fulfillment characters later). For now, let me simply (simply? hah!) present some of my favorites:

SHADOW real name: Rhierdri Laurel-Leaf, race: Grey Elf Occupation: Thief

Sex: Female Hair: Blond Eyes: Green Height: 4'9" Weight: 88 lbs

Shadow is one of my all-time favorite characters, and she was one of my earlier A D & D creations. Her only superior stat is her Dexterity, which is 18,her above average stats are Charisma (14) and Intelligence (13). Her Wisdom is below average (7). Partly this is due to a mistake in her creation, a mistake which has never been corrected, for to do so would not only ruin the appeal of the character, but would destroy her entire personality and history.

Several years ago, before the advent of 2nd Edition A D & D, before the publication of Unearthed Arcana and even before a "corrected" Player's Handbook and DM Guide came out, there existed a strange little misprint in the table for starting ages for player characters. In this table, it stated that elven thieves began at age 50 plus 5d6. I dutifully rolled my dice and emerged with an elven thief who was currently 70 years old. I went about creating the other aspects of the character (adding her plus for Dex, subtracting her point for strength, etc.). Then I turned back to the Other column on age in the DM Guide, the one which determined further additions and subtractions to character stats due to age (plus for strength, minus on wisdom for young adults, subtractions for strength and plusses for intelligence and wisdom gained through age, etc.), and I made a startling discovery: the youngest starting column -- Young Adult -- started at age 150 for grey elves, in fact, the very youngest possible stating age for ANY kind of elf (wood elves) BEGAN at age 75!

Being the intelligent sort that I am, I immediately sensed that all was not well in the land of A D & D charts!! If they were to be believed, ALL elven thieves were children! Hmmm! Checking a corrected copy of the DM Guide quickly revealed the error to be a typo. Starting age should have been listed as 150 plus 5d6. My original thought was to simply change the age and get on with my character creation, but the more I thought about it, the more appeal I found in considering the interesting role playing opportunities presented by playing a child... and an elven child at that! A strange combination of innocence coupled with the experience of having lived probably at least twice as long as one's "young adult" companions.

Needless to say, I kept Shadow as a child, and even used the expedient of having her masquerade as a boy for awhile so they wouldn't just send her home. She quickly developed into the kind of thief who loves the challenge rather than the payoff. She steals to prove she can do it, and usually returns what she took if her victim isn't nasty about it (unless she's stealing back something from bad guys). She is refreshingly open about what she does rather than being your usual paranoid thief. She even advertizes herself by leaving notices posted around town which proclaim: " Need a discreet thief? Ask for Shadow!" Her greatest game is to act really cute and little around people she doesn't know, allow them to pick her up and exclaim how cute she is, ask her name and if she's lost, etc. and rob them blind! As stated before, she usually returns the stuff, but it serves as her personal warning to newcomers to the big city... after all, she's probably not the only kid who ever learned the skills of a cutpurse!

While Shadow is cute in small doses, and can even be played for a short campaign without becoming too obnoxious, I have little desire to constantly play children. Shadow is young, open in her dealings, even generous. She is appealing because she is sweet and friendly, but I get tired of that too after awhile. Occasionally I like to play characters who are NOT easy to understand (or even easy to like).

One of the major traditions I learned from drama and acting has stayed with me and colored my portrayal of characters in role playing as well, and that tradition is: NO CHARACTER EVER BELIEVES HE IS A VILLAIN. EACH CHARACTER BELIEVES HE IS THE HERO OF HIS OWN STORY. This may be a point which everyone else has always taken for granted, but I remember the shock I felt when I first learned it. Before becoming aware of it, I always wanted to play the "good" characters (or at least the "good" secondary characters as a lack of physical beauty has always put a damper on my portraying the ingenue. I'm more like Juliet's nurse than Juliet).

As time went on, however, I began to understand that in most cases the so-called villains or the more unpleasant characters were often more interesting. I began trying to understand their point of view and seeing how they interpreted what was going on. This not only led to my becoming a better actress, but also deepened my understanding and appreciation for many plays which I had always before considered extremely straightforward. I now prefer characters who have more to them than a sweet smile and an engaging personality and who seem more like real people with their problems and failings than like paragons of virtue or puppets who serve as mouthpieces to state a playwright's moral convictions to the audience.

So too with the characters I have created and played. My earlier ones tend to lean towards Lawful Good and were all out to do good, rescue those in distress, and save society from ravaging monsters or the designs of evil and unscrupulous villains. Though I still enjoy these characters, and even play a Jedi (NOT a failed or quixotic Jedi, but a tried and true Jedi) in our Star Wars campaign, (one who by-the-way REALLY holds to the principles inherent in the Light side of the Force unlike Luke Skywalker who seems to be able to kill as many sentient creatures as he likes so long as he does it in the name of "good"), I have come to appreciate the subtleties involved in playing those characters who are not so good, not so very likeable, who may not care so much what happens to other members of the party or who are greedy or selfish.

In some cases, it serves simply to play a character who is mysterious in some way, who doesn't confide in the other characters or relate much of his own background. I have found it almost comically easy to spook the other players by having my character dress all in black or always wear gloves or keep a hood pulled low over the face or even speak in a somewhat threatening sounding voice or strange accent! Anytime the general class of the character cannot be determined through his dress or weapons carried (in A D & D in particular), the other players get nervous and start trying desperately to figure the character out so they can categorize him. I like that! It sparks interaction and tells me that the other players are paying attention.

This works best when you are playing a character who really ISN'T a threat and who will become trusted after some initial reservations (such as a ranger or paladin, whom everyone knows MUST have a good alignment), but it can serve as an introduction for a more complex or menacing character as well, characters like Ravenstaff:

RAVENSTAFF Mage 16 human male, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'7" 115 lbs dresses in black robes, carries a black staff topped with a blue-white crystal clutched in a golden claw.
Real Name: Unknown (at least to the other players)

Ravenstaff is small and frail, but his magical abilities and his ever present sarcastic remarks and pronouncements on other people's relative intelligence make him seem far stronger and more menacing than he actually is. He DOES have a 19 intelligence (gained through a sort of god-like intervention which need not be discussed), and his charisma is fairly high (16). His wisdom is likewise above average (16). To offset this, his strength and constitution are below average, making him susceptible to illness and fatigue.

He is devious and somewhat greedy, especially for magic, and in the past he cared little for anyone but himself. He used to be evil (having had many events in his life -- including a mentor who sought to use him to further his own evil schemes -- which pushed him in that direction). He has committed murders, deliberately dealt with evil powers and attempted to make himself so powerful that he could contend with gods. At one point in his life, he was the most powerful evil mage in the world.

Without going into all the background details, let me simply state that he ended up finding out that his goals and desires were only paths to emptiness and despair, and he managed to redeem himself enough that the gods took pity on him and gave him another chance. He is currently MUCH reduced in power due to using his magical energies to raise citadels of magic which will benefit all mages as centers of learning and refuge, and he is engaged in a quest to raise the funds needed (and to find works of arcane lore and magical items) to finish building and stocking these citadels.

He is NOT good now, but neutral, and retains his less popular habits such as belittling other people's actions which seem stupid to him or mocking them when they can't fathom a problem which seems obvious to someone of his intelligence. He is serious and studious, hates being bothered with the insignificant details of traveling and camping, NEVER volunteers (or consents) to keep watch, and he takes the lion's share of any treasure found for "the citadels". He has little patience with those he considers pseudo-spellcasters such as bards because they do not make a thorough study of dweomercraft, they merely seek to pick up a little magic to entertain the masses, or such as elven fighter/mages etc. who are unwilling to completely commit themselves to the Art.

Because he was once so much more powerful, he knows about many spells he can no longer cast, and he believes that his greater experience and understanding of the arcane arts will lead him to triumph over opposing spellcasters. In truth, he doesn't think they are really smart enough to beat him, regardless of their power level... after all, he's had some pretty stiff competition before (gee, they were ONLY gods!). He has an almost insatiable appetite for new spells and magical items, and he does have a slight problem with being greedy (due to his near poverty-level upbringing). He believes he DESERVES some of the finer things in life, and he means to have them.

On the other side of the coin, he has learned to care what happens to companions (he just may not let THEM know that), and he worries that he could easily be tempted into another lunge for ultimate power -- something the gods would NOT forgive a second time. He is always surprised when clerical healing works on him and he is sincerely trying to reverse his life.

All of the complexities of Ravenstaff's character cannot be explained without going into so much detail that it would make up a book, but from the bit I have gone into, I think it can be clearly seen that he is a very detailed and difficult character. Strangely enough, the other people whose characters adventure with Ravenstaff are disposed to treat him with some tolerance and sympathy since they know bits and pieces of his past. He still manages to make them feel stupid or angry with him for his tactless remarks, but they have not given up hope that he will become less abrasive, secretive and difficult as time goes on.

They are probably right, for the only thing that is worse than an unpleasant character whom nobody can feel any sympathy for is a character who is not allowed to grow and change in response to changes in his life and in response to how others treat him. Perhaps allowing characters to change in this fashion is the real key to interesting, many-faceted portrayals. Even if it goes mostly unnoticed by other players, it is certainly MUCH more interesting personally when you suddenly realize that the character is doing things the way HE wants to do them, not as you would have him do.
The realization that you are NOT in control of what the character is doing, but that you have "become" the character for the length of the game is a little unnerving, but the most satisfying aspect of roleplaying I have ever experienced.

WISH FULFILLMENT CHARACTERS

Earlier in this article, I made mention of wish-fulfillment characters and indicated that I would speak about them later. Well, later is here, and I'd better at least make a stab at it before finishing my part of our column.
I hereby beg your kind indulgence while I rave on about something which annoys me unduly, but for which I have no other outlet of expression except to

directly confront the worst offenders and berate them soundly and with great gnashings of my teeth. So, if you want to skip the rest of this, please feel free to do so........................

To my mind we all have wish-fulfillment characters to some extent. Whether we like to play really brainy characters or strong, rugged leader types with an enormous capacity for tactical excellence, or whether we prefer to play characters who are younger, faster, in better physical condition, or who have skills we wish we possessed (like a real affinity for computers!), we _all_ have preferences.

We _all_ want our characters to be good at what they do, to have skills which enable them to interact with the scenario in ways that allow them to be useful and needed, and to some extent, we all want our characters to garner attention (either by being very likeable or truly fearsome, or through some other means). While this may seem like wish-fulfillment, it really isn't.

To some extent, all of our characters contain or embody facets of ourselves which we wish to express. It only becomes wish-fulfillment when the player insists on playing one certain type of character (to the exclusion of all others) and when that character type is (at least in the player's mind) THE PERFECT CHARACTER.

I find it incredibly sad, as well as increasingly annoying, that one particular person with whom I occasionally game insists on creating and playing characters which are all the same and which the player cannot adequately portray anyway -- because the character is wish-fulfillment, the embodiment of all that the player is not and wishes to be: incredibly charismatic, breathtakingly attractive, highly intelligent, amazingly competent and awesomely difficult for anyone other than a demi-god to play!

The player in question is not atrociously ugly or anything, but there is NO WAY (given the player's temperament which does not lead to easy cooperation and well-planned out, thoughtful moves) the player can do the character justice! The other players in the group are sick and tired of being asked to accomodate yet another clone character and of trying to get along with this latest abomination because the player cannot use the old character since things didn't work out right (i.e. the group didn't fall all over the "wonderful" character in question since it failed to live up to its supposedly incredible potential and acted like a complete idiot as well!)

It is extremely upsetting to watch this player revive the same character with a different name and slightly different background over and over and to know each time that the rest of the group will DETEST the character and that the player will once again be disappointed by their reactions. Unfortunately, the player in question does NOT get the hint (indeed, seems to remain oblivious to loudly voiced criticisms of the various characters).

Characters are really only as good, impressive, charismatic, and smart as the people who are playing them. While physical stats like strength can be assigned, the other qualities, the ones which call for role playing rather than a roll on the dice, can only be felt and appreciated if the person playing the character either IS what the character indicates or can act well enough to successfully imitate the behavior and qualities called for. If at least that much cannot be achieved, the player should try something a little less grand.

Although I seem to have ranted on quite a bit about our "problem player", I would seriously like to see a solution to the difficulty. We are all reluctant to confront the player directly since it is both elitist on our part and since we would all be terribly embarrassed if anyone came up to us and indicated that our favorite characters were complete and utter wastes of breathing space --- especially if the reason for this were a fixation on an unattainable character type and our own lack of acting ability. (If anyone has a good, workable solution for this problem, PLEASE send it to us at our mailing address or put it in your next submission to MOTIVE.) --- Nicky

PART TWO

"Sometimes Only Roleplayers Really Yearn, Despite Evident Empathic Notions, Anyway" (2)

The characters I feel most comfortable playing are the characters I don't have to think about playing. They slip on and off like comfortable clothes, have their own voices, their own ideas of what is right and wrong, and their own, sometimes skewed, view of reality. They are part of me, and to that extent probably qualify as "wish-fulfillment" characters, but they are also very different from me. For the most part they look better than I do (since I rarely play characters who are short, dumpy and nearsighted), fight better than I do, succeed more often than I do, and, in general, lead a much more exciting life.

Over the years, I have amassed an embarrassing number of player characters, many of them stemming from the "old days" of role playing when it was just me, Nicky, and our friend Gary (one DM and two "players"), so we played multiple characters, experimented with almost every class, race, sex, and alignment available (and some that weren't), and ended up with more characters than you could shake a stick at. Some of my favorite characters come from those ancient times; others are as recent as last week's game.

When Nicky and I were creating the world of Thule (in which we still game), and when I was "building" the Open City of Bast as a place for adventurers to spend their hard earned booty and as an exercise in compulsive list-making, I was also reading through the AD&D Players Handbook and DM Guide and fuming about the "thou-shalt-nots" that seemed to fill most of the pages. Being a product of the 1960's and a latent subversive and iconoclast, I

(2) Jackie Cassada. "Wayne, you're gonna love this. Read the capitals." 1990

immediately began generating characters that in any sane fantasy world would destroy that elusive ideal known as "game balance." Half-orcs became a passion of mine. Class and level limitations by race became my bane.

From these ingredients was born VanAlex Bloodyhand. Originally designed as an NPC to vent my social consciousness, VA became one of my favorite voices when running games set in Bast. Last year, Nicky began a campaign for me and two friends and allowed me to play him as a player character.

VANALEX BLOODYHAND real name: Alexander Dieter York, race: Half-Orc
Occupation: Fighter Sex: Male Hair: Black Eyes: Black Height: 6'
Lawful Neutral Secondary Occupation: Innkeeper/Social Activist

VanAlex has maximum stats for a half-orc as per the AD&D Players Handbook, 1st edition (including the implied maximum for dexterity on page 14). He is not immediately recognizable as a half-orc (on Thule, most half-orcs that live in human society are not hideous, ugly, brutish creatures or caricatures), and possesses an easy self-confidence most members of his "race" lack. The son of a noblewoman, VanAlex was raised in his mother's house by his grandfather until he was 13 years old, at which time his tainted blood was revealed to him in order to make it clear that he could in no way inherit the family's wealth. He ran away from home after faking his death, and found the Bloody Hand orcs--deciding that if his mother's people wouldn't have him, his father's people might.

He spent five years with the Bloody Hand tribe, becoming in time their war leader. His superior intelligence and physical ability enabled him to bring power and wealth to the Bloody Hand. But after five years, a diet of sauteed goblin and cave lizard pales on the palate, and VanAlex realized that, just as he was not entirely human, neither was he entirely orc. He left the tribe and embarked on a career as a mercenary. Eventually, he reached that level of expertise beyond which (according to the aforementioned handbook) half-orcs may not go. At this point, he gave up adventuring, returned to his home-town of Bast, sold most of his magic, cashed in his accumulated booty, and--under a new name--VanAlex Bloodyhand--opened an inn called Cohorcs. The inn quickly became a center for social agitation as VanAlex strove to introduce the concept of "half-orc pride," and demi-human rights to a city that was at least willing to entertain new ideas. Within a short period of time, he had earned a place on the city council as Guildmaster of the Innkeepers Guild and had founded the Society of Half-Orc Liberation (SOHOL).

Because of his early upbringing, VanAlex is well-educated, articulate, and civilized. His orcish blood has made him an extremely vicious and effective fighter. His proficiencies include broad weapons group:blades, tight weapons group:axes, and two weapon style (from the 2nd edition Complete Fighters Handbook). Non-weapon proficiencies include tracking, riding, cooking, and poetry.

As a player character, Van Alex has grown beyond his original concept.

Over the course of several months of play, Van Alex has developed levels I didn't expect to see. He has acquired a wife (a one-eyed swordswoman who is both helpmate and swordsister), and a family. Two of his "children"--an elven boy and a human girl--were bought from slavers as a prelude to wiping out their stronghold. By the time VanAlex and his traveling companions had spent time in the company of the children, they couldn't bear to part with them and so adopted them jointly. His third child is the four-year-old son of one of his companions, a half-elven cleric/mage. He has been a galley slave, visited the astral plane and fought githyanki, waged war against a group of powerful Slave Lords (and if you haven't played the AD&D "Slavers" scenario with Nicky as DM, you're missing a truly educational and emotional experience), and prevented a plot to take over his hometown. His experiences have not weighed lightly on him. He has gained a real compassion for and enjoyment of "little people"--the "generic" farmers, peasants, shopkeepers, etc. who live (or try to live) normal lives. He has taken a long hard look at himself and seen his own potential for evil and hunger for power (in defeating the Slave Lords, it was often necessary for us to think like them--which VanAlex found disturbingly easy). He has become, in many ways, the kind of "hero" I would like to see in fantasy--one who delights in coming home as much as in going away.

In playing VanAlex, I am able to be many things I am not in real life: a superb fighter, a brilliant politician, and a confident, easy speaker. I have also discovered something a little eerie: strategy and tactics have never been my strong points in gaming, but VanAlex is a more-than-decent tactician. Planning attacks on evil strongholds, organizing a party, making split-second decisions all come naturally to him--but not to me.

A similar phenomenon exerts itself in many of my best beloved characters. Galena Sukova, a Russian pilot (now with MILGOV and the U.S. Army), is a character I have played in an ongoing Twilight 2000 campaign which only recently came to an end. Besides possessing a knack for defusing potentially violent situations and mangling the English language (she speaks English quite well, actually, but has never quite mastered some of its more esoteric idioms), Galena is a heck of a lot braver than I could ever be. Ryder, an electric "Bard" from one of Jim Crabtree's post-tech/magic infested worlds, is utterly fearless--and often rushes in where I fear to tread. Julian, another AD&D character from Thule, is much more intelligent than I am. And my half-orc criminologist/telepath, Kismet--remember Kismet, Wayne?--from one of Mr. Peacock's early "orcs-in-space" games has a talent for hamming it up that I only rarely achieve. Which brings me to the ultimate in fantasy characters--someone truly non-human (for let's face it, when we play elves, dwarves, half-orcs, alien-students-of-the-force, or any other non-human player character we are playing characters that are at least partially human in their reactions, even though our characters don't look human).

When said Mr. Crabtree designed yet another permutation of his ever-changing game environment--this one loosely based on Gamma World in atmosphere--he told his players they could play almost any type of character they wanted. Pure-strain humans were a rarity; mutant humanoids and sentient animals and plants abounded.

"Fine," I said. "I wanna play a cat." "Oh," said he. "You can play a cat-like humanoid with opposable thumbs and a prehensile tail so you can use some of the high-tech items and..." "No," I demurred. "I wanna play a cat." And so "Tut" was born.

TUT real name: "He Who Would Under More Fortunate Circumstances Be Called Fluffy" race: Dom. Sh'hr. (cat) sex: male (neutered) height: 10-14" weight: 12 pounds. Occupation: Order of Knights, Scout.

Tut is a cat. But he is an intelligent cat with various psionic powers including telepathy (so that Tut could "talk" in words of more than one syllable) and phasing (so that he had a good defense to make up for his lousy strength and constitution). Tut's past is more or less a mystery to me--and not terribly important to him. He is several generations removed from some sort of genetic experimentation laboratory, and has joined the Brotherhood of Knights who are dedicated to bringing peace and order to a battered and beaten and poisonous surface world ruled over by marauders, dark necromancers, and nature gone amuck.

Tut's primary goals are being fed and petted, not getting eaten by carnivores, avoiding dog-like creatures, and fighting for world peace. He craves affection and attention, has an extremely short attention span (is wont to chase his tail in the midst of delicate negotiations--and since he is a communications specialist, he is often a primary part of the negotiation team), and hates to look foolish. He is not above using his ability to mentally control other creatures to summon dinner (non-sentient small creatures being his preference) or allies. By the end of our first 5-week gaming session, Tut had acquired a personal army of 30 white mice who had been genetically altered to discharge electricity upon contact--his own "shock" troops.

Playing Tut was a thoroughly enjoyable exercise in being a cat--and after watching my own five cats for several years, I think I have the hang of it. I played him mostly through body language and descriptions of what he "did"--rather than by speaking in character. Although Tut is an accomplished telepath and can communicate mind-to-mind, he is trying to learn to speak. He can, for example, greet people with a very practiced "Huh-woe."

Although he originated as a gimmick, Tut became a fully fleshed-out character through play--making fast friends of his companions and fellow "knights" and clawing his way into the hearts and minds of the players (I think).

This brings up an important facet of playing characters: their interactions with other characters and/or NPC's. This is, at least for me, one reason why I decided against including "character sheets" or extensive stats for my characters of choice. No character exists in a vacuum--or entirely on paper. When I look at a character record sheet, regardless of how complete or detailed it is, I think of job resumes. All I see is a conglomeration of facts. It is only during play that the character reveals him/herself to me--and then it is usually in response to people my character meets.

I have a hard time playing anti-social characters, or characters that deliberately set out to make enemies or screw other players' characters. I like the feeling that my character is part of a group of people that care about each other--and one of the first things I do when I begin playing a character is attempt to bond with my companions. (RPGA tournaments acknowledge the importance of this aspect of role-playing by giving players a handle on how their characters relate to the other members of their group.)

A number of my characters have formed romantic bonds or extremely close friendships with other characters or NPCs. I do believe that player characters have personal lives and I enjoy entertaining thoughts about what those lives are like. I know what my characters do between adventures, who their friends are, who their enemies are, what they think about when they are "on watch," and what they hope for in the long run. This is part of what makes characters fun to play. In some ways, for me, the adventure always continues.

In Part One (Nicky's part) of this column, she discussed the "wish fulfillment" character. In the extreme, this is a big problem, since that type of character rarely has a truly unique personality (being so heavily saddled with someone else's burdens) and gets tiresome to other people (since they rarely have noticeable faults or weaknesses). My own personal follow-up is a related phenomenon (mentioned in our last column)--the "wish-fulfillment NPC." Herein lies a tale.

WISH FULFILLMENT NPCS

NPC's are precisely what the initials stand for: Non-Player Characters. They are the GM's voice in his/her own game. They are information sources for the players, sometime traveling companions, and often close friends or hated enemies in the characters' world. They are also a vehicle through which a Gamemaster can experience his/her world. NPC's are characters, too.

When they are underutilized, they are simply set-pieces to introduce scenarios, bilk characters of their money, or provide someone to rescue or defeat. When they are overutilized, they are the bane of a player character's existence. Many GM's (and I am one of them)enjoy sending NPC's along with the adventuring party. In a small gaming group, this is often a necessity for party balance, since there is often a gaping hole in the range of skills covered by only a few player characters. (Imagine going into an evil temple without a cleric, or playing almost any game system without a competent medic or healer.)

Now imagine an NPC who is better at just about everything than any member of the adventuring party, who is the central figure in the scenario, who deals the definitive blow in the final confrontation, and who makes the party wonder why they even bothered to tag along since "Mr./Ms. Wonderful" can obviously do it all without their help.

Several years ago, I used to game with someone who ran very imaginative, complex, exciting and well-researched games--but had an unfortunate penchant for stealing the show with an NPC that was so competent and knowledgeable that the party was relegated to a back seat. This GM rarely acknowledged the other characters' existence except in how they related to "Mr. Wonderful." All post-game conversation centered around the NPC's actions, motivations, and brilliance. It soon got tedious--especially when it occurred in scenario after scenario, regardless of game-system. As players, we spent more time listening to what the NPC was doing than we did playing the game ourselves.

It's a tricky trap. Most of us like to have NPC's that are real to our player characters. This involves making them every bit as complex and complete as the player characters. With NPCs that are more than mouthpieces, there is always a tendency to overplay them. I have become gun-shy about my NPC's--having experienced "Mr. Wonderful" so many times that now I tend to underplay my NPCs. I am still trying to find the balance between what makes an NPC a valued party member or contact and what makes him/her a target for scorn from my players.

At some point in time, both Nicky and I will probably do a column on the NPC phenomenon. Meanwhile, suffice it to say that most problems with player characters and NPC's can probably be solved by realizing that no one can be everything all the time. "Mr./Ms. Wonderful" will probably burn out from stress at an early age.

End of column notes: I enjoyed reading most of last issue and am really glad to be a part of MOTIVE. I would prefer to deliver feedback/critique on fellow contributors' articles in person, however, so I think that article-by-article commentaries on previous issues will be a rarity in this column. (Which has nothing to do with meaningful dialogue on controversial or problematic issues). I had originally intended to do a column on tournament gaming--since this is the month before GENCON--and since Nicky and I just returned from ORIGINS (where the gamers from our area did exceptionally well in the prize department). Maybe next issue we'll be able to explore the whys and hows of competitive gaming (not a contradiction in terms). Other aspects we'd like to cover include designing campaigns or one-night games, comparing game worlds, and the image of gamers--to mention a few. Personally, I'd like to see descriptions of games other people run--world designs, scenarios, set-ups, etc. MOTIVE has attracted a bunch of extremely talented people (including the Emperor of the Known Universe) who run neat games. Unfortunately, I can't play in all of them, and I'd like to "share the experience" at least vicariously. So, if we're going to have more "theme" issues, how about one focusing on games we have run or worlds we have created?---Jackie

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Welcome to the next part of the "why can't I ever do anything early show???" It is now July 5 and I am first starting to work on this issues' stuff. Unfortunately I have been slaving in the fields for 60 hours a week, and have not even had time to think about much non-work stuff. So for all of you who don't like crosswords, you luck out this issue. The others of you..... SORRY. As this is the character issue, I do of course have AMPERION : Duke of Lightning for you to see. Till next time

AMPERION'S THOUGHTS: Bolts of Bedevilment

AMPERION Duke of Lightning

As a youth raised in Asheville N.C. Steven (Steve to his friends) Alex Browning [no relation to the gunmaker] thought the power and cable companies were run by ninnies and fools. During the winters cable was off for days at a time and anytime there was an electrical storm hit, the power would flicker on and off, forcing him to reset all those digital clocks that take forever to fix. Since it was also hard to read his SF/Fantasy books by candle light, Steve grew to loathe storms and "those companies". As his schooling progressed he found an affinity for all things electrical. So in college he majored in Electrical Engineering, and even co-oped with CP&L. After graduation he was promoted to a supervisory position at the Asheville power plant.

Mere months later there was a severe storm. As he was watching "STAR TREK II: The Wrath of Khan" (volume up quite high), he didn't notice the storm until the power went out. Having had a little too much to drink, the sudden power loss infuriated him. Rushing off to the plant, he grabbed the repair truck keys and set off to restore power. Insanely climbing the pole the pole he fixed the cable. Suddenly a huge cloud moved overhead and a bolt struck him down from the pole. Due to the bizarre combination of drunkenness, pretzels, Coca-Cola (used as a chaser, never mixed), and his own mental aberrations, Steve was not slain, but turned into AMPERION. Luckily his new power sobered him enough to get home safely, where he immediately watched the rest of the movie (fortunately the bolt hit him, instead of his jury-rigging). Seeing Spock give himself for the others reminded him that sacrifices must be made, so he swore to use his powers for the "Good of the Many", not to mention some incidental fame. As noone saw the 'accident' at the pole he was able to keep his identity secret.The only question raised was from his boss, who noticed that the truck had been used. Steve explained, substituting courage for drunkenness, and the manager placed him in charge of the special new unit.............CRUDD..... (Carolina's Repair of Utilities in Disasters Division), which was becoming necessary due to Super-villain damage.

From the above origin sprang a figure out of legend... AMPERION Duke of Lightning. He adventured in New Asheville for a summer in Jeff Briton's campaign, which ended with the party flying off into deep space in an alien ship we had found. Some time later he reappeared on Earth without any knowledge of what happened in space. Since then he has travelled, assisting Triangle GeoChemical once, and even Ward Major. Another of his pursuits is avoiding BASH (Bricks Against Stupid Acronyms). He typically introduces himself as AMPERION Duke of Lightning in an excessively loud (but deep) voice, usually offering the chance to surrender before anyone is hurt (which for an unknown reason has never been accepted!!!) He is a good guy, perhaps a little fond of attention, but ever-ready to go out and do what needs to be done.

As far as power goes he does not rank very highly. He has been modified several times to play in one-night adventures that were after the arrival of Champions II and then III, but has not been used since the new book came out. So if he seems out of date, I hope it doesn't bother you too much, but if you decide top have guest appear in your own campaign, I am sure you'll want to alter him a bit anyway.

AMPERION Duke of Lightning

Cost	Char	Value
5	Strength	15
39	Dexterity	23
36	Const.	28
0	Body Pips	10
5	Intellig.	15
0	Ego	10
5	Presence	15
1	Comeliness	12
0	Phys. Def.	3(12)
0	Ener. Def.	6(18)
7	Speed	4
0	Recovery	9
1	Endurance	58
0	Stun pips	32
99	Total	

Points	Power / Skills
5	Area Knowledge (Triangle) 14<
5	Computer Programming 12<
11	Electrician 16<
11	Security Systems 18< (Electrical only)
5	Instant Change
35	Armor +9 pd +12 ed
9	+3 levels w/ Energy Blast
60	60pt. Multipower (Electrical)
12	var.slot 8d6 A-P E=blast
12	var.slot 30" Flight
2	ultra 6d6 Flash (2/day)

167....+99= 266 points

Disadvantages

Secret Id	15
Code vs. Killing	20
2x Stun from water attacks	10
Accidental Change when doused by water (bucketfull...)	5

Fear of Large Bodies of Water	10
3d6/phase when completely immersed in water	15
Hunted by Black Paladin 8<	20
Enraged when attacked by a killing attack 14< rec 8<	25

Disad total	120
Exp Spent	46
Total	266

Int roll 12 Dex roll 14 Ego roll 11 Perc roll 12 Phases 3.6.9.12
OCV 8 DCV 8 ECV 3 (remember 3 levels w/e-blast)

PAGE III

(The Short One)

Well as I wind down the typing for this issue I see that the winner in the "When will Mike finish this submission is Paul Patino....approx. 5 hours early, but the next closest was about 23 hours late!

As for the rest of the Motive Questionnaire data, I will have to hold out till next issue (as most were received late and the fact that I have had almost zero free time for the past two months). I will say that answers varied considerably and that Elvis is dead by a vote of 9-0 (plus a "silly", a "always in our hearts", a "yes/no", and most vehement "TIRED OF THIS ELVIS SHIT". The only other real common thought was that a lot of us cannot prioritize our favorites, they come in groups that switch places in relation to the times. Oh well, more on all that next time.

Finally a few lines on last issues stuff....

White Noise: Pretty neat. Look forward to dialogue so I can understand.

Monkey Man: Interesting Champions char. As for Sersus unreal....great but most importantly....does he sell any tail-growing tonics???

Death to Fan: BattleTech idea worked very very well. The first rule of Combat Football.......yes, you do so play in the Planetology Lab!!!! Back to issue 1.....why no review for the classic....Nuclear War/Escalation??

Vulcan Poetry: Diplomacy...I'd have to buy a set, but the game was fun last time I played.

Elvis Post: Who drew the most excellant Brownie?? 2nd in joke...I know. More on Edge.

Titleless: Ok Darrell isn't UNCA at Asheville redundant??

Brass Monkey: More Champions stuff.....please.

Well I have to hurry, to get to Kinko's before closing so that I can Federal Express this to Wayne tomorrow morning and beat the deadline once again. So obviously there is not a new crossword (SORRY DEENA), but I'll try and have one and something else for next time, plus the chapter for the book that is sadly unstarted so far, and more Champions stuff. Till then, May your dice roll well and the GM not hate you like they do me!!!

Fishy Bits

Kevin Ingle 🐸 and Sonia Handforth-Kome 🦀
2820 Westfield Road, Charlotte, NC 28209

In order to induce that special schizophrenic quality so typical of most games of *Call of Cthulhu*, I will preface this article with the information that there are two people writing it. Each of the authors involved will (of course) refer to him/her self as "I", with no other identification made. I should note, however, that I am the reasonable member of this partnership.

To introduce the two people mentioned in the header:

🐸 Kevin H. Ingle is working at Apple Computer Inc. in Charlotte. He works the third shift, part of the first shift, and occasionally part of the second shift. For those of you adding on your fingers and coming up with more than 40 hours a week, YES! you are correct. Kevin is averaging 65-80 hours a week at work, which makes him 1) rich, 2) irritable when awake, 3) not awake frequently.

🦀 Sonia Handforth-Kome is "working" at Freeman, McClintock and Wells in Charlotte. The job is very silly. She is at the workplace from 9:00 am to 5:00 pm, which means that she knows someone else (besides the cat) is living in her house, but she's never really seen him. Sometimes something in the bedroom stirs and snores, but she's never had the courage to investigate.

Both Kevin and Sonia would like to get out more frequently, and have hopes that eventually they will meet people to game with - heck, to *talk* with - in Charlotte. Until that time, they read copiously, make messes in the kitchen, go for long walks in the neighborhood, which is gorgeous, rent video tapes, and yes, Mike, recycle their bottles, cans, newspapers and plastic drink containers .

Sport V. Neuter 🐈 (not mentioned in the header) is the only one who really knows what happens in that house. He explains to anyone who will listen that he is starving and unloved. He is actually the one writing these articles.

While I'm about introductions (which the other person writing this APAzine left out last time) let me explain a few things. One of us is a

Call of Cthulhu fanatic. One of us isn't. I am not going to spend all my time writing about only one game system and only one game, so I guess that I am the "bits" part of this 'zine. Since I currently control the computer (nyyaahahahaha...), probably most of this article, possibly all of it will be written by me this time.

I enjoy Gamemastering *Call of Cthulhu.* This is not because I enjoy arbitrarily maiming and killing player characters by presenting them with monsters that they cannot hope to remain sane facing, let alone whole. Quite the opposite, in fact. I enjoy a game where the players have a chance to develop their characters and roleplay a great deal. Contrary to popular belief, *Cthulhu* is an excellent game setting for intricate plots and involved investigatory work, allowing the PC's to explore and interact with each other, NCP's, and their surroundings quite thoroughly.

What is your idea of how a usual *Cthulhu* game goes? Let me guess: the party gets together through whatever means. Maybe some of them have some previous experience with or knowledge of *Cthulhu* Mythos, probably not. Everyone is fairly to very sane. Everyone is (for some bizarre reason) heavily armed with conventional weapons, but no one has any magic. They meet some cultists, or find some strange artifact, start to investigate. Nyarlathotep shows up, eats their heads off, sucks their brains out, and uses their fingers for toothpicks. Those overlooked by the big N are hopelessly insane. End of game.

My goodness, what fun.

Call of Cthulhu can be a very discouraging game if it is not approached properly. Why play a game when you know that your character(s) are going to be killed no matter what they do? I hate a game where my character's actions, and the actions of other PCs, make no difference to the outcome. What's the point? Unfortunately, it is easy *in Cthulhu* for the Gamesmaster to get lazy and allow the monsters to overwhelm the players.

Cthulhu , because of the nature of the nasties, requires the Gamesmaster to develop a plot - with a lot of little side plots - that allows the player characters to realize that their cozy little lives will never be the same; that *things* exist that they had never even attempted to imagine; that all is not right with the world, nor will it ever be. The characters start out with life as usual, and only slowly fall into the amazing weirdness that *Cthulhu* engenders.

Although a game can be very brief; one of the "washed off the road by a fierce rainstorm and see the castle on the hill" (or the *Evil Dead II*) type games which last - in game terms - only one night, it is also possible to run a long-term *Cthulhu* game, one in which the PC's may spend game-months or years reaching the conclusion. Of course, a brief game can be used as an introduction to, or an episode in, an extended game. The approaches to these different types of games are obviously different.

In the brief game, the PC's come upon their departure from sane reality suddenly. Most horror movies deal with this type of scenario; for instance, *The Thing, The Unnameable, Evil Dead II* all deal with a small group of fairly ordinary people who stumble onto a single terrible creature and have to figure out how to survive the encounter. There is an exception to the "No Cthulhu Mythos Knowledge to Start With" rule in *The Unnameable* ; one of the characters (the one who kept saying "stay away, don't go in there, leave it alone") did have considerable knowledge of what to expect and how to handle it. In a brief game, when the PC's will not get an opportunity to study Cthulhu Mythos before being thrown to the nasties, either one or more of the characters should have prior knowledge or experience of the Mythos, or the players should be able to solve their dilemma with the materials and information at hand.

In the extended game, the PC's gradually gain information that indicates that maybe something more than meets the ordinary eye is afoot. (Please pardon all my body parts. When dealing with *Cthulhu* they tend to get scattered about.) Players should start out with NO CTHULHU MYTHOS KNOWLEDGE AT ALL. As far as they are concerned, something as mundane as vampires may - I repeat may - exist, but only if the imagination is stretched as far as possible, and the loony bin risked to speak of such beliefs. Definitely nothing as terrible as a Dark Young or a Hound of Tindalos (let alone the Big Guys) could possibly exist, or even be imagined to exist. That is why players loose sanity when they find out what the world is "really" like.

There are not any good movie examples that come to mind, primarily because movies have to reach a conclusion within 2 to 3 hours, and extended *Cthulhu* games do not. For instance, imagine a college professor who studies philosophy. He encounters a manuscript which discusses the presence of "unthinkable" beings in the world. Of course, being a man who makes his living by thinking, the term "unthinkable" is tantalizing to him, and he begins research into these beings. He calls up his friend at the Museum and asks her if she has any information about the manuscript or any other references to these "unthinkable" creatures. She does some research for him, and calls a friend of hers, a librarian, to help her. Meanwhile, some cultists notice the increased interest in these "forbidden" topics, and decide to find out just who wants to know what. And so the game begins.... and may take game - years to end, as the professor and his associates are drawn further into the world of cults and gods previously unseen and unimagined.

Yes, at the (or one of the) climactic final battle(s), one, several or all of the party members may be killed or driven insane. In most of the Lovecraft books, even if there was a survivor, he was usually not very sane, and he usually did not even want to talk about his experiences, let alone go on another adventure. In *The Unnameable*, one of the characters is calmly but rapidly studying ancient books in a sorcerer's library, looking for some way to contain or destroy the monster living in the house. One of his fellow adventurers is running around upstairs in the sorcerer's house, looking for four of his friends who went into the house and are now missing. After he has found one man minus a head, and another hanging mangled over a bowl to catch the blood, he races downstairs and shouts into the library "there are people DYING up there!". His comrade does not even look up, merely switches books, at the same time commenting "That is to be expected".

Death is a possibility in many game systems, it is just more likely to happen in *Call of Cthulhu* than in most others. Death is the spice of the game; the players really do not know if their characters will survive their encounters with cultists, monsters and magic, but it is a lot of fun to put up a hell of a fight, and victory is very sweet. Remember, though, just because there is a greater possibility of death/insanity in this game system, does not mean that it has to occur. Part of the gamesmaster's responsibility is to allow the players enough latitude to think or act their way out of any given situation. For instance, in one game in which I was involved, a Hunting Horror was summoned and sent to one of the PC's (Dr. Richardson Pritard) staterooms. Incidentally, earlier that evening, one of the NPC's (Fagin) had gone to the stateroom to search it, and then wait for Pritard to come back. Fagin intended to "silence" Pritard using whatever means were necessary (Dr. Pritard went out of his way to piss off as many NCPs as possible). Meanwhile, Pritard was on deck, staking out (pun intended) the cargo area, where he was certain a vampire was staying. He did not come home all night. The Hunting Horror entered the stateroom and ate Fagin. Had Pritard come in earlier, he would have encountered Fagin, whom he could have either attempted to overpower or fasttalk. If he had survived that encounter (which he probably would have - Fagin was a fence, not a fighter), he may or may not have been in his stateroom when the Hunting Horror showed up. If he was, he had knowledge of a spell to control the creature; he also had possession of a spear he had enchanted earlier in the campaign. He would not have been able to beat the monster by himself, but he could possibly have held it off until help arrived (and in fact, later in the game when another Hunting Horror was summoned, it was overcome by the party). Pritard had a chance of dying in any of the planned encounters (which he ended up avoiding altogether), but he also had a good chance of surviving, if he acted intelligently and in character. As the game turned out, Dr. Pritard was badly spooked - he lost a small amount of sanity when he returned to his stateroom and found it splashed floor to ceiling, wall to wall with blood and body parts -, was certain that the "vampire" was out to get him (there was no vampire, but the NCP so accused was out to get him), and was thoroughly misled for some time about just exactly who the bad guys were.

However, even if a player's character gets killed, there is no reason that player has to leave the game. Simply roll up another character, develop a plausible reason to enter that character in the game, and keep playing.

Bits about plot ideas for:

“BENEATH THE WAVES”

The following section is a sample scenario, with a few trimmings. The bones of the scenario are fairly well in place, but the fleshing out of plot and events is left for the gamesmaster and players to work out. This scenario can be used to lead into a campaign that ranges from Spain to Egypt (plus anywhere else the players happen to wander).

Time: Present

Setting: Start in North Carolina, coastal town

PC Cast: Private investigators

NPC Main Cast: Evil sister Beth: she has thrown in her lot with the cultists. Although she is not of a very high rank among the cultists, she has lost enough sanity to make her behavior a little odd the the investigators. She acts slightly furtive, and laughs to herself when she thinks no one is around. She will be almost too helpful to the investigators, overtly claiming that her father is innocent, but actually giving the impression that she thinks he's guilty. She will react defensively to questions about where she was at the time of the murder, but will respond that she was at work as usual. If asked where her sister worked, she will lie, or say that she doesn't know (she got her sister the job after James had left on his sailing trip). She will not respond well to investigators following her or “protecting” her, but will not insist that they stay away - she will set up a “boat accident” and have the Deep Ones assist her if necessary to divert the investigators from the cults activities.

Innocent father James: he is an older man, around 65 years of age. He is slightly eccentric, but very gentle. He has a habit of peering at things, squinting slightly as if he can't see well. He believes that his daughter's murder is his fault, and he is fearful for the life of his other daughter. He wants her protected at all times to ensure her safety.

Dead sister Ellen: she was a very tidy girl, studying journalism at UNC-CH. Her room at home will have pictures of college roommates and friends tucked in around the dresser mirror, a neatly made bed, and some neatly stacked notebooks full of class notes and project ideas. Her car, which is parked somewhat haphazardly outside the house, has her wet suit and diving gear tossed in the back, and a notebook flung out of sight under the front passenger seat. The notebook contains sketchy notes of her summer so far, including that she got a job, with whom, and when she started work. Also in the notebook is an entry "Spanish ship? too early, no record", and tucked between the pages, folded in quarters is an photograph. The picture, which was taken underwater, is very murky, but seems to show the ribs of a ship poking out of sand, with a few indeterminate figures hovering above.

Other NPC's: Sheriff Tate: he firmly believes that James is guilty. He is handling this case because it is the first murder case in 10 years. He will list Motive, Method and Opportunity if questioned about his belief. He sees no need for private investigators to nose about, but he can't stop 'em if they don't break the law.

Nosy Neighbor Sarrie: she can't get out much any more, so she spends a lot of time just watchin' people. Yes, it seemed like Ellen was going out diving a lot - she started carrying her divin' gear out every morning about two weeks after she came home for the summer. Now let me see...yep, that was about a week after her daddy left on that boat trip. Both them two sisters were doin' alot of divin'. Seemed like Beth was around more than she had been for the last few months. Terrible thing Ellen dyin' like that. Can't imagine what caused it. Not Mr. O'Neil, no sir. He was the quietest thing, wouldn't hurt a fly. Why you know, he was a Doctor during the war. No sir, not Mr. O'Neil. No, didn't see nothin' unusual really. Both girls came home earlier than they had been, one day, tho'... come to think of it, they both seemed upset... Bethie went back out again. Can't remember what day that was. All days pretty much the same now...

Coast Guard Captain Carruthers: he is a busy man, but he will take the time to answer your questions. There is a group of folks treasure hunting off the shoals. He thinks it is a bad idea, very dangerous waters. He has a cutter check on them every day, and he has made sure that their license is real. They are with some historical society or other, looking for a previously unknown ship. Ha! good luck to them. There are a lot of ships sunk off those shoals.

Ocracoke Police officer Carl "Toad" Teeter: he has known James O'Neil since he moved to the island. Toad simply can not believe that James murdered anyone, let alone his lovely daughter. He'd be more than willing to join in the investigation, even if it isn't his case. Toad talks with the distinctive island accent, and is a repository of old tales and legends of the Outer Banks.

The Beginning: The private investigators receive a phone call from a tense sounding man. He states that he is in prison right now, would like to hire them to investigate his daughter's murder, and although he is innocent of the charge of murder leveled against him, he is less concerned about his innocence than about the fact that his other daughter may be in danger. Would the investigators please come to Swan Quarter jail to talk to him about this case?

Important Plot Information: James O'Neil is a retired army surgeon who served in WWII in Egypt with the British 8th Army. While in Egypt he worked with a supply sergeant to find an alternate source of medicines when their Unit's supply lines were cut. He became fascinated with the herbal lore and "magic" he found in some of the small shops in Cairo and Alexandria. After he retired from the army, he settled down on Ocracoke Island and continued his Egyptian studies, importing such supplies as he needed from Cairo through contacts he had made during the war. He was able to fund his hobby firstly with money he made during the war by various ventures, and later with money left to him by his rich wife, who died when his two daughters were still very young. The terms of the will left him $100,000, along with control of two $1,000,000 trust funds; one for each of his daughters. His daughters would receive their inheritance when they turned 21.

Two days ago, he returned from a two week sailing trip to find his older (20 years old) daughter Ellen dead by the liquor cabinet. There was a spilled drink by her hand, and an opened, empty bottle of gin on the counter. Ellen was home for the summer from her college.

Yesterday James was arrested for the murder of his daughter - Motive: her birthday was one month away, at which time he would lose control of her very large trust fund. Method: a rare poison was found in the gin left in the glass. The poison was identified as one of those James kept in his laboratory. Opportunity: Ellen had been home for several weeks, and during that time had made herself several gin and tonics, which she proclaimed were her new "drink of choice". When she decided not to go on the sailing trip with her father in order to look for work, all he had to do was poison the gin. She would undoubtedly have a drink before he returned, and since there was only enough gin left for one drink, and the poison used evaporated with the alcohol out of the bottle (and, in theory, the glass), there would have been no evidence of poisoning when he returned. The poison was a vegetable derivative, acting like curare: extremely difficult to detect in the body, and acting to induce a heart attack. If the daughter had drunk the whole drink before dying, no trace of the poison would have been found in the glass. Even if poison was suspected, it would not have been detected in the body.

James did not commit the murder. He thinks the murder was committed to keep him from publishing a book of findings from his research. He had sworn an oath of secrecy to several of the "magic" men he had encountered while in Egypt in order to convince them to share their secrets.

Actually, the murder was committed by the younger sister, Beth (19 years old), who is working as a diver along the dangerous shoals which make up the Ship's Graveyard seaward from Ocracoke and Hatteras Islands. A cult has hired Beth to help them uncover a great hidden treasure that sank with a Spanish galleon in 1499. Beth has become involved with the cult, and has adopted their goals as her own. Although she lives with her father, she spends all of her days, and most of her nights with her friends and co-workers (the cultists). Ellen worked as diver and ship's crew during the summers, and she had asked Beth to help her get work with Beth's people. Beth was happy to help, since she assumed that Ellen would join the glorious cause of the cultists, and when she came of age, would use her money to further their recovery attempts. Ellen was horrified when she found out what Beth was into, and threatened to tell their father everything when he got back from his sailing trip. Beth could not be sure that Ellen had not written anything down, so she killed her in a way that would discredit James, in case Ellen had managed to leave him a letter. Beth got her to take the drink as a sort of peace offering: "All right, calm down Ellen; here, drink this, you need it; look- it's not as bed as you're making out! These are decent people.... Oh gee, look. She's dead. Idiot." Beth made sure that there was enough gin in the glass, and enough poison in the gin to make analysis easy. She knew that her father would not be home until the next day, and she didn't want the evidence to evaporate. She poured out the rest of the gin so the bottle would be empty.

The treasure for which Beth and the cult are so avidly searching is a single chest, sealed with an Elder Sign, which was being transported in utter secrecy by order of Inquisitor-General Diego de Deza to the recently discovered New World. Deza had discovered that Torquemada was using the Spanish Inquisition to collect sacred and magical items. One of the items was so powerful that Torquemada became frightened, and sealed it into the chest, intending to hide it away where no one could find it. The effort of creating the Elder Sign killed the 78 year old man before he could complete this mission and hide the chest. His dying request was that the chest be taken somewhere that no man could find it, but did not specify what was in the chest. His last wish was respected by Deza, who was frightened by anything that would frighten Torquemada. The ship encountered a storm off the coast of Ocracoke, ripped out her bottom on the shoals, and sank with all hands. Deza kept a private record that the ship had sailed with a "powerful talisman of evil aboard her", although he did not specifically state what the "talisman" was.

There is a colony of Deep Ones in the shoals around the Outer Banks. Deep Ones are an amphibious marine race that serve Cthulhu. They are immortal, and can breed with humans, producing immortal offspring. The offspring of a Deep One - human mating appears human as a child, gets uglier as it gets older, and at 1D20 + 20 years undergoes a rapid transformation into a Deep One. Humans with a lesser taint of Deep One blood transform at a later age, or to a lesser degree.

They cannot approach the chest, but they can locate the approximate resting spot under centuries of sand and sunken ships, because of the Elder Sign used to seal the chest. The cultists also have possession of Deza's private journal, some of Torquemada's private journal entries as well as some documents left by one of Torquemada's inquisition victims.

Red Herrings:
The trust fund is a red herring. James O'Neil has enough money for his purposes, and is not a greedy man.

The whole Egypt thing is a red herring, having nothing to do with the Ocracoke campaign. However, if the party insists on going to Egypt, there is a second campaign with a second group of cultists. Meanwhile, back at Ocracoke, chaos is loosed upon the world.....

Magic Items / Books: The chest is sealed with an Elder Sign. The item within the chest looks like a sacrificial dagger. It has an octopus-like creature on one side of the hilt, a black lotus on the other, and runes carved down both sides of the blade. This dagger is actually the key to unlock the "vast black door" behind which Cthulhu slumbers on sunken R'lyeh. If the party succeeds in obtaining this item, they will be pursued by every Cthulhu-worshipping cultist, plus any other cultists who can sense the power of the object. If the party doesn't obtain the key, the cultists will continue salvage operations until the key is recovered, then guard the key against the day that R'lyeh rises once more. Deep Ones will instantly obey whoever holds the key, although they will not act contrary to their nature.

Bits about Mailing Comments:

WHITE NOISE: No, it doesn't really make any sense yet, but so what? Yes, I like what I've seen so far, and look forward to having it make sense in the future.

THE GAME IS A - FOOT: Morally upright? I think I shot one of those in my pajamas, once. Writing Mailing Comments on mailing comments seems to be a short road to infinity, so I'm not going to. Do you play any of the old games you are so kindly exhuming for our viewing pleasure? I'm curious - In the Fox Game, do the Geese win very often?

TRANSDIMENSIONAL BLUES: Wow, you have spent a lot of time developing a lot of good detail. Your world breathes by itself. How much of this history does the average player have to know in order to function in/enjoy a game in this world? I like the "Film at Eleven" approach; it lends an immediacy to the information about current events in your world.

DRUIDS' CAULDRON/WITCHES' BREW: Nicky, you're right. Even mature role-players have difficulty not being selfish sometimes. It's hard to have a great plan in mind and then have to wait your turn. After all, part of being a hero is hogging the limelight; however, most of my enjoyment in a game is in the interaction between the characters: the Gestalt formed by the players and the gamesmaster in the creation of a story. Incidentally, another aspect of role-playing is keeping your knowledge separate from the knowledge of your character. It is sometimes difficult to remember that even though YOU know that the gamesmaster likes to trap doors, your character doesn't necessarily know that he/she should be cautious.

Jackie, I agree. The gamesmaster's own personality should be invisible during a game; when the player looks at/hears the gamesmaster, they should see/hear the character they are addressing, or their own inner voice (" it occurs to you that he might have gotten into trouble"). The gamesmaster contributes to the Gestalt of the game, and should spend no more time on any one aspect of it (like descriptions of landscape) than the characters do.

RUNES, RAVENS, AND REINDEER: I really like the name "Enturin the Intolerant". This guy is a PC? Must be fun to play him. The punching and wrestling table is a good idea. I have known campaigns during which the players frequently got into brawls. Doing melee for these fights was difficult. Question: if a character is foolish enough to punch someone in armor without calling the shot, do they damage themselves?

TAIL OF THE MONKEY MAN: What is it with Russian heroes? I want to see an Arab hero, or a Mexican hero, or a Serbo-Croatian hero. Sure, the accent is harder to fake, but think of the possibilities. All of which aside, Comrade Amerika would be fun to meet. Ultra Patriot scares the pee right out of me. Thank Bog he doesn't evangelize. Or actually exist. Does Sersus know why cavemen drag their women by the hair?

DEATH TO ALL FANATICS: Void, another Russian superhero. Jeesh. The interview with Brunt was a neat idea. I think a brief bio-blurb at the beginning (or end) of the article explaining some of the references made by Brunt and the interviewer would have been helpful. The interviewer was obviously in possession of information that we average readers did not have.

Null, MILIEU. I am not a Battletech fan, although it is occasionally fun to watch. The names of your pilots are clever - you, or someone you know, watch entirely too much TV, among other things.

THE GAMING SPOUSE: Hello to both of you. Pat, Papa Jawa is delightful. He can't have my car, tho. Carl, Susan is a nasty little trick to play on unsuspecting PCs. Shame on you.

THE BLUE VIEW: Open question: what exactly is the cube/square rule? I know it is a formula that describes the limits of height a creature can grow to without having to be too massive to move, but what is the formula? Philosophically speaking, how did the "unmoved mover" have an idea that was not based within its experience? Where did the idea originate? I guess that is the difference between a Creator and us ordinary mortals.

BOLTS OF BEDEVILMENT: Mystery Science Theater 3000? For goodness sake, Mike. Get a life. Enjoy it.

SECRETS OF VULCAN POETRY REVEALED: Deena, thank you for the GA guide to gaming. I am sure it will help with the in-jokes.

THE IMPERIAL ELVIS POST: At last! an all too brief glimpse into the world of Edge. Regarding your combat rules, why is dismounting/mounting counted as a task? Certainly a rider can jump on a horse within 5 seconds. Ditto Nocking and Firing an arrow.

If a character has chosen 4 actions for his combat round, but then must dodge or parry twice before completing his stated actions, must he forgo at least one of his actions, and how is his haste modifier effected?

Explain in more detail and using examples (pretty please) how you are using free intelligence for sorcerers. Thank you so much.

THE COLUMN IN SEARCH OF A CLEVER HEADING: The Paradigm is an interesting way to plot a "short" adventure, but what about a long-term campaigns? Oh, and HI! Darrell, how are you? Intellects, right? You like girls with big.....intellects.

TALES OF THE BRASS MONKEY: Sorry Master Magic's character sheet can't be read. I'm glad to find out more about him. You play the character well. Nightstalker is lucky that she isn't really undead.

* * *

MINAC hell! How do you stop this thing?

NEXT TIME

Something completely different, unless 🐸 grabs the computer back.

COLUMN IN SEARCH OF A CLEVER HEADING
(subtitled: one of the 'zines not done on a Mac)

Darrell Autrey (Dawoo)
79 Garren Creek
Fairview, NC 28730

Gosh, issue two of MOTIVE. Last issue was great fun. My comments:

WHITE NOISE: I enjoyed the art, especially after Wayne told me that John has only been drawing for about a year.

TGIAF: Interesting and extensive comments and we play Fox and Geese with two foxes at our house.

TRANS: I was lost until I got a copy of MOTIVE ZERO to fill me in, then I was very impressed with the amount of work done. Loved the Monkey Rap.

Druid's and Witches': Big kiss Jack. Greetings Nick. I enjoyed the article. One point, sometimes it can be good to separate the party. If the thief in question had been linked to the main party via some sort of telepathy, there could have been some interesting and tense moments, like in ALIENS when the creatures first attacked and the characters in the ship could only listen.

R&R&R: Interesting NPCs but the wrestling stuff was beyond me.

TAIL: Good stuff. Between this offering and issue ZERO's, this promises to be one the most interesting 'zines.

DEATH: Hi Chad. Hi Stewart. Good stuff. On 20 questions: it would have been nice to know who Brunt is; maybe a character sheet. On Tournament: Gads! What work! The mechwarrior names are great.

SPOUSE: I liked your schizo NPC.

FISH: so...what's on your mind Kevin? Could it be s..s..slime?

BLUE: Ever read Aristotle?

BOLTS: Hi Mike. For all your babbling, I enjoyed your 'zine. Keep it up. I'm looking forward to the survey tabulations.

SECRETS: Hi Keith. Hi Deena. I really liked the gaming guide. I'll do one for Asheville next issue if no one beats me to it.

ELVIS: Hi Wayne. Nice Mac. I liked the background on EDGE. Bring on SPACE GOTHIC.

CISOACH: Paul told me that, when reduced to initials, my column's name sounds Scottish. Sorry Deena, it's not.

TALES: I liked the MASTER MAGIC background. Tough noogies on the character sheet. Can't wait for some of the offerings for next issue. p.s. never know who you'll meet at the GLOBE, eh?

This is the character issue. I have two here. One is a character in Chad's, I mean Void's, PSI-game. Presenting Rod "Dowser" Downs:

History: Rod Downs was the typical all-American boy. He grew up in Gary, Indiana. He was quarterback for the high school football team and dated Mary Ann Sprinkle, cheerleader and all-around babe. Rod was offered a scholarship to Notre Dame, football and academics. Mary Ann's parents couldn't afford Notre Dame and she went to Ball State. They tried to stay together, but it didn't work, the distance was too great and they were too young. Rod was hurt deeply; they had talked of getting married. He finished school, and without direction, applied to the FBI. He was hired. Rod was an undistinguished trainee, except for surveillance, especially shadowing. He could keep up with any mark, no matter how skilled they were at shaking a tail. The FBI tested him and found he had the ability to mentally "lock" on to an individual in his line of sight. Once "locked", he knew exactly how far away the mark was from him and in what direction. The FBI codenamed him "Dowser" and used him to keep tabs on subversives without arousing their suspicion.

He worked for a number of years, eventually relocating to L.A. There he became involved in a missing persons case, the child of a Beverly Hills family had disappeared. The father held a number of Defense contracts and so the FBI took the case. Rod followed the prime suspect, a canny nanny with gambling debts for days until she led him to the child. The family was overjoyed and offered Rod a substantial reward, which as a government employee he was forbidden to take. Rod looked at the reward. Then he looked at the life of a career civil servant. Then he looked at the reward. Then he looked through the classifieds for a new apartment because he was outta the FBI!

He started a detective agency specializing in missing persons and divorce cases and made money Hanover Fiste. His biggest case was the almost-kidnapping of Lucy Pinchard by PSI. Without Rod's abilities, PSI would have gotten away with her. Instead, Rod simply got a fix on her and followed her, with a SWAT team. Clever use of tear gas nullified PSI's advantage over normals and Lucy was brought home safe and sound.

Dowser

Rod M. Downs

CHARACTERISTICS		
10	STR	0
20	DEX	30
18	CON	16
10	BODY	0
13	INT	3
20	EGO	20
10	PRE	0
14	COM	2
10	PD	7
10	ED	6
4	SPD	7
10	REC	10
36	END	0
28	STUN	0

DISADS	150 pt base
10	Monitored by FBI 8-
15	Hunted by PSI 8-
15	Rash
15	Protects innocents
15	Minor Code vs. Killing
10	Clumsy at intrigue
15	ENRAGED when innocents threatened (11-, 14-)
10	Smoker
15	Secret ID
20	Normal CHA maximum
22	XP

POWERS

60	Multipower - Mindlock abilities	
6u	10d6 Mind Scan +5 to roll	6
3u	Clairsentience Mindlock	*
1u	+22 EGO Def (uses END)	2
6u	12d6 Invisible Telepathy (x2 END)	12
15	14 pts EGO Def, 5 pts PWR Def	
5	Mindlink with Psypher	
5	Bump of Direction, LS: no sleep (1wk, only w/mindlock)	
11	Block/Throw/Disarm	
16	+10 PD/+9 ED Armor (IIF) (14-)	
15	2d6 RKA (.45) (OAF) (8x3 charges)	
15	Linguist: 3pts German, Russian, 2pts French, Spanish, Japanese	
9	Breakfall 13-, Shadowing 11-, Lip Reading 11-	
9	Detective 12-, Security Systems 12-, Stealth 12-	
9	Streetwise 12-, Orienteering 11-, PS: Truckdriver 12-	
9	KS: Mental powers 11-, +4 Telescopic vision (binocs)	
3	KS: Villains & villain organizations 11-	
4	Concealed gun permit, Fam: small arms 8-	
2	+1" running	
10	+1 Overall level	

OCV: 7 DCV: 7 ECV: 7 Phases: 3,6,9,12,

cost:	CHA	+POWERS	=	TOTAL	=	DISADS	+BASE
	100	+ 212	=	312	=	162	+ 150

* Clairsentience explained: Dowser has the the ability to "lock-on" to an individual in his line of sight. He can follow them mentally via a mental fix that gives him a distance and direction vector, pinpointing their precise location. He only knows their distance and direction, he does not receive any sensory information about the target or their locale (-2). He must be at 0 DCV (-1/2) to lock on, and his range is 32 miles. The power is at 0 END (+1/2).

#1

8-Ball

CHARACTERISTICS		
20	STR	10
23	DEX	39
23	CON	26
11	BODY	2
13	INT	3
10	EGO	0
15	PRE	5
16	COM	3
4	PD	0
5	ED	0
4	SPD	7
8	REC	0
46	END	0
33	STUN	0

POWERS

90 Duplication: 4 duplicates
12 EC Duplicate powers
13 #1-15" flight 1/2 END
13 #2-Invisibility no fringe 1/2 END
13 #3-JLI telepathy (mindlink for duplicates)
15 #4-Desolid
18 2d6 RKA +2 STUN multiplier OAF no BODY
9 Throw/Kick/Grab x3 END BATT
30 +20PD/+16ED Armor OIF 14-
2 +1" running
10 acrobatics 14-
10 +1 Overall level
5 +1 w/Ranged Combat
* coordinate w/other Duplicates 11-

DISADVANTAGES 100 pt base

30 Hunted by Glass Hand 8-
25 Hunted by Mechanon 8-
20 Enraged if a duplicate takes over 1/2 BODY (14- 8-)
20 X2 STUN from EKA
20 Vuln: Ego powers affect all duplicates
20 Amnesia
20 Paranoia, more pronounced with duplication
20 Overconfidence
20 Accidental Change: Duplicates if takes BODY 14-
5 Unusual Looks: voice echoes when not duplicated 8-
15 Secret ID: even he doesn't know it
20 XP

OCV: 8 DCV: 8 ECV: 3 Phases: 3,5,8,10,12

cost:	CHA	+POWERS	= TOTAL	= DISADS	+BASE
	95	+ 240	= 335	= 235	+ 100

The powers in the EC have disads like: only when duplicated, -1/4, one duplicate only, -1/2. I don't remember exactly how I did the math.

#2

8-Ball
Dan Harathling

CHARACTERISTICS		
10	STR	0
23	DEX	39
23	CON	26
10	BODY	0
17	INT	7
10	EGO	0
14	PRE	4
16	COM	3
2	PD	0
5	ED	0
4	SPD	7
7	REC	0
46	END	0
27	STUN	0

POWERS		
144	Duplication: 4 identical duplicates	
9	Mindlink: only with other duplicates, only when duplicated, #1 only	
36	+20PD/+16ED Armor suit (OIF)	
37	30 pt Gadget Pool (OAF)	
10	Martial Throw/Block/Hold	
3	Computer Programming	13-
3	Electrical Engineering	13-
5	Gadgeteering	12-
2	+1" running	

DISADVANTAGES 100 pt base

30	Hunted by Glass Hand 8-
25	Hunted by Mechanon 8-
20	Enraged if a duplicate takes over 1/2 BODY (14- 8-)
20	X2 STUN from EKA
20	Vuln: Ego powers affect all duplicates
20	Amnesia
20	Paranoia, increases with duplication
20	Overconfidence
20	Accidental Change: Duplicates if takes BODY 14-
5	Unusual Looks: voice echoes when not duplicated 8-
15	Secret ID: even he doesn't know it
20	XP

OCV: 8 DCV: 8 ECV: 3 Phases: 3,5,8,10,12

cost: CHA +POWERS = TOTAL = DISADS +BASE
86 + 249 = 335 = 235 + 100

My other character is one I threw together for a game during my first visit to Athens. Eight Ball was inspired by the bad guy flunkies in MAGE, the brothers who each have a different power. I came up with idea of a guy who could split into four duplicates, each with a different power. I gave him amnesia because I knew nothing about the campaign and a secret ID that was so secret, even he didn't know it. I gave him severe paranoia because as he duplicates and there are more of him, the more of him there are to get hurt.

Eight Ball's first memory is of regaining consciousness in a bar on another planet. This planet was a resort, where the rich come to play. He ran across the established party of PCs ("Who are you?" "I don't know." "Where are you from?" "I don't know that either and why are you asking me so many questions? Who are You?")

They saved the planet from the DETHECS (I think that's it, we were drinking) and returned to Earth. There Eight Ball went to California, to Humanadyne because it seemed a really hip place for a paranormal with no past to be. He eventually remembered his name to be Daniel Patrick Harathling, but no records of his could be found anywhere. It was assumed that he was from Earth because he spoke English, but who knows?

Two versions of Eight Ball are included because the revision of the Champions rules greatly revised the cost of the Duplication power. I like the original Eight Ball best.

One note on his name:

I am terrible at naming PCs. We were almost ready to play, but my shining new character had no name. Wayne asked what the character could do and when I told him that he split into four duplicates, he said deadpan, "Call him Eight Ball."

OK bye

Dawoo

DAWOO

Most people who write are influenced by what they read. Though those of us who fall into this category have authors we particularly enjoy, few want to be known for aping a particular style, even if we are drawn to a specific genre. Still, literature abounds with tributes, works intentionally written in a style inspired by some favorite writer. This seems to be particularly true of science fiction and fantasy. Many contemporary authors have celebrated the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, for example.

One of my favorite authors is Philip Jose Farmer. His books vary widely, but many are fast paced adventure stories which, despite their pulp influences show a deep knowledge of anthropology and linguistics. Typical of this type of story is "The Maker Of Universes" and the subsequent "World of Tiers" series. I have always thought that it would be fun to write a story in the same vein as those books, and the following is the first installment of one. This is not a new idea; a series of books called "The Dungeon" is presently available which is of a "Farmerian" nature. I did not personally feel that they always succeed in being so, though many of the books are good in and of themselves.

The story that follows is my own, as are the characters and story concepts. The only thing a borrow from Farmer is a **sort** of story, a general ambience. In that, I hope I am successful.

Greg Keyes

The Snake of Forever

Chapter One

The chatter of automatic weapons was not the last thing that Duncan Billie expected to hear in north central Mississippi, but it came very near to being the last thing. He had known pot hunters to turn violent before, especially when he surprised them in the act of digging burials, but usually the sight of his khaki uniform and state highway patrol badge were enough to calm the over zealous.

Usually, he thought. But this time he was running for his life across a ridge top in Pontotoc county, with lumps of lead tearing past him like Mach I hornets. As of yet, he had not even seen his assailants, had only caught a glimpse of clothing through trees before the sudden burst of thunder started his wild flight. His own forty five pistol was out and in his hand, but he dared not stop long enough to try to find a target.

It was hard going on the ridge. The bottoms of Pontotoc county were heavily cultivated, whole quarter sections covered in cotton and soybeans, millet and corn. The ridges, though were like some kind of no-mans land, thick with trees and grapevines, briars and honeysuckle where there had been logging.He had no hope of escaping with his life in that tangle, especially since he did not know it well. More chattering behind him, and the whine of leaves tearing all around. He had gained on them, a little. In college he had run track, and he still stayed in shape. Unfortunately, the woods as they were did not allow him his full speed. As he ran, he scanned the tree tops, looking for any breaks that might indicate clearer ground. To his surprise, one showed almost immediately. He cut right and quickly found himself on some sort of logging road. But not alone. Already on the path there were two men and a woman. He had just a glance of dark skin, about the same shade as his own, and black hair. There was something strange about their clothes. Each carried a rifle of unfamiliar but deadly looking design. They saw him even as he saw them, and all three brought their weapons up.He fired, once, and leapt across the road. Bullets followed him as he plunged down a sudden steep slope. Branches slapped at his face as he zing-zagged.

This wasn't adding up right. He had been looking for two pot hunters, Samuel Wilkins and

Thomas Hall, both from Tupelo. Rumor had it that they had found a late Chickasaw burial site full of trade silver and other valuables. Valuables that legally belonged to the state or the Chickasaw nation but never to pot hunters. He made it his special business to catch such criminals- he had a degree in anthropology and was at least half Choctaw himself- and so he knew the kind of people he was dealing with. Maybe in the southwest or in Mexico where antiquities could bring tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars pot hunters carried automatic rifles... but not in Mississippi, for gods sake. These were not the average pot dealers of the other kind, either. Small fields of marijuana were not that uncommon anywhere in the state, but the sort of people who cultivated them did not tend towards violence.

No, these people were armed like an army. And they looked foreign, like latin Americans, maybe. He had only had a glimpse.

Lead teeth chewed a tree next to him, and he went down, rolling. That had been far to close. He scrabbled across the damp leaves and got behind a big live oak. He peeked around and fired at a human form up on the hill.

Last stand, he thought. Where are the cavalry? And laughed at his own joke, a nervous giggle. The surrealism of the encounter was masking his fairly certain knowledge that he would die quite soon. They saw that they had him pinned down now. He heard them talking, and then one called out loudly. It was not english and did not sound like spanish either. Duncan took another shot, and was rewarded with a yell. Unfortunately it was a yell of surprise, not pain.

He glanced behind him. There was another ten feet of slope,and then the hill started back in the opposite direction. To the left and right, it was a stream bed, dry but for a small trickle, chocked with leaves. he was hiding in the only spot he could see to hide.

They were talking again, and he listened, hoping to catch on to the language. He was sure it was not one of he romance languages, nor german. It sounded faintly asian, or, now that he thought about it, Native American. Not Choctaw, though.

Crunching leaves, and he knew that they were coming down the hill now. With luck, he might get one. He guessed that there were five or six. He crouched lower. If he could get between them, so that they feared shooting one another...

And from behind him, very close, there was the sound of thunder.

He turned reflexively and brought the pistol up, but even as he did so, he could see that the shots were not directed at him. There were four people coming down from the hill above him, two men and two women. Each held a rifle, and they were firing over his head at his antagonists. Yells broke out all along the ridge in the unfamiliar language. Duncan decided to save any analysis of this ridiculous situation for later. He crawled out from behind the tree. One of his former assailants was crouched no more than forty feet away, firing a burst at the hillside and its new occupants. He saw Duncan and pulled the rifle down. Duncan squeezed off two shots, and both struck the man in the chest.

He rolled back behind the tree and glanced behind him again. One of the four, a woman, had worked her way down the hill and was only a few feet up the slope from him. She was dark, like his attackers, with high, broad cheekbones and a sharply arched nose.Her eyes were as black as onyx. She looked vaguely like an indian, but from no tribe he could think of. He was also reminded of pictures he had seen of the Ainu people of Sakhalin island, near Japan. She was gesturing at him frantically.

"Ke nepi itak. Ke amank winaki ama!" Her voice was low, sibilant.

"I don't understand you."

She looked annoyed and spoke again, this time in english with a peculiar flat accent.

"If you don't want to die, come with us."

"Is that a threat?"

"Fool. It is they who will kill you unless you come with me. Soon they will have reinforcements. They will send for a Kadzkakpun."

"A what?"

"Something we cannot kill with these weapons. Come. Now."

Her eyes shifted behind him, and she brought the gun up quickly. It spat fire, and a man fell writhing. Duncan Billie nodded.

"Move up the hill," she said ."I'll cover you. when you have reached the others, shout."

He took a deep breath, looked back in the direction of his attackers. None were visible. He put the gun in his belt and started up the slope on all fours. Gunfire, below and above him, suddenly became a steady roar. He went quickly, his back itching, trying to leave trees between himself and the people across the valley. He could see the other three above him, crouching.

Bullets walked up the hill just to his right, like a giant invisible centipede. They went past him and walked across one of his defenders, a man, and left red footprints.The man fell, not moving.

Duncan leapt for the tree and the downed man. Lead thunked into the wood as he examined him. He was a male version of the woman he had spoken with. Again, he could not place the ethnicity. He was definatly dead, with four holes in his body and one just below his left eye socket. Like the woman, he wore loose pants and shirt of an odd yellow brown color. The fabric was cool to the touch.

Duncan turned his attention to the rifle. It was a big gun, he guessed it at about thirty or thirty five caliber. The make was thoroughly unfamiliar. The metal was light, lighter than steel. It held a large magazine of cylindrical shape and it had a scope.

When he raised the sights to his eye, he could suddenly see bright bluish pinpoints on the hillside across from him. He fired at one of the pinpoints; the rifle roared and kicked against his shoulder, climbing up as six rounds left the muzzle. He resolved to find the semi automatic setting as soon as possible.

The woman who had spoken to him was to his right now, having some how worked her way up the hill. She motioned for he and the others to go on.

They made the top of the hill without further casualties. The woman joined them and immediately took the lead, breaking into a trot and shouting orders in her own language. Then she spoke to Duncan as they ran along.

"Keep that rifle. The sight sees metal and electromagnetism. At night it also sees heat."

"What is your name?"

"That," she returned, "Is not a polite question."

They ran without stopping, until the other woman in the group shouted something. Duncan looked over at her and saw that she was wearing some sort of headset.She repeated herself, as everyone turned, and Duncan caught the word "Kadzkakpun".

The three of them looked grim.

The first woman, the one who spoke english, said something in their language. the two nodded, stopped, checked their clips, and found cover. She turned to Duncan.

"Run for all you are worth. Come."

She tore off through the trees. Duncan followed.

A few minuets later there was the sound of gunfire and an explosion. More gunfire.

She seemed to know where she was going. He noticed that she kept consulting a flat, disklike object.

"What are they doing back there?" He asked, when they paused to climb over a fallen tree.

"Forget them. They are dead. If we do not hurry, so are we."

The gunfire ceased, suddenly. Duncan thought he could smell smoke, wood burning.

The woman threw down her rifle and ran even faster . She seemed to be cursing steadily in her language. On impulse, Duncan stopped, turned, brought the rifle up and looked back the way they had come. He saw only a blinding blue light.

"Run, you asshole," screamed the woman. Duncan threw down the rifle and did so. Behind them he could hear nothing, no sound at all.

Then the trees above them all burst into flame, all of them at once, at precisely the same point, about thirty feet above their heads. The tops of the trees fell seconds later, sheared off by the same invisible force that had set them aflame. Duncan could smell ozone through the smoke. He had to dive to avoid being hit by the top of a tall hickory. The woods had suddenly been transformed into a giants version of 'Pick-up-sticks'.

The woman lay near Duncan. She had been clipped by a limb, but seemed okay.

He grabbed her by the shoulders and screamed in her face.

"What the **fuck** is going on?"

She slapped him, hard, with the back of her hand.

"Don't touch me."

She scrambled to her feet.

"We have to hurry."

The trees all became four feet shorter. Everything seemed to be on fire.

Leaping and scrambling they went another hundred feet or so, staying low. There was a piece of roofing tin, miraculously untouched by the sudden fall of wood. She yanked at it to reveal a deep well, lined with native sandstone.

A well? On a ridgetop?

Flame blazed again, and now at last Duncan heard something; a high pitched whine.

"Jump," she said, and jumped. Duncan did not think long about it. He did not know what was coming behind them. He only knew that it was death.

Feet first, he leapt into the well.

Welcome once more to *Secrets of Vulcan Poetry Revealed.* In keeping with the suggestions of our hardworking OE, this time around you will find characters from Deena, as well as our usual offerings, to whit

Mailing Comments

John Monk: Gosh John, I never knew you had it in you. Nice bit of work, even with the "big mistake" in the art. Why don't you have a contest in which the Motive readership can submit various ideas for a script to go with your pictures, and then you can print the best/worst/most amusing/most whatever. Unfortunately, I myself am somewhat lacking in the talents ness. to write such dialogue, or I could be the first entry.

Gilbert: 1) As you know by now, the three column format was an idea whose time had not yet come. 2) As you wish. Re: ST:TNG this season, yes. Re: Timelines/worldbuilding- these things, while important, are no less important than what a GM does with his "world" once game play has actually begun. A well constructed, carefully thought-out adventure/scenario/whatever is at least as important as a well constructed setting in which to conduct that same adventure.

Scott: I, like Deena, have had a chance to peruse Shadoworld since I first learnt of TransDBlues, but I know that the Cleveland campaign predates the aforementioned FASA offering by several time periods of indeterminate duration (years? months? nano-seconds?) While the history and feel of your game is very different, I imagine that they would play similarly. I suspect also that "TORG," whatever that is supposed to mean, may have certain things in common with your game. Are other gaming companies picking your brain while you sleep, or are you merely one step ahead of the industry at large? In short, I think you should sell the idea for the Cleveland game to TSR before they publish a cheap version of their own. Bite the wax tadpole.

Jackie/Nicky: Dialogue away, man. I suspect that mailing comments on this particular 'zine will be long and detailed indeed. Since I can't hope to address all of the questions you raised in your last paragraph, I will try to tackle them one at a time, starting with "How important are rules?" This seemed to be a bit less formidable than "Why do we game?," a question which I will leave to others, at least for now.

How important are rules/game systems/ etc.? This particular point is of interest for me because I am beginning to suspect that I am alone in the belief that the accuracy of the rules one uses to roleplay is of no less importance than the setting, adventure, NPC's and the act of roleplaying itself. Various comments have been made in these pages already which lead me to believe that many of the contributors to Motive are of the opinion that rules are not at all important, and that more rules

means poor roleplaying and less rules means better roleplaying. Not so, say I. Character interaction and dialogue is only one factor of good role playing. It is also important that the characters behave in a manner which is consistent with the genre being played, and that they react in a consistent and believable manner to the challenges, conflicts and obstacles which stand between them and their goals. Part of this comes back to the issue of player maturity, but part of it depends on the rules. If, for instance, you as a player are aware that crossbow being leveled at your chest by an enemy cannot possibly kill you, because you have 75 kajillion hit points and the most it can do is 8, then it will be more difficult for you to take this threat seriously. If, however, the game rules in use provide for a possibility of death from such a situation no matter how experienced or tough the character is, you will automatically react in a more realistic manner, assuming the character in question is not suicidal. This is a fairly simplistic example which I am sure will be scoffed at by more than a few, but the same principles apply to many different game/adventure situations. I am not suggesting that the rules we use should be uniformly complex or detailed or whatever, but that they should be suited to the genre being played. The Star Wars rules, while very simple and "unrealistic," are perfectly suited to space opera. They would not, however, work very well for superhero roleplaying or cyberpunk. Likewise, the Runequest rules are somewhat complicated, and though they work well for Glorantha (and Edge), they would be horrible for Star Wars. If it is important to construct a well balanced and thought out setting, and I believe it is, then it is also important to choose or create rules which are consistent with that setting.
Maybe I will write some more on this later, right now I suspect I had best move on to other things. At any rate, I am thrilled to see the two of you involved with this, and I enjoyed your offering of last time very much. I have struggled through more than one situation not unlike your excellent examples, and have unfortunately been forced, as both GM and player, to employ the heavy handed approach to solving these problems. I have been fortunate of late to game with people who have left most of these problems behind them.

AJ: Glad to see you could make it this time. I hope you do not find the atmosphere around here too intolerant of AD&D for your tastes, but you are one of the few people I know who still plays the system. I hope that in the future we will see some input on wargaming and such, as you are also one of the few contributors other than me who seems to enjoy wargames as much as role-playing games.

Jon Hanna: So, the mock Russian hero dares to show his butt in the same APA as Commander Comet, eh? And he brought that bastion of American bigotry, Ultra Patriot. Well, we'll just see about that, me boyo.

Chad/Stewart: Let's start off sensitive: I did not write the

Monstermaker so I could have "stats for stats sake," I use those stats when I play Runequest. You are right, some things do not need stats, but a group of hostiles or potential hostiles which stand in the way of the PC's do need stats, unless I want the players to think that they can automatically defeat the broos/goblins/trolls/legionnaires/whatever, in which case I might as well skip the whole encounter.

On the non-sensitive side, when is the much rumored nude spread of Brunt going to be available (I am very much enjoying your American pornography)? And I know why you decided to do the Mech-thing at MOC (the MOC mech thing?)- because it needed to be done and you were the only likely person to do it. Also, it looked awesome spread out all over our motel room floor. I agree with the assessment of the Battletech tourney of two years ago (one on one combats? never happen) and was glad to see someone try for something better, even if it did eliminate the much overused "death from above" maneuver.

Pat and Carl: With the addition of Jackie, Nicky and yourselves, we have managed to turn this thing into a class act. Not that that was meant as a slight to any of our other members, but merely that I have a great deal of respect for the gaming "skills" of the aforementioned people. In future issues, please reveal to Deena the secrets of the semi-legendary "Muskie." As for some of your suggestions, how about a computer game review:

Their Finest Hour
Lucasfilm Games

World War Two was a favorite history subject of mine as a wee lad, and although my interest in the subject has faded somewhat, I was thrilled to find this game converted for the Amiga. *Their Finest Hour* is a flight/combat simulator based around the Battle of Britain, specifically July through September, 1940. The game allows you to fly two British fighters and numerous Luftwaffe aircraft on a variety of missions spanning the history of the air war over Britain. The aircraft respond in historically accurate ways, with detailed cockpit views, armaments and abilities. Of special interest is the "in flight camera" available on all aircraft which enables you to make a recording of your flight and play it back later from a variety of viewpoints. Some of the "footage" which I have generated so far looks almost exactly like a newsreel clip or something you would see on "World at War." As your pilots gain in victories and ratings, they receive promotions and decorations befitting their contribution to the war effort. Once you have mastered the arts of deflection shooting, pinpoint bombing and taking off under fire, you are ready to play the campaign game and recreate the entire Battle of Britain from start to finish. A truly wonderful game with almost endless possibilities. If you try it and like it, you might also take a look at *BattleHawks 1942*, the Pacific Theatre game from the same company.

Kevin: I have not played a tremendous amount of CoC, but enough to know that I like it. But not a steady diet of it. Once or twice a year is about all of the insanity I can handle. As to your objections to "Epic Fantasy," many of the points you raise are perfectly valid, but it sounds to me like you have had an unfortunate series of games/gm's. The genre is not ness. flawed in itself, but some of the people who play it are. (aren't we all?) I guess the point I'm trying to make is that Call of Cthulhu is not the only game which can correct the problems you see with "Epic Fantasy." Any well thought out and executed adventure in any genre should seem "realistic" within the context of that genre. As for the Cthulhuan deities, I do not think of them so much "neutral" as "indifferent." They just don't care one whit about the lesser critters who seem to flee gibbering from them and who break so easily.

Peter: "How often do you enjoy encounters with superbeings which are invincible or creatures with such bizarre powers or weaknesses that no amount of logic or skill can give a reasonable chance in a contest?" I am almost in shock with disbelief at such a statement from the man who published stats for critters with a 12,000 percent chance of success with an attack. If indeed you do have some incredibly enlightening point to make by all of this, I hope you get there soon.

Mike: Feel free to ramble on in your mailing comments as much as you like, Mike. The whole purpose of this little enterprise is to exchange thoughts, ideas and opinions on games and gaming, and even ST:TNG if you feel so inclined. Mailing comments seem like the obvious place to do so. Next time, how about a different type of puzzle. (I like the idea but have never been a huge fan of crosswords.)

Keith and Deena: Just like you to second guess Mike and steal his thunder on the recycling issue by printing your 'zine on recycled stock. Keep up the good work by keeping Mike down.

Wayne: It's really not much of an in-joke, you know. Everyone in ten states is intimately familiar with the details of that particular incident. As to Edge: Seeing as I am one of, if not the, longest running players of Edge, I feel more qualified than most to praise/criticize your work on it. Edge as a setting is wonderful; few other game worlds I have experienced or even read can come close to the level of detail, spectacle and consistency that Edge does. The game system currently in use is my only problem. The RuneQuest rules as written have never seemed terribly complex to me, except perhaps for character creation. It seems to me that the thing you have the most trouble with is the strike rank system. While I agree that it is inaccurate (my experience with SCA combat has always been that the person who strikes first will be the person who decides to strike first!), I do not think it is so terribly complicated. The alternate system which you have been using lately is only marginally simpler, and seems to me to make the characters a great deal more formidable in combat than their skills would suggest. What happens to the rule for skills over 100 now that it is possible for a character with a skill of 60 or so to attack 3 or even 4 times in one round? At any rate, you might ponder these things and write a really nasty reply nexty.

Darrell: Glad to see you could make it, guy. I thought your first offering was interesting and rather more useful to the gaming community than my own. I myself have frequently used a flowchart approach to create adventures, maybe I'll write about it sometime. As to a title, how about

Darrell's Dribbles. Darrell's Tribbles. Darrell's Dildos. Not Gene. Chronicles from Kung Fu CB Mommas on Wheels vs. The Motorcycle Aztec Wrestling Nuns. (only slightly plagiarized.) Bat Squid Lives. Night of the Bat Squid. Bat Squid- the Dark Cloud Returns. Bat Squid on Broadway. Squid-o-Rama. Tentacled Tales. Cephalopods on Ice. I was a Teenage Zombie Squid for the FBI. (Federal Bureau of Ichthyology) A Squid Dinner in Memison. A Squid Dinner on Merrimon. Ashville- Land of a Thousand Squid. Squid Survival Gaming. The Fresh Squid. Super Giant Squid Store. The Squid Board. The Squid Horde. New Squids on the Block.

In short, I think that tentacled sea life with arrow shaped bodies should figure prominently in your title.

Paul: How about reprinting the Master Magic sheet so that we will have something to go along with the history, assuming you have not done so in the current issue. In the future you might try simply typing up those characters instead of photocopying the sheets. You have managed to quadruple in size in the space of one issue, next time think about writing some of the stuff you mentioned in your brief letter in Issue 0.

That about covers the mailing comments for Issue 1. Next issue look for more of the same, plus the first turn of the Play-by-Motive Diplomacy game (hopefully,) and a Champions character from me- Commander Comet. See you in 60.

FEMALE MYSTIC BONDING

A Neat and Nifty Subsection by Deena

Readers please find enclosed:

1. Mailing comments for Issue #1.
2. Nomenclature Continued--a down and dirty Celtic pronunciation guide AND some Japanese names.
3. Write-ups for my two all-time favorite characters: Harlequin, and Egyra of Clan White Goblin.

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MAILING COMMENTS

White Noise: Yowee, Jon! You've been keeping some secret under your belt. I am suitably impressed by your art and look forward to more.

The Game is a Foot: Gil, thanx for the advice and for the rules on games. You'll be happy to know I have had a Fox and Geese board lying around for some time without knowing how to use it! I am NOT sorry, either.

Transdimensional Blues: Scott, just about 2 weeks ago, I had my first opportunity to read Shadowrun. It has shed some light on your own creation; I'll look forward to reading more.

Druid's Cauldron/Witches' Brew: Ahhh, Jackie and Nicky. This apathing now feels more complete. Liked the article, particularly the fluid examples.

Runes, Ravens, and Reindeer: Nice title, AJ. Fits the personality. I know a lot of people will say this, but maybe I will be the first: your apazine would look much nicer with a darker ribbon and/or in letter quality mode. Our first issue (#0) was done in draft and I for one was sorry. Glad you could make it, though.

Tail of the Monkey Man: Jon, once again your creative cerebrum tickles me to death. Thanks for the plug on Egyra; I hope you enjoy her write-up in this issue. Looking forward to reading about blood and guts primate style.

Death to All Fanatics: Glad you liked our title, guys. I am looking forward to more info on the PSI campaign. I admit I wouldn't use PSI quite in the same fashion, but it is a terrific story. Layout: incredible. I don't like stuff about huge anthopomorphic robots, but that is just a personal preference. I have been reading the background on the Horus Heresy in WH 40000, though.

The Gaming Spouse: Hello to you both, Pat and Carl. Pat, I think we may have met at an SCA function (my alter ego being Lady Catriona Fergusson)--I do remember being inspired by your weaving. I have been a textile devotee since 1987. I like to dye and weave but I can't stand to spin. Weird, eh? I do enjoy batik and felting, however. Carl, you are a dead man next time we meet. I have been having these dreadful dreams about a pike named Muskie who stands by the road and asks me all of these odd riddles. Yuck!

Fishy Bits: Is this you, Kevin? I loved the Cthulu stuff--I had even heard legends about the campaign. Please identify yourself in the future. Thanx!

The Blue View: Peter, I feel the need to be a bit critical. On the bottom of page 2, you state that most gamers will remember their favorite games having a firm grounding in reality. I can't say this is true at all. One reason I enjoy Edge so much is because it has so *little* in common with my own reality. Gaming for me is a sort of escape. Experiencing stark reality does not create such an escape for me. Furthermore, at the top of page 3, you insinuate that players do not enjoy encounters with absolutely invincible super-beings. Yet what about those seraphim?! I need some clarification here, please!

Bolts of Bedevilment: Mike, how is the Mac project coming? Looking forward to the survey results.

The Imperial Elvis Post: Wayne, I am glad to see Edge materials being included in your apazine. High time. Good mailing comments, too.

In Search Of: Darrell, you are welcome to play Champions with me anytime. I plan on utilizing your materials in my next MOC scenario, too.

Tales of The Brass Monkey: A boycott is in effect here. I refuse to make remarks due to threats made against the ultimate super-hero team of Scotland.

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CELTIC PRONUNCIATION

The Celtic language group includes several tongues that are still spoken today (though sparsely): Breton in northwest France, Manx on the Isle of Man, Cornish in southwest England, Welsh in Wales, Irish Gaelic in Ireland, and Scots Gaelic in Scotland. Most of my names were from the Gaelic and Welsh languages. I do not profess any skill in these languages--I advise you to get a good dictionary if you want proficiency. But here is a quick guide for use in games:

Welsh:

ll like thl
dd like th
c is hard as in coat
g is hard as in goat
y usually like u in hunt; sometimes like i in mint
w is usually like the oo in pool
ch is pronounced as in loch
f is like v as in vote
Like German, in most vowel combinations only the second vowel is sounded. Ceid, for example, is pronounced 'kid.'

Gaelic:

bh, dh most often pronounced like the v in vote
Most vowels are long vowels
Vowel combinations are tricky. Sometimes, the first vowel is sounded, sometimes the second. Many times, one or the other is completely silent. Here are some examples:

Siobhan is Show-vaan
Sean is Shawn.
Sithean is Shee-ann. Notice that the th is in effect, silent.
Iolaire is Oh-lar.
Dubh is Do.
Sidhe is she.
Ailill is Eye-lil (as in lily).
Ciaren is Key-arn.

Gaelic is in my opinion the more difficult of the two, due to the vowels. My advice is to pronounce a name as you see fit, or until you can check with a Gaelic speaker (if you give a damn).

Nomemclature of Nippon:

Male--

Akio
Akira
Eichi
Eizo
Haruhiko
Haruki
Hiroshi
Hisato
Isao
Junzo
Katsumi
Kenichi
Kenji
Kyoji
Masami
Mitsuo
Nobuyuki
Sawao
Shinji
Shinobu
Sho
Sumio
Takao
Takashi
Tashiro
Toshio
Tsutomo
Yoshisha
Yoshio
Yukio

Female--

Akemi
Ayano
Echiko
Fujiko
Hideko
Hiromi
Katsuko
Keiko
Kimie
Kinuko
Kiyoko
Makiko
Mariko
Masae
Masako
Michiko
Rie
Saeko
Sumie
Takako
Toshika
Yoko
Yoshike
Yuko
Yuriko

CHARACTERIZATIONS:

In keeping with the OE's theme idea, I proudly present two of my favorite characters, complete with write-ups and stats.

1. Harlequin--Also known as Caitlan Stewart and Kate Stevens-Smythe, this character was a mainstay of both the Triangle-Geo-Chemical and Ward Major Champions Campaigns (see Motive #1). Harlequin was born in 1963 to a very poor immigrant family. Even from the time she was a young child, she exhibited extraordinary powers of strength. Her devoutly Catholic parents saw this as a real blessing, however, since it meant she could give a great deal of help around the house. When Caitlan was about 12, she contracted a serious illness that bore resemblence to a meningitis-type infection. Her terrified parents rushed her to the only medical facilities they could, the low-cost neighborhood clinic. What they didn't know was that the clinic was a cover for a PSI operation (old PSI). The doctors there realized that Caitlan's illness was in reality linked to the unsuccessful manifestation of further powers. They told the Stewarts that Caitlan had died, and then proceeded with their own experiments on the girl. Caitlan not only lived, she also gained the formidible powers of teleportation and telekinesis. When the old PSI organization collapsed, she escaped and returned to her parents. They relocated post-haste.

Caitlan began doing odd jobs in high school. When money became tighter due to her parent's mandatory retirement, she turned to petty theft as a means of support. As the masked burglar Harlequin, she gained quite a repuation in the Triangle area of North Carolina. Until she was caught, that is. Influenced by the fact that Caitlan had never physically injured anyone and that mitigating circumstances existed, the judge gave her the sentence of serving the Triangle area as a crime-fighter. She joined the Sentinels in 1986, and served until the summer of 1988, when a dispute with the Triangle-Geo Chemical accountant forced Harlequin, along with several others, to tender her resignation.

In spring of 1988, while investigating a terrorist incident at NC State, Harlequin met a dashing rogue/vigilante named the Commodore. He had an island base in the Caribbean from which he terrorized drug runners. Harlequin had some island adventures there, until she became pregnant in June 1988. She fled the island and returned to work part-time in Ward Major until February 1989, when her daughter Sean Stewart-Morganthall was born. Harlequin served Ward Major until its break-up in spring 1990, though she continued to spend as much time as possible in the Caribbean with the Commodore and Sean, furthering her very successful writing career (hence the pseudonym). Since the destruction of the WM farmhouse, though, she has made the island base her permanent home.

Some memorable adventures: going back to Virginia in the early 1900's to save Edgar Rice Burroughs, appearing as the centerfold in Penthouse (unexpectedly), fighting Zuvembie and his zombies in the Caribbean.

Egyra is basically a Runequest 3 character, with appropriate modifications due to Wayne's Edge system. Again, play was frequent.

15	STR
16	CON
13	SIZ
18	INT
10	DEX
18	POW
16	APP
56	SANITY

Skill Mods:

+0 Agil
+15 Comm
+8 Know
+16 Magic
+12 Manip
+15 Percep
-10 Stealth

SPELLS	
Create Familiar	34
Stupefaction	36
Enhance Dex	34
Spell Resist	38
Palsy	71
Damage Boost	38
Damage Resist	42
Diminish Stren.	47
Treat Wound	50
Mystic Vision	52
Missteel	16
Vanish	15
Summ. Pow. Spirit	21
Dom. Pow. Spirit	21
Oracle	31

Skills:

Agil: Climb--57 Dance--10 Dodge--38 Jump--25
Ride Loper--32 Throw--25

Comm: Thridd Etiquette--3 Spriggan etiquette--30
Gnome etiquette--10 Yzir etiquette--11
Fast talk--5 Orate--25 Sing--25
Speak Shariss--30 Speak Orgamm--10
Speak K'pic'tick--20 Speak Urr--9 Speak Goblin--6
Speak Elvish--61

Know: Animal lore--5 Vorkuz--15 craft stone--21
evaluate--10 1st aid--13 Human lore--5
Mineral lore--17 Histmael--11 World lore--31
Read/write Shariss--65 Clan ceremony--15 Heraldry--30
Branwyn--10 Magic lore--30 Elf lore--15
Tiles--26 Midwifery--4 Read/write Elvish--21

Manip: Conceal--5 Devise--26 Sleight--7

Stealth: Listen--46 Scan--48 Search--43 Track--11
Hide--10 Sneak--15

Magic: Enchant--18 Summon--30 Ceremony--31 Intensity--55
Duration--59 Range--43 Multispell--53
Hanging--45

2. Egyra of Clan White Goblin--This character was part of a memorable two-year Edge campaign, played from summer 1988 until winter 1990. Egyra came into being with some prompting from Wayne; the group was in dire need of a sorcerer or other magic using type. Wayne promised me much-needed help with the Runequest magic system if I would be interested in playing a sorcerer. Naturally, I agreed. I suggest you refer to Motive #1 and the Edgedex for elaboration on names and places.

Egyra was born in the Edge city of Vorkuz, whose claim to fame was to be the home of the Iron Mines of the Autocrat. Really rotten criminals are sent here; if they are lucky, they die on the journey there. Her clan was a low family of stone-cutters, and Egyra's father, brother of the clan-head, was actually a worker near the mines. Egyra's mother was long-dead, and when her father was killed in an accident when she was fifteen, it was a perfect excuse to leave behind the petty intricacies of the clan structure. Egyra entered the Mages' School in Vorkuz, and studied there for about eight years. During this time, she had a torrid affair with a fellow apprentice who later was killed for attempting a minor insurrection within the guild structure. While not pressing a formal indictment in this affair, the mages watched Egyra with suspicion for some time to come. Understandably, she strayed slightly from the sorcerer's beaten path by specializing in learning cultural and racial skills/magic rather than enchantment or binding sorcery.

Egyra left the guild when she was 23, accompanied by her familiar Bran, a rather intelligent white crow. After wandering and performing free-lance skills for a couple of years, she met up with Vish (Mantis warrior), Sersus (Monkey warrior), Chuftyr (a Yzir), and Dafydd (a priest/warrior?). They traveled nearly from one end of the world to the other, visiting Khimar, Branwyn, Heavensfall, and most notably the Sunken Lands (where time has no meaning . . .) Egyra proved to be very valuable on this trip, by being able to speak Elvish (language of the enemy) and by wielding the Elf-gunne (funky weapon of the enemy). She had a brief but emotionally damaging affair with a vampire named Vassik before returning to the city of Histmael, site of an uneasy truce between the powerful goblin lord Gehang and practically the rest of the population of Edge. Gehang wished to promote the goblins to a clanned status with himself as the clan-head, much to the dismay of other clans, such as the ruthless and powerful Clan Purple. He asked Egyra, who possessed a symbol of peerage from the Autocrat due to her work against the Elves in Heavensfall, to be his wife and clan mother; she agreed with little prodding, despite the fact that she had to formally resign from the Sorcerer's Guild and give the Elf-gunne to Kasserine, the Nomen of True Mages (of course, the spells, books, and 1 orb/$100,000 per annum income from Gehang *almost* made up for these losses). Some memorable adventures: being turned into a worm by the late warlock Hax; watching Vish swallow a tadpole egg the size of a watermelon; the intricacies of the affair with Vassik; meeting the ghost of an Elven woman; killing a hybrid Yzir with one blast of a palsy spell; combing Chuftyr's hair while learning to speak

Urr (Yzir tongue); meeting Merrow, the god in the hole; listening to Sersus screw up his conversations with the Thridd; using the 'Dominate Goblin' spell on the personal guards in the Histmael palace; using the Elf-gunne to blow away Vassik's ship; meeting a Rim-walker.

Statistics Section:

Harlequin was originally written under the old Champions rules. This version of the character, under the new rules, reflects about 3 years of pretty frequent play.

Characteristics:

45	STR	35
21	DEX	33
20	CON	20
10	BODY	0
15	INT	5
13	EGO	6
20	PRE	10
20	COM	5
20	PD	11
20	ED	16
5	SPD	19
13	REC	0
50	END	0
43	STUN	0
TOTAL		160

Disadvantages:

10	Hopeless Romantic
20	2X Stun, Drug/Chemical/Gas Attacks
15	Secret ID
20	Enraged if daughter endangered, 14-, 8-
10	Vengeful
15	DNPC Daughter, Normal, 11-
10	Recognized, 11-
125	Gratis
129	Experience
354	TOTAL

Powers/Skills:

3	Breakfall, 13-
6	+2 with Punch
6	+2 with TK grab
4	Idiomatic Gaelic
5	Pro. Skill, Writer, 14-
5	Streetwise, 14-
25	5d6 Luck
3	Combat sense, 12-
15	Danger sense, 11-, in/out of combat
5	Contact, publisher, 14-
5	Stealth, 14-
75	Multipower, 75 point pool, all fixed
5	5d6 Entangle
3	15 PD/15 ED Force Field
7	40 STR Telekinesis with fine work
4	15" Teleport, X4 Mass
7	15" Teleport, Usable on Others at Range
11	OIF Gloves, give Armor piercing on 9d6 punch, activate 14-
182	TOTAL

Hit points, Weapons and Armor

Clansword--attack and parry--20
Namesword--attack and parry--25
Elf-gunne--attack--38

Armored only on Chest, Right arm, and Left arm--with miststeel, which gives 12 points of protection

Rt. Leg--5
Lt. Leg--5
Abdomen--5
Chest--6
Rt. Arm--4
Lt. Arm--4
Head--5

Total Body Hits = 15

Possessions:

Writing equipment
notebook
linen/wool clothing
knife
sack
firemaker
Clansword and namesword

Money: 2 orbs, 6 spheres, 22 cresents, 27 quarters (a total of about $345,000)

Bound power spirit in circlet--12 POW
Bound intellect spirit in medallion--4 INT, 14 POW
Bound knowledge spirit in scroll case--30 INT, 25 POW
Bound power spirit in ring--9 POW
Spell matrix, leather thong--Dominate Goblin
Spell matrix, skull chram--Drain CON
Bound power spirit in ring--13 POW (worn on familiar's neck)

Familiar:

Bran, a white crow with black eyes, beak, and talons

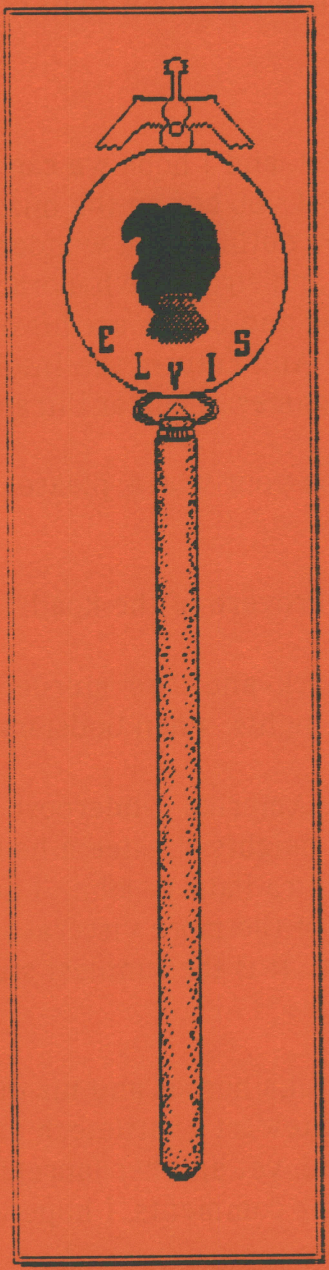
3 STR
6 CON
1 SIZ
7 INT
9 POW
34 DEX

Dodge--80
Scan--100
Search--100
Speak Shariss--40
Claw attack--40
Bite attack--25

Next issue:

Middle Eastern names, a sample of a Champion's timeline, and part 1 of a serious article on gender and the art of gaming. Sayonara!!

THE IMPERIAL ELvIS POST
☥ ISSUE TWO ☥



Mailing Comments for Issue One

White Noise

Well, my No-Prize vote goes to panel 5 of page 5 -- you forgot to number on the apartment door which was in the preceding panels. But anyway, I was really surprised to find that I have been gaming with closet artist for the past two years. Good job, John.

The Game is A-Foot:

Don Knotts, Don Knotts! I am actually **Otis the Drunk**, you fool. And all that will be, will be one with **OTIS!** I got Don all his jobs and his women...his sculpey...I spit on that pitiful invention. Otis says unto you, give us some details of you adventures in the Catacombs. Oh, and I invented Fox and Geese too. Praise Myself in all Otisosity! Fiat Burrap!

Transdimentional Blues:

You put most of your other post-holocaust (Magicaust?) competition to shame, Scott. My only complaint with Cleveland is that your irregular gaming schedule means that I do not get to play very often.

Watch out for the crazies in your new pad.

Contents of IEP 1
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The Mighty Thev - 8
Ad Absurdum - 11

Druid's Cauldron and Witches' Brew

Sloppin' the Hogs -- As an infrequent tournament player and Star Wars GM, I too have noticed this game-hogging behavior in role-players. Using Jim's sullied terms I would consider myself slighty more goal-oriented than many other players at cons, so I can assure you that this attitude really pisses me off. The primary responsibility for correcting this behavior lies with the GM. Maybe it could be as simple as calling for a break (of course the players can do this if the yell loud enough). Breaks snap the concentration of all involved, and a good GM can re-focus the players' attention by stating the plot problems at hand while re-capping for the players when they return with their cokes and funions.

Maturity -- The most enlightening thing about your article was that I saw myself in all of the immature players and GMs in your examples (remember Marukh and Mr. Baba looting the temple while the party investigated the defiled temple?) So I liked your article as a way of seeing my past, present and future in gaming. In fact I would vote it the best in Issue One.

As for your ides for a dialogue, many of the Athens crowd have thought of the same thing, so read on. . .

Runes, Ravens and Reindeer

Yo, AJ! I'm glad you could make it, and I hope we can still continue Stoneforge's rambling adventures on Edge, even if you are on the mission for a Chaos deity.

Speaking of dudes, The three you outlined are wonderful archetypes. Ramil is my idea of a classic villain: evil, smart, and strangely honorable. Risunsavius, is the almost Machiavellian manipulator--winning and power are his only concerns (Maybe he wrote his own version of the The Prince?) And Enturin the Intolerant's fanatical character has risen (in many guises) in all of our games. (Look at Ultrapatriot in the blue bit next to yours.)

Give us some background stuff on your world, please.

Tail of the Monkey Man

A Proverb of the Road:

Beware the battack, and their murderous screech,
On cloudy nights, when Godstars sleep.

The Ultra patriot wears Comrade Amerika Underoos! The Thew has had to pull these guys apart more than once, and the heights of esteem he feels for "the little red guy" can only be matched by his hatred for Ultra Patriot. John, "Life is Bestial and So am I" does more to explain Edge (although one of the more visceral sides of Edge) than an EdgeDex of twenty volumes. Thanks, I love it. It is the funniest stuff I have read so far.

Death To All Fanatics:

Brunt was the first of the Peristroika heroes and his quote concerning the skin trade has become infamous in our group. Stewart's Battletech game that he ran at MOC was one of the best wargames I've played, yet another laurel for his GM's cap. But most of all Bravo on your poetry in your mailing comments, I hope we see more of the same.

The Gaming Spouse

Welcome spousal units. What? No pictures of the baby?

I'm glad to see more sightly warped gamers like myself. Papa Jawa's and the Party animal are too much

OK. Carl and Pat, this one is for you:

R2-SOB
Astromech/Assassin Droid

DEX 1D
Speed Code 2D
Blaster 5D
KNO 1D
Binary Lang. 2D
MEC 1D
Comp. 6D
Starship 5D
Droid 5D

PER 2D
Search 5D

STR 1D(+2D Armor)

TEC 2D

Height: 2m. He looks like a strange centaur, with humanoid torso and arms sticking out of a squat R2-like frame. His upper and lower body parts do not match.

Equipped with:
☐ Two wheeled legs, plus a retractable third leg.
☐ Two hidden grasper arms (in lower body) and two humanoid arms.
☐ Blaster cannon (in human torso), 6D damage.
☐ Small Arc welder.
☐ Small Buzz saw
☐Small fire extinguisher.

History. SOB does not know much of his past, as far as he is concerned SOB has always been SOB. In reality SOB is and amalgam of two mangled droids: an assassin droid and a R2 unit owned by the assassin droid's last victim. The assassin droid retired the R2's owner with a thermal detonator, blowing them all up. The two droid's landed on top of each other and their self repair circuits aided by some unscrupulous jawas, bonded them together.

Personality: R2-SOB is loud quarrelsome and nearly violent. He is happiest when repairing a ship or droid, although he will complain like a sailor. He has an almost disdainful attitude to humans that he sees are weak, but will not harm anyone. In fact, he has no idea that he even possesses the blaster. (It is shielded from most scans.) SOB will not allow anyone to tinker with him, and he does not have an easy access off switch. He likes to light his or other person's cigars with his arch welder.

The rebels have not bothered to try an dump his memory--he is too much of an asset now to waste time on. He travels with Rebel agent groups and keeps their ships running. He is also an asset, that unlike most other droids, he completely calm in a firefight.

Quote: "If you come near me with that polish, I'll foam your butt with my extinguisher, baby."

Fishy Bits

Kevin and Sonia, "Hello!" I hope to here from your fairer partner next time. I liked Playing CoCth when I have had a chance, so next time you guys come down, I hope one of you will run something for us. I'm sorry you have such a low opinion of fantasy games, maybe you have just had bad GM's.

Blue View

The "Science" of Myth-- Myth, like religion, art or science, is a way of knowing the world. Like fine art, myth and mythic systems, often seek to explain both and internal and external lives--they explain what it is to be a human, and attempt to explain natural phenomena as well. Gilgamesh's journey is a journey of the spirit and a catalogue of some of the places and creatures which existed (or were believed to exist). In myth little separation is made between cause and effect, which science is so concerned with. There are wheels in wheels, something is always related to something else. The world is regarded as a whole rather than as a subject on a dissecting table.

Therefore, the mythic "reality" in which Edge, or Glorantha is based, is more real to the player characters than what can be provided by more modern conventions. A fine net of allegories has been strung, like the world view of the Elizabethan writers. This mythic reality is discernable and more importantly, useable by the players. It is not based of physics, or the evolutionary theory of punctuated equilibrium, but upon a guiding imagination in which the players have their part. We create together.

Bolts of Bedevilment:

Mike I love your history, and the crossword was great, but why not try another kind of game?

I'm going to be interested to see Ampirion, and the results of the poll in you issue.

I can't believe you are a member of Greenpeace, and a recycler too. Congratulations, Mike this could be a turning point. Girls love environmentally aware stallions like yourself.

Secrets of Vulcan Poetry Revealed:

Keith--I do no play Diplomacy, but I think the game is a great idea, but what will the rules be? I do not play computer games either, but I hope this will give Carl, Kevin, John , and yourself something to discuss in your mailing comments.

Deena--Well folks, I testify to have already started using the nomenclature guide, and thanks for all the criticism good and bad about EDGE, I promise to be throwing a lot of action Egyra's way--most notably in the form of two or three legions of upset Clan warriors. The first years as the Clanmother of White Goblin will be interesting.

The Column in Search of a Clever Heading

Since you liked the Eight-Ball name so well, how about "Two Balls Right Side Pocket?"

The move plotline guide was great. I actually used to review the plot of a upcoming RPGA Star Wars module I'm writing.

Please give us some info. on your Stronghold campaign.

Tales of the Brass Monkey

Paul, as they say in Gitland, the haggis is always greener on the other side of the shagged-out sheep. Welcome to Athens, GA (via mooching off of dad in Hotlanta). I'm waiting for the first appearance of Master Magic in our campaign. Elvis the Orc lives, and rides a 68 Harley with a sidecar!

Edgedex

***A compendium of terms, definitions and articles concerning the game-world called* Edge.**

C

CARAVANEERS - Caravaneers are merchant/warriors which ply the trade routes between the city/states of the Autocracy. Caravaneers are usually identified by their dusty robes and their agjav, the ylen goads used to drive the stout beasts which pull their, multi-leveled wagons.

CHANGELING - Changelings are creatures possessed by Elf spirits. Their victims are usually possessed at birth, their forms are used by Elves to spy upon and/or disrupt human affairs. Changelings carry few memories to this new body, except for their hatreds and a sorcery spell used to change their appearance. When a changeling's body dies they must try to possess a new one immediately, or be forced back to the court of the Elf king in the mists of the Sunken lands.

CHAOS - Chaos is inadequately described as: wild energy, chance, improbability, change, flux, mutation, growth, and destruction. It feeds life and is released at death. It seems to be non-causal.

CLAN - The clan system is the bedrock of government in the Autocracy. Nearly 90% of the humans are in clans. Most of the non-humans are also in clan-like groupings. A clan is a large extended family or group of families, bonded together for self preservation and/or to monopolize upon some aspect of business or society. Clans are also breeding centers, always looking to increase and improve their numbers.

CLAN BELL- The clan bell is the focus for a clan's honor. It is not only the symbol of a clans existence, but the Clan's Spiritmaster actually binds the spirits of many of the most important members of the clan to the bell. So the bell is a spiritual link to their ancestors, and a library of useful information. Each clan bell has its own distinct tone

CLAN RESPONSIBILITIES - A clansperson is expected to be honorable in his or her conduct, to respect authority and to meet our justice to their underlings as a representative of the Autocrat and the Eternal Clan.

CLAN RIGHTS - The clanned people of Edge may carry the the brace of swords generically known as the namesword and the clansword. In the event of a wrongful death their clan may lawfully avenge the death or collect a wierguild equal to one year's pay given to the victim's clan

CLAN WAR - Clans will often go to war to settle trade or personal arguements. the terms of victory ands the objectives of the conflict are usually well drawn out and agreed upon before any blood is shed. They whole matter is usually treated as a contest, or game, except that people my be killed.

CLANS OF COLOR - The clans of color are the oldest of the clans--some say they were present during the Elemental Republic. The clans of color are: Orange, Purple, Brown, Blue, Grey, and Green

CLANSWORD - The clansword is the short, curved, single-edged sword carried by all clan members. It is used in fights for clan honor. It always bears the mon of the wielder's clan.

CONCORDAT OF THE ELEMENTS - This ancient tome is one of the few surviving relics of the Elemental Republic. It rests in the Vaults of the Best Forgotten, guarded by the priests of Tirian. It is rumored to contain the Elder Elemental creation myth of Aliea

CRESENT - The cresent is often called the merchant's coin, for it is the standard payment for wages and goods. The cresent could supply a man with a subsistence diet for roughly a month.

D

DRAGONS - Along with Winter (Pherax), the Dragons Mist and Steel are the most powerful being which live on Edge. The Dragons were the only race created when the Great Beasts were created along with Atavin and Aleia. It is unknown if the diminutive (comp. to Mist or Steel) dragons of the Dragonwing Mts. and the Great Swamp are related to the true Dragons.

THE DRAGON SCHOOL - The Dragon School was started in 120 A.R. By Belinkine to act as his personal guard. Since that time a group of ten dragon school warriors has always been the guardians of the Autocrat. The abuses of Leontide led to the school's withdrawl from the Palace (some go as far as linking them with Leontide's death). Faad Enkidhu later credited them with foiling two attempts upon his life, but was unable to entice them back into the Autocratic fold. The Dragon School now lies on Mount Vudormath near Palmon. Dragon warriors are part sorcerers, and have strong ties and alliances to the True Mage's Guild. Although Dragon warriors lack many of the specialized fighting techniques of the other schools their sorcery seems to more than make up for this. Dragon warriors see themselves as champions of the poor unclanned and protectors of the True Mages. All Dragon warriors renounce their clan, if any, and become part of the Dragon School Clan. They carry a thick, double-edged straitsword called an Irae and a plain clansword.

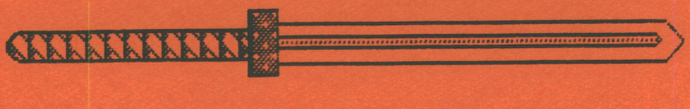
DRAGON-TIGERS - Dragon tigers are large, carnivorous black flying tigers. They dwell all over edge , but ar most common in the mountains near Kiriath-Mor. Many clans consider the hunting f of these majestic beasts as a honorable sport. The ground and powdered mantle of these beasts is a powerful aphrodisiac. The Yzir consider them to be sacred. They will only hunt them with tooth and claw.

DREAMWEAVERS - Dreamweavers are which women/priestesses for the Lhashra, godess of dreams. Most dreamweavers come from the nomads, her people, but Thridd and some other humans have been trained in the arts as well. They have the ability to dream of the future, upon demand.

THE DUNEE - The river Dunee flows from Lake Baradin to Heavensfall.

THE DUNGEON WARS - The Dungeon Wars (498-398 B.A.) marks the time the that the Elves and Hesid from the Sunken Lands attempted to take Heavensfall. The battles ended when reinforcements from Taranell flanked the Elven forces driving them down and out of Edge.

DWARVES - Dwarves are a mythic species. They were a race of highly Law aspected beings which left edge soon after the Shatttering. The mines which run in and about the mountains near Heavensfall.



The Mighty Thew

History

What the heck is (a) Thew? Thew means muscle. It sounds stupid, but since Thew named his heroic self when he was but a teenager, it 'kinda fits.

Even before his birth in Littleton, South Dakota, he was known to have super powers. His mother's doctors were forced to induce labor after seven months, do to unexplained damage to her womb. Much to their surprise, when Hamilton was born he was perfectly formed.

When he was in junior high he began dressing up in his Thew outfit that his mom made him and patrolling town until his uncle, the Sheriff, had to "have a talk with the boy" about strutting around a small town dressed like a superhero.

Thew's fortunes shifted dramatically after he saved the daughter of Jameson Smith, a wealthy industrialist, from a group of would-be kidnappers on his way home from a high school dance. Smith gave the boy's family a lot of money so that they were able to put Hamilton through school.

A few years after he graduated from law school, the same man sponsored him for the senatorial seat. Hamilton won the seat with surprising ease.

This is when he crossed paths with Invictus. In his Thew ID he caught Invictus in a nasty deal with some Central American dictators, but was unable to come up with any hard evidence.

What he did earn was the hatred of Invictus, which led to Thew's downfall in the senate. Invictus uncovered Both his secret ID and Hamilton/Thew's links with Smith. He put this information along with some dirt he had up dug about Smith's holdings in a packet and delivered it to the Globe.When the shit hit the fan, Thew was accused of using his super hero ID to get into politics. He was forced to resign the Senate and was kicked out of the Republican party.

Needless to say, Hamilton was crushed and he disappeared for a year. During this time he helped save a transvestite from a group of fag bashers--only to find the she had been fired from her job because of her secrets. Her name was Vivian Goldberg, and she turned out to know everybody y who was anybody, or alt least their secretaries. Through Vivian's connections he also met Vinnie Patino, a street smart investor. Together they formed Thew, Inc. Thew began to sculpt his new media oriented image. They made a fortune.

On his way up from the pits, Thew also met Marksman, and they decided to form S.P.A.C., the Super Hero Political Action Committee. Their trained lawyers and lobbyists mount campaigns to protect superhero rights.

Thew, now rich and famous, joined the Sentinels, the TG-C super hero team. There he made friends with Impact, Guardsman, and Harlequin. The Sentinels eventually folded after a scathing letter from The Accountant.

Thew, Harlequin and Impact moved to Athens where they teamed up with Savior .

Bloodstone and Demon. They ran a low-key supergroup from Thew's farmhouse for a short time. But after getting some financial/technical support from Wildfire and some magical support from The Temple or the East Wind, they formed Ward Major.

For a while Ward Major were one of the premier super hero teams, but eventually group friction, the bloody death of Masster, and the 43rd destruction of their base, made the group go on and "extended sabbatical."

Thew then entered his name in the running for the recently vacated position of Protector, but his plans were ruined after he was mind controlled into attacking the president by some no-name gadgeteer. Luckily, he was able to throw off the effects of the mind control before he threw a punch, but the press took some great shots of him menacing the President of the United States.

The Nature of the Beast

Thew's powers are primarily physical. He can take, deal out, and recover from vast amounts of damage.

It was Minax, the mentor/Wizard of Ward Major, that first explained to Thew the source of his powers. He told him that he was a normal human who had been imbued with a Great Hero Spirit. This spirit supplies and Unfailing supply of mystic energies which protect him. This also explained why Thew's powers seem to mutate whenever he is exposed to vast amounts of magical energy (although he never loses his strength).

Personality

The Mighty Thew sees himself as larger than life, which is the wellspring of many of his strenghts and weaknesses. He never, ever, goes back on his word. He is very protective of normals and he tires to not break any laws.

This code is beginning to weigh heavily upon him. As he has grown in power and noteriety, his choices have become less black and white. Ideally, he thinks that the Law, Morality and Truth should be the same thing. Being a superhero means that he is maturing much more slowly than others. He is only now begining to realize that sometimes he must go beyond the Law to do what is right, to save lives. This troubles him greatly.

These emotions came to a head after seeing Masster escape from Stronghold again and again, each time killing innocents, he felt releaved when he was killed in battle. And although this one of the reasons his team broke up, he was gald to have some time to think.

He also sees himself as a good man, yet political office has always eluded him. And he knows that the morals that he, but more importantly others, expect him to live up to make many of his actions doomed to failure.

Thew is uncertain of his future at the present. He still does some adventuring with his buddies, but does not know what his next step will be. He has more than once thought of starting up a secret I.D. as a vigilante-style hero to do something about the "killer villains" which seem to elude justice, but his convictions have made this unlikely.

The Mighty Thew, Inc.

Val.	Char.	Base	Pts.
80	STR	10	70
21	DEX	10	30
30	CON	10	40
15	BODY	10	10
15	INT	10	05
13	EGO	10	06
30	PRE	10	20
18	COM	10	04
30	PD	16	14
25	ED	06	19
05	SPD	3.1	19
26	REC	22	08
60	END	60	00
70	STUN	70	00
Characteristics Cost			**244**

Disadvantages	Pts.
Enraged when normals are attacked. Uncommon 14- 11-	10
DNPC: Normal Fans. Normal. 8-	10
DNPC: Kid Fans. Incompetent. 8-	15
Hunted by the Glass Hand. More, 8-	15
Hunted by Invictus. AS. NCI. 8-	
Watched by Primus. More. NCI, 14-	15
Psych. Limitations	
Law Abiding, Common, Moderate	10
Honorable. Very Common. Strong	20
Overconfident. Common. Strong	15
Public I.D.	10
Rivalry with Invictus, Professional	15
Disadvantage Total	**165**

Skills	E/R	Pts.
Climbing	25-	3
Concealment	8-	ES
Conversation	13-	3
Deduction	12-	3
Shadowing	8-	ES
Stealth	8-	ES
Paramedic	12-	3
Trans Fam.: Autos		ES
Rec. Vehicles		2
Horses		1
Boats		1
English	4pts	ES
AK: South Dakota	8-	ES
AK: Athens Area	8-	2
PS. Lumber Business	11-	ES
PS: Lawyer	11-	2
FAM. Computers	8-	1
FAM: Forensic Medicine	8-	1
KS. Superlore	11-	2
KS: American History	11-	2
Bureaucratics	13-	3
High Society	13-	3
Oratory	13-	3
Persuasion	13-	3
Overall Skills Levels	13-	40
Primus Police Powers		3
Followers. Vinnie, Vivian	(50 pts. ea.)	20
Contacts: Minax		2
Dr. McQuark		2
Congressman		2
Marksman		2
Skill/Perk Cost		**118**

Powers	Pts.
5" Knockback Resistance	10
1 pt. of Regeneration	10
+10" Running	20
+6" Swimming	6
16 pts. of rPD	8
16 pts. of rED	8
Immunity to Aging	3
pts. of Mental Defence	3
pts of Power Defence	5
Powers Cost	**63**

Total Character Cost	**425**
Free EXP	11

Ad Absurdum

Here are some disgusting Titles I've seen in the library lately:

The Enema as an Erotic Art and its History
From a Trickle to a Golden Stream, the History of Coca-Cola

And for your edification:

The Twin Peaks Gazette
(Quarterly Newsletter)
$8 For One Year Subscription
1557 Avenida Selva
Fullerton, CA, 92633.

STUFF THAT WILL MOST LIKELY BE IN THE IMPERIAL ELVIS POST ISSUE THREE:

I have'nt been doing to well
at this prognosticating stuff,
So as an old landlord used to say:

"Your guess is as good as mine."

The IEP 2 was an act of:
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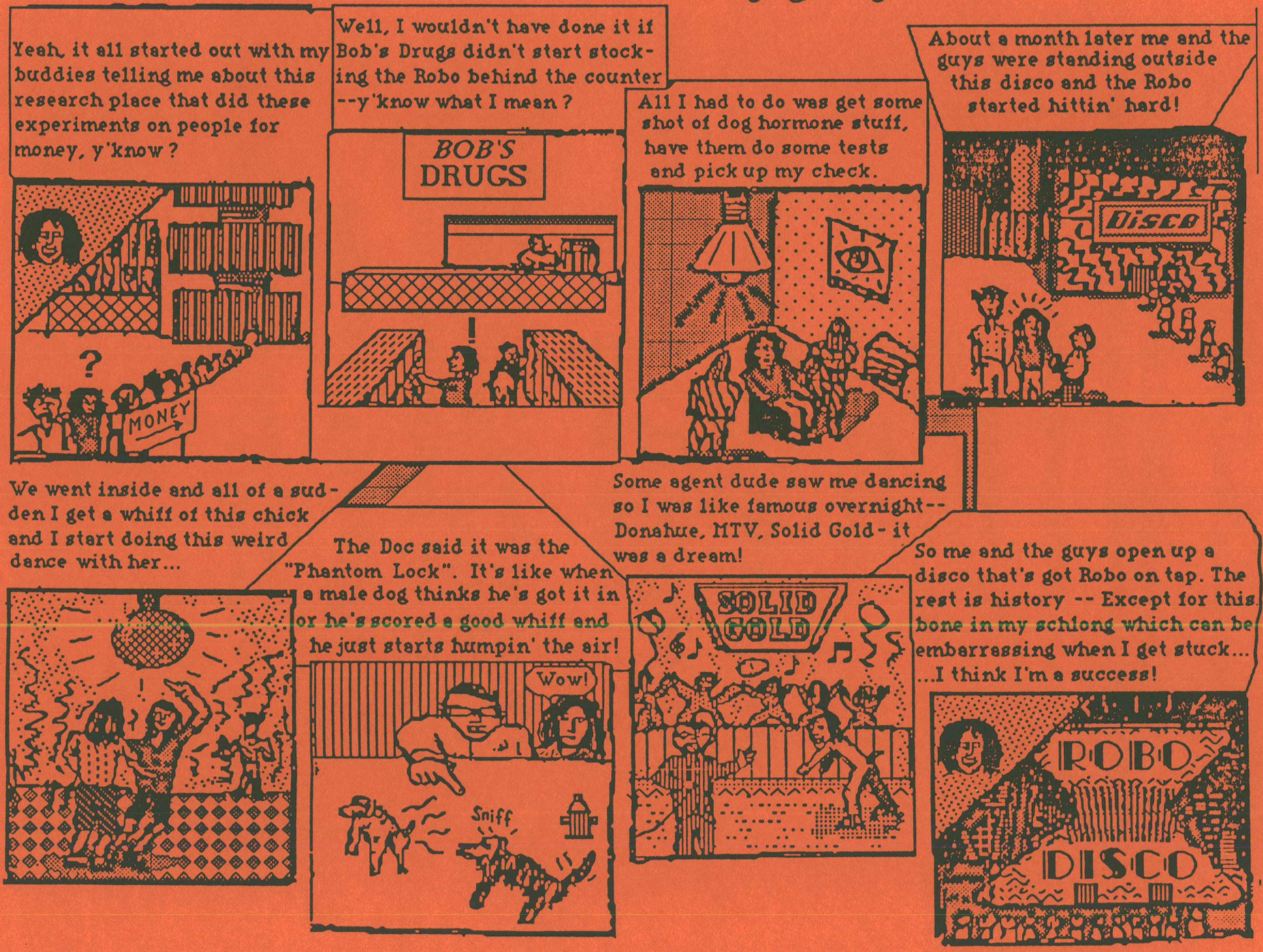
"Successful Stories of Science"

By Jerry Curl


Yeah, it all started out with my buddies telling me about this research place that did these experiments on people for money, y'know?
?
MONEY
Well, I wouldn't have done it if Bob's Drugs didn't start stocking the Robo behind the counter --y'know what I mean?
BOB'S DRUGS
!
All I had to do was get some shot of dog hormone stuff, have them do some tests and pick up my check.
About a month later me and the guys were standing outside this disco and the Robo started hittin' hard!
Disco
We went inside and all of a sudden I get a whiff of this chick and I start doing this weird dance with her...
!
The Doc said it was the "Phantom Lock". It's like when a male dog thinks he's got it in or he's scored a good whiff and he just starts humpin' the air!
Wow!
Sniff
Some agent dude saw me dancing so I was like famous overnight-- Donahue, MTV, Solid Gold - it was a dream!
SOLID GOLD
So me and the guys open up a disco that's got Robo on tap. The rest is history -- Except for this bone in my schlong which can be embarrassing when I get stuck...
...I think I'm a success!
ROBO DISCO